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# Augustus Henry Law,

## SAILOR AND JESUIT

(1833-1880.)

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We live in days in which it is commonly said that the age of Saints, even as the age of miracles and of chivalry, is passed. And yet the Holy See is ever busy in raising fresh *Beati* to our altars; the "causes" of other great servants of God are constantly being investigated and promoted; and the lives of holy men and women, many of them our contemporaries, are daily coming to light, proving, if proof be necessary, that the note of holiness is as true of the Church to-day as ever. Such a life it is of which we now attempt a short sketch.*

Augustus Henry Law was born on the 21st of October, 1833, at Trumpington, a village near Cambridge. His father, a clergyman of the Church of England, and his mother were both truly religious, and devoted themselves to the education of their children. Their home at East Brent, in Somersetshire, was an ideal one, and we can trace its wholesome influence throughout the life of Augustus. As a boy, he showed great aptitude

* This sketch is based on a "Memoir of Fr. Law," by his father (3 vols.); "Life of Fr. Law," by Ellis Schreiber (Quarterly Series); and "Notes in Remembrance, and last Relics of Augustus Law, S.J.," by Fr. Matthew Russell, S.J.

and diligence in his studies, and his character developed rapidly. He was very full of fun, warm-hearted, and thoughtful for others, while his devotion to his mother knew no bounds. He was, however, soon to lose her. In October, 1844, Augusta, the eighth child, was born, and though at first all went well with both mother and child, a sudden change occurred, and she sank rapidly. Her death was most edifying and in harmony with her life, characterized, as it was, by thought for the children she was leaving and by resignation to the will of God. For Augustus especially, she had words of parting advice, and these he never forgot. "Throughout your life," she said to him, "never forget these words: 'Thou, God, seest me' (Gen. xvi. 13)." Their home was naturally broken up by this sad event. Mr. Law went to reside at Wells, of which he was Chancellor, and the boys returned to their school, distant but a few miles from their former home.

And here an extract from a remarkable meditation written by Augustus before he was twelve years old, may fittingly be inserted. It is quite original, and shows how, thus early in life, the grace of God was doing its work in his soul. "We must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ (2 Cor. v. 10)," is the text on which it is based. He writes: "That day will be an *awful* one, when our Blessed Lord comes down to judge us. Every one will have to give an account of his deeds, whether good or evil. Some will be doomed to eternal destruction, and go with the devil and his wicked angels to Hell, others will go with our Blessed Saviour to Heaven, where they will live in eternal life for ever and ever. Everyone will receive his due. People cannot think too much of that awful day. Some profligate people pass their time on earth in dissipation and folly, forgetting that on that day they will have to give an account of all things done in the body, whether good or evil. On the other hand, others always bear in mind that they have to give an account of themselves on the judgment day, and have set their affections on things above, and not on things of the earth, always calling upon the name of the Lord and following His

blessed steps. Then, oh try, you who wish to live in Heaven with our Blessed Lord, to follow Christ's example, and then you may be sure you will live in Heaven in bliss and happiness; and recollect above all things that we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ."

In the autumn of 1845, Mr. Law accepted the living of Harborne, near Birmingham, and on the way back to school, after the Christmas holidays, Augustus spent a few days in London on a visit to his uncle, Lord Ellenborough, then first Lord of the Admiralty. This chance visit proved a turning point in his life. Lord Ellenborough was immensely taken with his nephew, and at once wrote to Mr. Law proposing that that "fine eldest boy" of his should be a sailor. Mr. Law heartily approved of the plan and laid it before Augustus, who in turn, gladly gave his consent, though he had strong leanings towards the Church as his profession. The conclusion of his letter, in answer to his father, is very characteristic: "Will you thank Lord Ellenborough for me," he writes, "for having given me such a jolly chance? Will you tell me how many guns the ship has got? Recollect I can't swim." He was at once appointed to H.M.S. *Carysfort*, bound for the Cape, and having bravely bid adieu to all his friends at home, started on his first voyage in March, 1846.

He had characteristically determined to devote his whole energies to being a good sailor, and soon found the life congenial to his tastes. Writing from the Cape, he says: "I have now been three months in Her Majesty's service, and I must say I like the Navy very much. I don't think there is anyone in the ship happier than me." His superiors as well as his companions soon formed a high opinion of him, saying "he promised to be an ornament to his profession." This voyage took him to Sydney, New Zealand, and Valparaiso, and it was not till November, 1847, that the *Carysfort* was homeward bound. "Hurrah!! Hurrah!!!" writes Augustus; "I am not going to write a long letter, for about three or four weeks after you get this letter I hope to see you. How jolly it will be when we anchor at Spit-

head! I hope God may preserve me in health and safety till I get home to see you, dearest Papa." Throughout the voyage, Augustus had been an excellent correspondent. His letters are bright and cheery, and a little message for all at home is to be found in each. Moreover, he kept a "capital diary," as he called it, and illustrated it profusely with sketches.

Only a short holiday was in store for him on his return, for he was at once appointed to H.M.S. *Hastings*, which was to sail on July 1st for the East Indies. This was in 1848, and not till April, 1852, would he again set foot on England's shore. Their chief halting-places during these four years were Hong-Kong and Singapore, neither of which pleased Augustus overmuch. Moreover, he was not so much at home on the *Hastings* as he had been on the *Carysfort*, and in 1851 effected his exchange to the *Amazon*, due home in October, 1852. Still he was fortunate enough to meet with good companions on the *Hastings*, and again won golden opinions from his superior officers. During this voyage his religious mind and tastes developed considerably. He had a great liking for reading and listening to sermons, and it was his custom to make a note of the text of every sermon he heard and to sketch it in outline. The observance of Sunday on board the *Hastings* was lax, and disgusted Augustus very much, especially when the sermon was ordered to be omitted, as was not unfrequently the case. "I spent a most unsatisfactory Sunday," he once notes in his diary; "it was certainly *worthy* of the *Hastings*." Two short entries from the diary made while on this voyage may here find a place, as showing the deep seriousness of Augustus' disposition, and his insight into the real end of life.

"*Nov. 9th*, 1850. Prince of Wales' ninth birthday. I remember hearing the news of his birth in 1841. What lots of things have happened since then. School days over, joined the navy: my poor, dear, kind mother dead. My father changed his living, married again. Who could have guessed all this nine years ago? Who could possibly have known that all these things would

have happened but God? Yes, God has taken care of me and has had mercy on me ever since, and yet I have not been thankful to Him for all His blessings. O, most merciful God, have mercy upon me still, but make me more thankful. Bless the young prince and enrich him with Thy choicest blessings both now and for ever." The second extract is dated Oct. 21st, 1850, his seventeenth birthday. "May God give me grace to begin this eighteenth year of my life, go through it, and end it, in His fear. May I constantly remember that God's all-seeing eye is on me at all times; may I keep my heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life."

Before Augustus returned home, an important event occurred in his family which must here be briefly noted. His father was received into the Catholic Church on September 19th, 1851. For some time previous he had had grave doubts as to the truth of the Anglican Church, and the decision in the famous Gorham case decided the matter for him, as it did for so many others. He had kept his son *au courant* of his state of mind, and announced his reception to him in these words: "You will not be surprised to hear that I have at length resigned my preferment in the English Church, and have been received into the *One*, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church. And, first, I must tell you (or rather I cannot tell you, for words cannot express) the peace of mind, and comfort, and lightness of heart I have experienced and am experiencing. I am thoroughly happy, and more so than I have ever been."

It was but natural that Mr. Law should wish his children to share his happiness, and he therefore sent some books and pamphlets bearing on the Church to his son. Providentially, Augustus had leisure to read them, owing to an unforeseen delay at Singapore, and at once they made a deep impression on his candid mind. Writing to his father, he says: "I am very glad, dearest father, that you are so happy. May God bless you for ever and ever." His diary shows us how diligently he searched for the truth, and how he made the whole

matter a subject of constant prayer. "Almighty God, I pray Thee to give me a quiet mind, and to resolve my doubts concerning the true religion. Lead me to the truth, let me henceforth lead a new life."

Throughout the voyage home, Augustus spent his leisure-time in reading books on the Faith. With Cardinal Wiseman's *Lectures on the Church* he was especially struck, reading them more than once. On arriving at Spithead, April, 1852, he heard that all his brothers and sisters, with one exception, were already Catholics, and was welcomed by one of the latter with a letter speaking of her happiness, and saying: "I hope and pray, my darling brother, that you also will soon be received as one of the members of the Holy Catholic Church." Indeed, Augustus was practically such already. The light had dawned, and prejudices had been removed, and on May 16th, scarce three weeks after his arrival, he was received into the Church by Dr. Grant, then Bishop of Southwark, who also comfirmed him on the 30th of the same month. He had made his First Communion a week previous at Oscott, taking St. Aloysius as his special patron. From the first he seems to have imbibed (most wonderfully) Catholic instincts and ideas. To be present at Holy Mass at once became a part of his daily duties, and the functions and Liturgy of the Church possessed the greatest attraction for him.

He was soon afloat again, on board the *Encounter*, and in July, 1852, was at Lisbon, where he delighted the Professors of the English College by his genuine piety and simplicity. By September, however, he was back in England, having been "*lent* to the *Excellent* till further orders." This vessel proved to be his last, and his career in the navy was now drawing to a close. Already in his heart the desire was strong to devote himself wholly to the service of God: he longed to be a priest and to work for souls, and acted in the matter in a most thorough and business-like way. No traces of hurry or recklessness are to be met with, but rather, much prayer, thought, and obedience to good direction. He felt a great drawing to the Redemptorists, and made a retreat at their house at Clapham in the March of

1853, as the result of which he drew up for his guidance the following rule of life:

*A Short Rule of Life for the "Excellent."*

"6.30, rise and dress, not forgetting to make the sign of the Cross directly I awake, and let the first words uttered be 'Jesus, Mary.' Offer myself and all that belongs to me to God, and make acts of faith, hope, charity, contrition and thanksgiving. Whilst washing and dressing, repeat the *De Profundis*, *Miserere*, *Gloria in excelsis*, or any other psalms or prayers I know. After being dressed, let me go up in the study or in as retired a place as I can, and say my prayers: and let them be from the heart. A little before 7.30, let me make a spiritual Communion, and then my meditation. At 8, breakfast, on fast and abstinence days, no butter. Let me be as temperate as I can, and always offer up something to Jesus. After breakfast, meditate again on the same subject, or some devotions. Make an act of contrition and love of God, and say a Hail Mary every time the bell strikes, if I find I can do so without detriment to the duty I am engaged in. At 12, examination of conscience, acts of faith, etc., prayers for the dead, offerings of the Precious Blood, with hymns, etc. When that is finished, spiritual reading or lives of the Saints. From 3.45 to 4.30 meditate for ten minutes on the same subject as the morning, and then spiritual reading or lives of the Saints. [On Tuesdays, Rosary of the Sacred Heart; on Thursdays, devotions to the Blessed Sacrament; on Fridays, the Seven Words on the Cross; on Saturdays, the Seven Dolours of Mary.] 9.30 to 10, Rosary. 10 to 10.30, spiritual reading, night prayers and bed."

No vocation has ever been realized without opposition, nor was that of Augustus to be an exception. His numerous Protestant friends, and above all his uncle, Lord Ellenborough, who had so interested himself in his nephew's naval career, naturally resented his leaving all to be a religious, and wrote strong letters to dissuade him. But he was true to the call of God, though he behaved with the greatest courtesy to all. In Novem-

ber he again made a retreat, this time at Hodder, where the Jesuit noviciate then was. His vocation to the Society of Jesus now became clear to him, and having received his discharge from the navy, he entered its noviciate on January 15th, 1854. We cannot better conclude this first portion of our narrative than with an extract from a meditation written by Augustus while still in the navy:

*On the Certainty of being either Saved or Lost.*

"St. Philip Neri used to say, Heaven is not made for the slothful, and let me take care that I do not come under that head. If I have been slothful and idle, seldom exerting myself to do anything for the glory of God, let me arouse myself. Stir thyself up, O my soul! Lament your defects. Beseech God to pardon them, and endeavour to lead for the future a better life . . . . St. Teresa said to her religious: "One soul, my daughters, one eternity." If one only considered in his heart these words, 'One soul, one eternity,' what volumes they express! Yes, I have only one soul, and if that is lost, all is lost, and for ever, too. How precious, then, ought this soul to be to me. How careful I am of my body that nothing hurts it, that it never wants for anything; but how differently I behave with regard to my soul. I don't mind my poor soul going through all sorts of dangers, and if it wants food (prayer or meditation) it must wait till it is convenient for the body. How long is it to be this way? One soul, one eternity. Think on these words, and you will say it shall be so no longer. O my blessed Saviour, forgive my many treasons and infidelities. Come Thyself and feed my soul spiritually with the Bread of Life. Grant that I may not ever be separated from Thee. Mary, my dear Mother, intercede for me, and obtain final perseverance for me. St. Joseph, St. Aloysius, St. Francis Xavier, SS. Peter and Paul, obtain for me the love of God."

He had not been a month in the Society before he thus writes to his father: "I am very, very happy, and by the assistance of God's grace, I hope to live and die

in the Society of Jesus." His few leisure moments were spent in writing a long letter of advice to one of his brothers, pointing out clearly to him how to live a good life in the navy.

So the days passed evenly by, leaving but little to chronicle. Each day saw Augustus making progress in the spiritual life and in true happiness. Everyone was struck by his beautiful simplicity, though there was nothing tangible to distinguish him from his fellow-novices. After being a year in the Society, he writes: "Thanks be to God, I am still of the same mind, only much more strengthened in it than when I first joined; and I hope by the grace of Jesus Christ, Who mercifully brought me here, to live and die in this same dear Society of His."

In January, 1856, he pronounced his first vows at Beaumont, near Windsor, whither the noviciate had been transferred. And here we may quote these beautiful words of his, written at the close of his noviciate, which pourtray so vividly his simplicity and purity of purpose. "One object, one mark to be looked at and aimed at, one straight path which leads to God's praise and glory to be walked along. And all things around me to be used for that one object, that one mark. Otherwise I have missed my road, I have failed in life, I am ruined. Nothing to be aimed at for its own sake, only God."

His next home was the College of St. Acheul, near Amiens. Only one letter that was written during his stay here has survived, but this breathes the same cheerful spirit as ever. It is addressed to his brother Graves, then preparing for the priesthood. "How much happier we are," he says, "working away for God's glory, than we were while working for our own amusement in the world." But the climate of St. Acheul did not suit his health, and towards the close of 1857, he was pursuing his philosophical studies at Stonyhurst College, where again he was greatly beloved. His faithful observance of the Rule, his unselfishness and constant brightness endeared him to all. Into his work, of whatever kind, he entered heartily, and was distinguished by his zeal for philosophical studies and missionary work.

In his walks he would frequently discuss some knotty point in philosophy, and was ever studying how to present the truths of our Holy Faith in the most clear and striking manner. He also had a great love for the writings of St. John Chrysostom, and was in the habit of devoting a quarter of an hour each day to the study of them.

From Stonyhurst he was sent at the close of 1859 to the College of St. Aloysius in Glasgow, then still in its infancy, and at once became the life of the place. Not only was he a most careful and painstaking teacher, but by his conduct out of school-hours he won the hearts of all the boys. He entered most heartily into their games, started a library, wrote religious plays for them to perform, and entertained them in their walks by many a story of naval life. But after two years spent here, his health, never very strong, gave way, and he returned to England to recruit. In the October of 1862, he was able to proceed to St. Beuno's College, North Wales, for his course of theology, and speaks of his time there as the four happiest years of his life. He was a good student and as usual a great favourite with all. Father Bottalla, his Professor, formed the highest opinion of his abilities, and spoke of him to Fr. Seed, then Provincial, as a likely man one day to fill that onerous post. Many others too regarded him as possessed of all the qualities necessary for a ruler. One Jesuit Father, for example, says of him: "What an excellent Provincial he would have made. He had so thoroughly the spirit of St. Ignatius. What confidence we should have had in him.! *Vere Jesuita es tu* must be the conviction of everyone who has been associated with him in the Colleges or in community life, or who studies the meditations and notes of retreats in which the secrets of his soul are revealed."

His one endeavour now was to prepare himself with all possible diligence for his ordination. His letters, as the time drew near, teem with allusions to the priesthood, and the following notes of a meditation, written at this time, show how high was the standard at which

he aimed: "Of what use is a priest if he does not live for God alone, Whose priest he is? His life is useless, frivolous, if not spent for God. *Ut quid occupat terram?* Think over what is expected of you by the Church, the Society, your flock, even by Protestants. If not for God and the salvation of souls, of what use are you? How strong is the force of example! It is far stronger than words. And what an example is expected from priests who are the *forma gregis*. St. Paul said: 'Be ye imitators of me, as I am of Christ.' A priest ought to be able to say that. Let me delight the Church of God by becoming a holy priest."

Fervent as was his desire to stand at the altar and offer the Adorable Sacrifice, yet was he daily more and more impressed with the sense of his own unworthiness. "What ought a priest and a Jesuit to be," he writes, "in thoughts, words, and actions, and what am I as God sees me? A whited sepulchre, fair without, foul within." On September 24th, 1865, Fr. Law was ordained priest, and on the following morning said his first Mass at St. Asaph. His longing to be sent abroad on the mission was very great, and seemed daily to increase. Indeed, before his ordination he had endeavoured to get his course of theology shortened that he might be free to start for the Indian mission with a Fr. St. Cyr, then in England, collecting funds and subjects for the Madura mission. And now he was on fire to be to the front in carrying the Gospel into distant lands even at the cost of his life. Each morning at his Mass, as he elevated the Chalice, he prayed that martyrdom might some day be his portion. However, he was ordered to the West Indies, in the October of 1866, and Berbice, 70 miles from Demerara, was to be his home for nearly four years. On his arrival, he set to work with characteristic energy, and soon endeared himself to all. On the way out, he had practically mastered Portuguese, and now proceeded to learn Chinese, for the people among whom he was to labour included a great number of the latter race.

Fortunately the climate suited Father Law's health admirably, and he experienced only one slight attack of

fever. Thus he was able to report well of himself and of his work. "There is plenty to do," he writes, "plenty of bad Catholics to bring back, plenty of Protestants to convert, plenty of pagans too, and not an altogether barren soil, I think, for each." But in the midst of so much external work, he was far from forgetting the needs of his own soul, and his letters home (most of which are unfortunately lost) contain repeated requests for prayers. "Pray," he writes to his father, "that I may sanctify my own soul and gain many others. Do not forget that prayers are for missioners and for missions what money and ammunition and the commissariat are for armies. You cannot do without them." And assuredly, these prayers were of great avail, for God most wonderfully prospered his work for souls on this mission. Every spare moment was given to the study of Chinese, in which he became so proficient, that by the end of 1869 he could say: "I hope to be able to preach in it in six or eight months."

This feat he no doubt accomplished, as it was not till October, 1871, that he was recalled to England for his year of tertianship. And if it was with regret that he said farewell to Berbice, what shall be said of the grief of those who were losing one who, for four years, had been all in all to them? An address, in which the Chinese were styled "his special mission," was presented to him, expressing their grief at his departure from them, and their esteem for his work in their midst.

On arrival in England, he visited various houses of the Society, and was for three months recruiting his strength at Blackpool, where he devoted himself to prayer, the study of Holy Scripture, and of Chinese. After the usual retreat, he pronounced his last vows on Aug. 15th, 1872, and was shortly after appointed to the mission of Dalkeith, near Edinburgh. He had much hoped to be sent back to Demerara, but such not being the will of his superiors, he gladly obeyed the call to Scotland.

As at Berbice, so here, Fr. Law at once gave an impetus to the work and became the favourite of all. Protestants could not resist the charm of his manner,

and prejudices were swept away wholesale. He made many converts, and his brisk and homely sermons suited the rugged Scotch taste admirably. At the same time he found leisure to write some articles for the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, and to revise the old translation of the Catechism of the Council of Trent, a book for which he had an especial affection. On being transferred, in 1873, to Galashiels, he effectually combated the drunkenness at that time very rife in the town, and also brought many Protestants into the Church. In no place where he was for so short a time, did he leave a more lasting proof of his labours. His whole soul was in his work. The same was the case at Edinburgh, where he was sent in 1874, and many were the instances in which his zealous efforts for souls were crowned with signal and lasting success. But now a great change was to take place. In the midst of so much successful work, Fr. Law was suddenly ordered to Grahamstown, at the Cape, there to teach philosophy and theology to the more advanced students of St. Aidan's College. The order came early in September, 1875, and on the 21st of the same month, he sailed with Dr. Ricards, Bishop of Grahamstown, for that distant land whence he was never to return.

We have now reached the last, but most important division of our narrative, and may well pause here and briefly note some of Fr. Law's prominent characteristics and virtues. Certain of these, for example, his unvarying cheerfulness and brightness of spirit, have already been noticed, but more call for mention. And first, his great love of the poor. He himself practised holy poverty to the full. His clothes were always of the shabbiest, though in person he was most scrupulously clean and tidy. He was generous even to a fault, and anything of value that might be given him, he at once gave away. This feature we may trace to the influence of his devout mother, who taught him as a child to have a tender regard for the poor, and would show him, in many little ways how to put this regard into practice. His zeal for souls, and his special love for *great* sinners were also remarkable. The number of conversions he

effected is sufficient proof of the former, and as he reflected on the numbers outside the Church, he was often heard to exclaim: "*O si scires donum Dei!*" As to the latter, a person once said to him: "I really think you like great sinners better than good people;" and he promptly replied: "Well, I do, I have found that they are almost always peculiarly nice characters." "When we see," he would say, "how sweetly and kindly God deals with the sinner, it should teach us never to condemn anyone even in our thoughts. We may be condemning others for faults which our Lord has long ago forgiven and forgotten. Even those who have wearied themselves in the way of iniquity, He is ready to forgive at the first acknowledgment of their guilt. No one hated sin like Jesus Christ, and no one dealt more lovingly with the sinner." It was, without doubt, the innocency of his own life that made him feel so keenly for those who had fallen, and this, too, is the key to his great love for children and to the attraction which they ever felt for him.

To Holy Mass he had an unbounded love and veneration, as the account of his last days will show. He was most careful, too, over the recital of the Divine Office. Once, when on the mission that cost him his life, his Breviary was lost, and great was his distress until it was found. There is extant, too, a beautiful letter to his sister, a nun, giving her most helpful instructions for the recital of the Divine Office. "Do not hurry," he says, "you can be doing nothing better for yourself or mankind. Say it as your last Office, as though everything depended upon *this* office. It is our consolation in this place of exile. Make it a real prayer." Most remarkable, too, was his devotion to the Passion, and so great was his power of realization, that he seemed to witness with his own eyes its various scenes. His profound humility shone forth in his daily life, and one who knew him intimately, says: "His humility was, I think, the most prominent trait in his character. He would often say to me, 'My child, do not be satisfied until you *love* to be humbled.'" His whole character is admirably pictured in these words

from the pen of one who knew him well: "His pure and saintly life, his wonderful simplicity and humility, his holy conversation, his great kindness and self-devotion, never stopping at any trouble, if he could help or benefit others; his happy, cheery voice and manner, his warm good heart, his earnest and beautiful sermons, his instructions and guidance in the confessional, all these and a thousand other virtues made him dear to us."

But to resume our narrative. On arriving at Grahamstown, Father Law found there were no scholars at St. Aidan's ripe for either philosophy or theology, and so, while acting as Spiritual Father to the boys, he helped in the ordinary school-work. Under this pressure his health gave way, and he had to confine himself mainly to giving retreats and to catechizing, his spare moments being devoted to the study of the Zulu tongue. As at Glasgow, so here, his influence with the boys was very great, and he was beloved by all, both rich and poor; being, too, on terms of close friendship even with the Protestant clergy of the place.

There is little, however, special to record of this time, and we pass on to the April of 1879, the commencement of the Zambesi Mission, around which centres the chief interest of the subject of this sketch. It will be well briefly to relate the history of the enterprise from its very beginning.

South Central Africa stood in sore need of the tidings of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and in the year 1875, Bishop Ricards, who has before been mentioned, had proposed in Rome the founding of the Jesuit College at Grahamstown for the training of priests to spread the Gospel in that vast district, embracing an area of 900,000 English square miles. His proposal was gladly acquiesced in by the General of the Society of Jesus, and in 1876 St. Aidan's College was opened, and preparations for the Mission commenced. It was placed under the control of Father Weld of the English province, who in turn chose Father Depelchin, a Belgian, as the organizer and superior of the expedition. This zealous man, who had passed eighteen years on the Indian Mission, had for two years been busy collecting

for this fresh enterprise in the chief towns of Germany, Holland, and Belgium, and sailed with nine companions from England in January, 1879, reaching Grahamstown in March. The Victoria Falls on the Zambesi River were fixed upon as the head quarters of the Mission, and the *route* chosen was the one through the Transvaal. Certainly it was the longest of the three that were possible, but it lay through British territory, through a healthy country, and was free from the terrible tsetse-fly, so deadly to oxen. To this mission Father Law was now appointed, and on being informed of the fact, was filled with joy and gratitude, and "new life seemed to have been given him." His knowledge of Zulu now proved invaluable. He translated a short catechism into Zulu, compiled a small English-Zulu dictionary, and wrote part of a manual of Christian Doctrine in that strange tongue, in addition to instructing the other Fathers in it. Moreover, he practised diligently the flageolet and concertina, that no means should be untried to attract the natives and bring them to the Faith.

And so, all preparations being completed, on Easter Tuesday, April 16th, 1879, High Mass was celebrated in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Grahamstown, by Father Depelchin, Father Law being Master of Ceremonies. Bishop Ricards preached from the words "Charity endureth all things," (1 Cor. xiii. 7), and at the end of the Mass the *Itinerarium* was recited. The cathedral was filled to overflowing, and all regarded the day as a memorable one. When on the following day the expedition was about to start, the people of the town crowded round to kiss the feet of the missioners, and to receive a last blessing from them. They felt the loss of Father Law most keenly, and many tears were shed as he bade each in turn farewell—for life, as it proved.

The missioners were to travel in four wagons drawn by fifty-eight oxen. Their names were Fathers Depelchin, Terörde, Croonenberghs, Law, and Fuchs, with Brothers Nigg, Hedley, and de Sadeleer, while the wagons were christened respectively *Claver, de Britto, Xavier,* and *Ignatius.**

* The wagons were naturally placed under the protection of four great Saints of the Society of Jesus: St. Peter Claver, Apostle of

For the first stage of the journey, Father Depelchin went on ahead of the rest in order to secure an interview with the Governor, Sir Bartle Frere, whose kind offices and recommendations would be of the greatest service to them. Thus, then, was the Zambesi Mission inaugurated. "*In nomine Domini*," writes Father Depelchin triumphantly, "the Zambesi Mission is started. Who is to stop it? In five weeks' time our little band of fearless missionaries is to meet me at Kimberley, to enter together the territory where the great fight is to begin. *Gloria in excelsis Deo!*"

Their route took the travellers across the Great Fish River, and, between Grahamstown and Kimberley, their chief halting places were Cradock and Colesberg, at both of which they visited the Catholics, and enabled them to approach the Sacraments. From Colesberg Father Law wrote to his father: "May 1st, 1879. We have made about fifteen miles a day, which is the general day's march for bullocks on a long journey. All of us are in good health and spirits. Wagon life is a continual picnic; but not only are the meals picnic, but also the washing, and sleeping, and everything else. As for myself, I like it immensely; my appetite is shockingly great, and I am getting stronger every day." And in a letter to Father Weld, he says: "Our order of life is on the whole pretty regular. This is it, more or less: 4 p.m., inspan and go on until about 9 p.m., when we outspan and have supper. Then the Litanies of the Blessed Virgin are sung; examen.; then inspan again about 2 or 3 a.m., and go on until sunrise; outspan, and all say Mass, those of us at least who are able; then breakfast, various occupations, etc., until 1.30, when we say the Litanies of the Saints and the *Itinerarium* all together, and make our examen. Dinner at 2. At 4 p.m., we start again, some of the Fathers walk on ahead of the wagons, and get in about an hour later. Then you might hear in the twilight sounds of music from the wagon of Brother Nigg—his concertina;

the Negroes; Blessed John de Britto, martyred in Japan; St. Francis Xavier, Apostle of India; and St. Ignatius Loyola, Founder of the Society.

and from the back wagon sounds, but alas! only broken sounds, from the flageolet of Father Law. After supper we go to bed. You will be anxious to hear how we get on with our guide. Well, we are delighted with him. He is a perfect gentleman; he points out nice quiet places to say Mass in, all of his own accord."—How bright and courageous all this reads in spite of the hardships that had almost daily to be undergone, such as severe storms, shortness of food, and at times intense cold. The difficulties too experienced in crossing the rivers were very great.

On May 11th, they reached Kimberley, and found Fr. Depelchin awaiting them, armed with passports to Lo Bengula, the chief of the Matabele, and other chiefs, through whose territories they were to pass. It was during this first stage of the journey that Father Law received the sad tidings of the apostasy of one of his brothers. It was a terrible blow, and his subsequent letters are full of allusions to it, and are characterised by a certain tone of sadness. The following words from two of them show us how deeply he felt it, and his love of God and zeal for souls are beautifully and touchingly therein depicted. "Every little suffering I get in our mission," he writes to one at home, "shall be offered up for my dear brother's conversion. O, dear Maude, cannot we force the Sacred Heart to lead him back: let us persevere in prayer and never despair. I think one way is for us all to love God more intensely than ever, and be very generous to Him. And when one is generous to God, is God ever niggardly in return?"

The Fathers were warmly welcomed by the Catholics of Kimberley, who numbered about a thousand, but were unable to make any stay there, and on the 21st of May proceeded on their way to Shoshong. This part of the journey was performed without the services of their guide, who left them at Kimberley, and the difficulties encountered were both many and great. Loss of oxen, the sinking of the wagon wheels into the sand, so as to be firmly embedded, terrible storms of rain, and once a threatening of fire owing to carelessness on

the part of the Kafirs (there being a barrel of gunpowder in one of the vans), these are but specimens of the trials and inconveniences they experienced. Yet, on June 1st, Father Law wrote home from Bloemhof, where a three days' halt was made: "Here I am all safe and sound. I have not enjoyed such health for some years." Some trouble with the drivers here gave rise to an amusing incident. Excited with drink, they one night began to quarrel, and accordingly Brother Nigg was told to devise some means of keeping them in peace in future. The good Brother turned his powers on the concertina to use for this purpose, and the delighted drivers danced away merrily. "And so," said Brother Nigg, "for the first time in my life I played dance music *ad majorem Dei gloriam*."

On resuming their journey, they crossed the Limpopo River, and then for six days journeyed through a dreary waste, suffering much from want of water. "We learnt," writes Father Depelchin, "how important a place a good water supply holds among the necessaries of life. Many a time we suffered much from scarcity, having barely a glass-full for washing purposes. More than once our oxen had to trot on their way for forty-eight hours without a drop to drink. We wondered how the poor animals performed their task so well. How grateful to us was the sight of a stream or a spring where we could, after a long march, quench our thirst and wash our face and hands."

Shoshong, the capital of the Bamanguatos, a miserable town of 10,000 inhabitants, was reached on July 23rd. It was ruled over at this time by Khame, a Christian under the influence of the Wesleyans. Our Missioners had hoped to make it their basis of operations, and had entered the town with hearts buoyed up with hope. But they were doomed to disappointment. The London Missionary Society was first in the field, and Khame declined to allow the Fathers to settle there. He said very logically: "I am surprised that there can be two religions in one. If the Catholic and the Protestant religions are the same, there is no need of having more than one of them: and

if they are different, there will be constant conflict between them, and thus division would be caused among my subjects." Nevertheless he behaved with civility to the Fathers, and granted them an interview. Father Croonenberghs thus describes his court: "In the middle of an enclosure a number of the subjects of the king were ranged in a semi-circle, sitting on their heels. Khame himself sat on the ground in the midst of them, like the least of his subjects. He wore no mark of his royal dignity except an enormous feather fixed on his soft felt hat of English manufacture. His whole dress was like that of some townsman of one of our prominent towns in Belgium; unpolished leather boots, brown trousers, a flannel shirt, and coat of light-coloured English cloth. He is surnamed the 'Gentleman of South Africa,' and appears to be about forty years old; he is tall, his skin is of a dark olive colour, his hair and beard thin. He has an intelligent and kindly expression; he says very little, and all around preserve a respectful silence." On the Fathers coming into Khame's presence, they presented to him their letters of recommendation, and a rifle was offered him as a present. But the chief was cold and abrupt in his replies, and dismissed them with a promise to return the call on the following day. He did so and then made the remarks above quoted. "The Fathers could say nothing more. They felt that the enemy had forestalled them, and could only resign themselves to God's will and trust that this first failure might be followed by better success in another quarter."

Their course now was to push on with all haste to Gubulawayo in the land of the Matabele Zulus, distant from Shoshong some 250 miles in a north-easterly direction.

The Feast of St. Ignatius was spent in the desert, and the Fathers made as good cheer as was possible under the circumstances. "Our festive dinner on the occasion," says Father Depelchin, "consisted of one dish, and not a very toothsome one; a fillet cut from the carcass of a patriarchal goat, with a preparation of Indian corn or millet less resembling bread than a block

of granite in colour and consistency. The toast of the day was drunk in Makalapsi; and if it be asked whence came this choice beverage in the interior of Africa, we answer that there was a river of it flowing at our feet." On August 17th they reached Tati, the frontier town of the Matabele territory, and Father Depelchin considered it advisable, by reason of the near approach of the rainy season, to leave most of the Fathers here, and proceed, with Father Law and Brother de Sadeleer, to inspect the country and introduce themselves and their mission to the notice of the king, Lo Bengula. This accordingly was done, and they reached Gubulawayo early in September. The king received them favourably, but gave them no definite answer. The fact was, to quote Father Law's words, "he was going to be married (he had sixteen wives already) to a daughter of Umzila, the chief of another great Zulu tribe, due east of this about 300 miles," and adds: "We hope to send some missionaries to their country before long. I only wish I could return with the marriage party, for I was charmed with the people." Writing, too, to a friend at Grahamstown at this point of the journey, he pens words that now have a prophetic sound: "There will probably be another great sacrifice for me up here. It may be God's will that I pass the rest of my life here, without any consolation of conversions. I am beginning to learn better that in this world it is to do God's will, not brilliant or great things, that God requires of us. You can fancy how hard it will be for me to labour here without any tangible results. So pray that at least I may at length take my soul seriously in hand."

It was not until the middle of October, and after more than one interview, that the much desired permission to settle in this country was granted by Lo Bengula. The delay was mainly caused by the king's marriage, and eventually the leave was in reality given, because he was informed that the missioners' wagon, which he coveted, should be his on acceding to their demand. Father Depelchin now returned to Tati, leaving Fr. Law to maintain and improve if possible the position already secured with Lo Bengula. He

soon returned, accompanied by Father Croonenberghs and Brothers Nigg and Hedley. The last named, an old ship's carpenter, at once set to work to repair the wagon destined for the king, while Fr. Croonenberghs proceeded to paint it. The result was so successful that Lo Bengula sat in admiration and contemplation of it for hours together. The skill in medicine possessed by the missioners also proved useful on more than one occasion, and this, coupled with their kindness and gentleness, gained for them the esteem of the king in a marked degree. But, strange as it may sound, it was the sewing-machine of Brother Nigg that impressed him the most, and made him exclaim: "What people the English are!" The like of it had never before been seen, and the Brother was ordered to give an exhibition of it, at which the queens and other court dignitaries attended in solemn state. Thus gradually the missioners secured a footing. The premises of a trader, who was leaving the country, were purchased by them, and dedicated to the Sacred Heart; and Fr. Law, writing home in December, says: "We are pretty well settled here now. I beg very much for prayers for this mission. I am afraid it will be hard to make any impression on these people, they are so completely at the mercy of the chief and the witch-doctor. So we must trust only in the grace of God to move their hearts."

Any further progress was rendered impossible by the storms which rage in that country from November till March. Moreover, a halt was desirable in order to make firm their friendship with Lo Bengula, whose authority was great and far-reaching. It was during these months (January—March, 1880) that a complete change of plan was made, which brings our story to a rapid close.

Mention has already been made of Lo Bengula's recent marriage to the daughter of Umzila, chief of the Abagasi. Naturally she had been accompanied to her new home by a considerable number of attendants, and with these Father Law conversed frequently. They spoke kindly to him, and seemed interested in the

object of the mission, and further assured the Fathers they would be warmly welcomed were they to proceed to Umzila's home. This was enough for Father Law. His zeal for souls carried him away, and after full deliberation it was settled that in April or May, Father Depelchin and his companions should push on for the Zambesi, but that Fr. Law should go to Umzila's kraal, distant some 300 miles due east. The reports of the journey to be made were indeed terrifying, and would have banished the idea in the case of most people. Not so with Father Law. Nothing could dissuade him from his purpose. When told that Lo Bengula would never grant permission for him even to start, he smiled and said: "We shall see. I mean to ask him to let me go, and to ask a hundred times over, if need be." This proved unnecessary, for the leave was readily granted, and so struck was the savage monarch with Fr. Law's simple and earnest bearing, that he exclaimed: "This is what I call a true man, for he has but one mouth; his heart speaks the same as his mouth, and his hears is good. Yes, the heart of the *umfundisi* (teacher) it very good."

April at length arrived, and no time was lost in carrying out the plans already resolved upon. Father Law, writing to his father on the 8th, says: "Father Depelchin left yesterday *en route* for Zambesi. It was an affecting parting, for he is old, and going of course to a very dangerous place for health. And then I too start about the 1st of May for Umzila's country, so that it can be that we never see each other again in this life. I take with me most likely Father Blanca and Brothers Hedley and de Sadeleer. The king has promised to send me three or four or five men as guides. And that will be a good thing for this also: it will be a kind of introduction by Lo Bengula to Umzila. The two Zulu chiefs are on good terms too. Our route will be first to Umtigesa, about 222 English miles from here: thence to Umzila's Kraal, 117 miles. I beg very much for prayers, for, as Father Depelchin reminded us yesterday: 'Unless the Lord build the city, in vain do they labour who build it.' You may think of my joy in going on such a mission."

Father Charles Wehl, an Austrian lately arrived from Europe, and not Father Blanca, was to be Father Law's companion, and all started from Gubulawayo on Friday, May 28th, 1880. During the month of June alone, they crossed no less than twenty-two rivers, and many were the mishaps experienced in so doing. Moreover, Father Law had fever for three or four days. Still they plodded cheerfully on, living principally on antelope flesh, with which Brother Sadeleer provided them, he being a good shot. Father Law kept a full and accurate diary of the events of each day, and, though there is naturally a certain sameness in the entries, one cannot but be struck by the cheerful tone which characterizes them throughout, in spite of the ever-increasing difficulties of the way. On July 9th, for example, we read: "Since about June 25th, on an average, we had to cross either a river or a stream or a marsh at least *every mile*." With the people of the various Kraals through which they passed he was favourably impressed, and writes of them: "A nicer, simpler people you could not find. . . . . It is amusing to see how soon they turn anything into an ornament. We opened some sardine boxes, and soon saw two or three with a sardine box tied on the top of their heads."

The Sabi river was the chief one that had to be crossed, and this was accomplished "without a hitch" on July 16th. "We are on the other side of the Sabi," writes Father Law, "and we have just got there on a feast of Mary. May she bless us in the new country into which we have just entered." Blessings both many and great were without doubt showered upon the zealous missioners, but externally at least things now took a disastrous turn. The people with whom they came in contact assumed a hostile and threatening attitude towards them, and the guides proved captious and troublesome, insisting on taking them out of their way to visit some petty chief, whose good will they declared it was necessary to obtain. The delay caused by this visit was no sooner over than another chief demanded their presence. Father Law heard that this latter was "the chief who killed white people," and

determined at once to push on "*in nomine Domini.*" This was August 6th, and on that day an event happened which gives a fresh turn to our story. "Oh! the dreadful thing I have now to tell," writes Father Law. "Father Wehl, just towards the end of the outspan, was missed. I had seen him about an hour and a half before, walking a little farther on, but still in sight of the wagon. He was very fond of solitude, and often laughed at anything like risk at being far from the wagon. We at once fired guns, five discharges, one after the other, which must have told him, good Father, if he were still alive, where the wagon was. Nor for a little did we doubt but that he would soon appear. We sent out all our boys with promise of great rewards if they found him. They returned without having seen him. Brother Sadeleer remarked directly we missed him, 'I don't think he is alive now.' What a night we passed! The loss of good Father Wehl on the top of our other anxieties!" For three days they anxiously made search, but without result,* and as the attitude of the people became more and more hostile, Father Law determined to leave the wagon and walk to Umzila's kraal. "We started," he says, "at 9 p.m., on Monday, August 9th, and walked till 6 a.m.—altogether about 12 miles. We carried the Mass things, my journal, the papers and medicines: we had a few pills, relics and other odds and ends. Our cooking pot was a grease pot, and we carried two pannikins, some bread and a little coffee, and trusted to the guns for the rest."

For some days they were compelled to hide in the jungle by day, and to march only by night. That they were closely watched by the natives is shown by such entries as the following: "August 11th. To-day we *ventured* to light a fire and had coffee." The road was rough and dangerous, and caused them to stumble and fall frequently. "Many a time," Brother de Sade-

* The sound of the guns never reached Father Wehl, being intercepted by some lofty crags, to the other side of which he had inadvertently wandered. After untold hardships, which affected his mind, he eventually fell in with Brother de Sadeleer, but only survived a few months.

leer relates, "we heard the voice of Father Law, who was the weakest of the band, exclaim: 'Thanks be to God, I have only got my feet wet,' or again, 'I have only hurt my arm by that fall.'" A rhinoceros was shot and came in useful for dinner for some days, but on August 14th we read: "This morning we finished the last of the rhinoceros, and there is nothing left but a small piece of the Australian dampers we took with us. So our dinner was small, and our supper still smaller. Thank God, the health of all keeps good." On August 15th, the Feast of the Assumption, Father Law said Mass on a rock in the bed of a river, and that day they were able to buy some meal sufficient for two days, and later in the day they shot two deer. "How grateful we felt, and we thought it was the Blessed Virgin who sent them."

At length, on the 18th, they came upon one of Umzila's kraals. "It was music to our ears," writes Father Law, "to hear the Zulu tongue again. We all felt very grateful to God for leading us into port, so to speak, after such rough weather." They here recounted the treatment they had experienced at the hands of the two chiefs, mention of which has already been made, and were assured that the wagon would be restored and meet punishment inflicted on the offenders. But they were still many miles from Umzila's home. On some days they walked as many as fifteen and a half miles, but on August 20th, we read: "To-day only went about two miles, as I was very tired out, and Brother Hedley anything but fresh." At length on August 31st, they reached Umzila's kraal, having walked one hundred and seventy miles in three weeks, across the desert, beneath the rays of a tropical sun, and without proper nourishment. "We changed," says Fr. Law, "our *Itinerarium* to-day for a *Te Deum*. God has been indeed good to us on the road." We recognise at once, in the tone of all that Father Law writes, the same unvarying tone of cheerfulness to which attention has so often been called. Still sad indeed was his present position. No Portuguese, no English were to be found, no trade was carried on, and the very necessaries of

life could not be purchased except at a considerable distance. All this was in direct contradiction to what they had been told before starting. And though Umzila sent them presents of food, he was long in granting them an interview, without which nothing could be effected. At length on the 5th of September they saw the chief, and it was then settled that Brother de Sadeleer should return to bring up the wagon, while Father Law and Brother Hedley remained where they were. The brave Brother started back that very day, and it was expected that he would return with the wagon in about three weeks' time. He found it intact, nay guarded, for the Mashonas dreaded Umzila's vengeance had they dared to pillage it, and naturally was all for returning at once. Umzila's people, however, insisted on also visiting the second chief that had molested the missioners, and thus caused a fatal delay. The rainy season came on, and though Brother de Sadeleer started, he never again reached Umzila's kraal.

We now return to Father Law and Brother Hedley, and the story shall be ended, as far as possible, in the former's own words. Their little hut, a present from Umzila, measured 13 feet in diameter and 12 in height, its door answering the triple purpose of door, window, and chimney. Moreover they had two Matabele guides to share this oven with them (for such it must be called) and the discomfort thus experienced is easier to imagine than describe. The people were extremely indolent, and paid but little attention to the cultivation of the land. A handful of corn seemed to satisfy all their needs, and they spent much of their day in watching the "white men," an amusement that did not tend to facilitate the entry of any fresh air into the hut. "We felt," writes Father Law, "much as the lions must do at the Zoological Gardens." Their presence at the door of his hut, however, afforded an opportunity of which he gladly availed himself, of initiating them into the mysteries of the Faith, but little indeed could be effected in this way. Already he and his companion were beginning to suffer much from want, and there seemed no prospect of the arrival of the wagon. Though

Umzila had at first sent them food, he afterwards neglected them entirely, owing to his being in a more or less intoxicated condition for weeks together. Some of his subjects however took compassion on them, and gave them a little food. Thus we read in Fr. Law's diary: "September 7th. The wife of a man living in a hut close to us kindly brought us a kind of soup made out of Kafir corn. She took pity, as she said, on the white people so in want. God reward her kindness."*

Day succeeded day, and no wagon appeared, nor had they any means of procuring food. One of the guides fell ill, and for September 24th we read: "Brother Hedley and myself both down with a little fever. I am not astonished at our being sick, for we have now been three weeks on nothing but Kafir corn." Both, however, rallied fairly, and on the 26th, the entry is: "I am a little better. Brother Hedley all right. Happiness of saying Mass. It was a struggle. But what a consolation to get the Blessed Sacrament once more." This passage gives us an insight into the weakness of his state of health. Indeed they were being gradually starved to death.

The pathos of the next few extracts is very great. "September 28th. My fever is gone, but I suffer much from want of food. God's holy will be done." That day Father Law made a great effort to see Umzila, and eventually succeeded in doing so, with the result that a little meat was sent to him. But a second and like request made a day or two after was coldly received, and he only got a few bags of meal from one of Umzila's chief men.

On October 1st, Father Law wrote: "I feel so sad when I look at Brother Hedley. He looks haggard and going down the hill. Dear Lord, look on us;" and on the 2nd, Feast of Guardian Angels: "How I entreat our dear Lord that He would send His Angels to bring on the wagon quick. I am so afraid for Brother

* This good woman seems to have shown similar kindness to Fr. Law on more than one occasion. And her kindness was not forgotten. One of the last sentences Fr. Law wrote before his death is the following: "I give my blanket to the good woman when I die, and Brother Hedley his when he dies. A. Law."

Hedley. If he had any spirits, but he is so down-spirited. And he says he cannot bear *amabele*, and there is nothing else to eat."—The next day was Rosary Sunday, on which Feast Fr. Law had preached his first sermon. He was able to say Mass, and how gladly would the brave missioner have gathered his little remaining strength and preached had any one cared to listen! On Oct. 6th, after a day of fever, he writes: "Better, but both Brother Hedley and myself are getting weaker and weaker, and I am afraid if the wagon does not arrive soon, we shall both die." On Oct. 7th he was again able to say Mass and "received Holy Communion as Viaticum." On the 10th he felt a little stronger, and gives us the reason: "Slept beautifully last night, a thing I have not done for a long time. Brother Hedley keeps well. I managed to say Mass. What a consolation! I begged our Lord, at receiving Holy Communion, that He would absolve me and give me Extreme Unction." On the same day he wrote to Fr. Weld: "Pray for me. So many thanks for all your kindness to me. I can't expect to live unless the wagon arrives very soon. The fever has weakened me so much, and there is only Kafir corn to bring my strength back, not even salt to put with it. But all these troubles help my hope that God would not send them except in His mercy to prepare me for Heaven. When you hear of my death, write a good consoling letter to my father. May my poor brother return to the dear faith. I hope you will receive my journal all right."

It is hard to refrain from tears on reading the next three entries:

"Oct. 11th. Bad all to-day. Delirious in the evening. Brother Hedley so kind. God bless him and take care of him when I die."

"Oct. 12th. Very weak. Jesus, I cannot pray much, but my heart is with Thee, and rests in Thy infinite mercy."

"Oct. 13th. Brother Hedley is keeping fairly well. Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit. Lord Jesus, receive my soul. Love to all the Fathers and Brothers. The two king's boys leave us, and God is our only protection."

There exist two last letters of Father Law, and one of these shall be given *in extenso*. It is addressed to his father, and bears date October 12th, 1880.

"Dearest Father. I am not far off my end. I trust in the infinite mercy of God. God bless you—you were the means of giving me the Holy Faith. Tell dear, dear Graves, to listen to my last words, and to return to the dear Holy Catholic Faith. Best love to all. I die of fever, but if I could have had proper nourishment, I think I could easily have got right. But God's Will is sweetest. Jesus! Mary!

"Your most affectionate son,
A. H. Law, S.J."

The other letter is addressed to Fr. Wehl* and to Brother de Sadeleer, in which he begins by asking pardon "with all his heart for all the scandal and bad temper," and then gives most full and careful directions and advice as to how they should act with regard to the mission. It is indeed wonderful that he could have penned a letter requiring so much thought, in such a state of weakness. We are reminded of the great Fr. Burke, the Dominican orator, preaching for the starving children of Donegal, though dying and in terrible suffering.

Father Law's martyrdom was prolonged for yet another six weeks. On October the 15th, St. Theresa's day, he offered the Holy Sacrifice for the last time. He was so weak that he could not have stood upright, but for a rope which Brother Hedley had fastened across the hut to support him. For the next five weeks he was often very delirious, but in his lucid intervals would ask his companion to speak to him of the sufferings of our Lord, to help him to be resigned and patient under his trials. The good Brother did all in his power for one he loved and venerated so truly, but he himself was exhausted with fever and starvation, and was, moreover, suffering intensely from a huge abscess on his

* Fr. Law had heard that Fr. Wehl was still alive from Umzila himself.

knee, which soon made him unable to walk or even crawl about the hut. In such a state it was that these holy men were left to the mercies of one of the natives, who more than once left them without food for four-and-twenty hours. Nothing ruffled the beautiful peace and loving resignation of Fr. Law, and he was quite conscious when, on November the 25th, the end at length came. His last words were: "I do not think I could despair, even if I tried." Brother Hedley, seeing the end was at hand, said the prayers for the dying, and the soul of this holy martyr winged its flight into the presence of Him Whom he had loved and served through life, and a knowledge and love of Whom it had ever been his desire to spread.

What remains must be briefly told. At once the rats began to devour the body, thus necessitating immediate burial, and the grave of Father Law is unknown to this day. A tablet has been erected to his memory in the church of St. Mary Magdalen, at Mortlake, and his bright example and holy life shall make his memory live in the hearts of many.

A word must be added as to the fate of Brother Hedley. For three weeks after Fr. Law's death, he lay in the hut at Umzila's, fighting with the rats, which, deprived of the dead, attacked the living, until Umzila gave orders that he should be succoured. He was then carried back, though with scant good-will and great roughness, to the abandoned wagon. His bearers deposited him at Sebenal, a village some 40 miles distant from the wagon, and there Fr. Wehl and Brother de Sadeleer met him on January 11th, 1881. "Never in my whole life," writes the latter, "did I see any sick person in so wretched a state; his entire body was covered with sores and ulcers, and his wounds were filled with vermin. He appeared stupefied by the excess of his sufferings, both physical and mental. It is a wonder that he did not succumb as Father Law did. He must have had an iron constitution. For five months he had not changed his clothes, which were all in shreds and tatters. The moment he reached our wagon, I set about doing all I could to alleviate his

condition. I laid him on our blankets and washed him from head to foot. I dressed his sores with oil and balsam, and put on him clean linen and new clothes. He soon appeared to gain strength, and at the end of a few days, with good care and nourishment, was in a fair way to recovery."

It was not till May, 1881, that the news of Father Law's death reached England, being conveyed to his father in a letter from Father Weld, who, after offering Mr. Law his sincere sympathy, and speaking of the veneration he had ever entertained for his son, writes: "I feel that he has really laid the foundation of a future mission at Umzila's kraal. Remembering what life is, and what it is for, it is impossible not to look on the close of his as a blessed one for himself and a triumph of God's grace; the sorrow we feel will pass, but the consolation will last for ever." Cardinal Newman too wrote to Mr. Law, saying: "For the son, whose death may be called a martyrdom, you cannot grieve long, and he will be nearer to you in heaven than he could ever be on earth."

And now, in conclusion, we would fain give one or more of the beautiful meditations by Father Law which are extant, but our limits prevent our doing so. We cannot, however, better conclude than by his beautiful prayer to Our Blessed Lady, which runs thus:—

"O Immaculate Virgin Mary, my Lady and my dear Mother! I wish to belong entirely to Jesus and to you. For this I give you my eyes, my ears, my tongue, my whole self. Do you take care of me, but above all things, preserve me from every sin, especially sins against purity, which is so dear to you.

"Bless me, O Daughter of the Eternal Father, and do not permit me ever to offend my good God in thought.

"Bless me, O Mother of the Eternal Son, and do not permit me ever to offend my good God in word.

"Bless me, O Spouse of the Holy Spirit, and do not permit me ever to offend my good God in deed or omission. But make me always to love Him with my whole heart, and to cause Him to be loved by others! So be it, O sweet, O pious, O loving Virgin Mary!"

# England's Title: Our Lady's Dowry:

## Its History and Meaning.

BY THE REV. T. E. BRIDGETT, C.SS.R.

In 1893, Pope Leo XIII. celebrated his Episcopal Jubilee, and pilgrimages went from all parts of the world to the Holy City, to offer him the homage and congratulations of the faithful. In February, the English pilgrims, conducted by the Duke of Norfolk, were admitted to an audience, and presented to His Holiness by His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan, Archbishop of Westminster. In his reply to the address, the Pope used the following words:

Those were truly bright days [he had been speaking of England's early history], and it pleases Us to point out two most important religious lessons to be drawn from them; and as they reflect great credit on your forefathers, so will they, We doubt not, if repeated now, prove to be of the greatest benefit to all your countrymen. The first is the wonderful filial love which burnt within the heart of your forefathers towards the great Mother of God, Christ's happy minister in our salvation, to whose service they consecrated themselves with such abundant proofs of devotion, that the kingdom itself acquired the singular and highly honourable title of "Mary's Dowry." The second lesson relates to the special worship always paid by the English to the Prince of the Apostles, as primary patron of their kingdom. . . . Therefore it is Our most earnest desire that faithful England should once more, with the greatest fervour, revive her devotion to these two Patrons of the faith, these two powerful guardians of all virtue, and, God prompting Us, We most earnestly exhort the faithful

condition. I laid him on our blankets and washed him from head to foot. I dressed his sores with oil and balsam, and put on him clean linen and new clothes. He soon appeared to gain strength, and at the end of a few days, with good care and nourishment, was in a fair way to recovery."

It was not till May, 1881, that the news of Father Law's death reached England, being conveyed to his father in a letter from Father Weld, who, after offering Mr. Law his sincere sympathy, and speaking of the veneration he had ever entertained for his son, writes: "I feel that he has really laid the foundation of a future mission at Umzila's kraal. Remembering what life is, and what it is for, it is impossible not to look on the close of his as a blessed one for himself and a triumph of God's grace; the sorrow we feel will pass, but the consolation will last for ever." Cardinal Newman too wrote to Mr. Law, saying: "For the son, whose death may be called a martyrdom, you cannot grieve long, and he will be nearer to you in heaven than he could ever be on earth."

And now, in conclusion, we would fain give one or more of the beautiful meditations by Father Law which are extant, but our limits prevent our doing so. We cannot, however, better conclude than by his beautiful prayer to Our Blessed Lady, which runs thus:—

"O Immaculate Virgin Mary, my Lady and my dear Mother! I wish to belong entirely to Jesus and to you. For this I give you my eyes, my ears, my tongue, my whole self. Do you take care of me, but above all things, preserve me from every sin, especially sins against purity, which is so dear to you.

"Bless me, O Daughter of the Eternal Father, and do not permit me ever to offend my good God in thought.

"Bless me, O Mother of the Eternal Son, and do not permit me ever to offend my good God in word.

"Bless me, O Spouse of the Holy Spirit, and do not permit me ever to offend my good God in deed or omission. But make me always to love Him with my whole heart, and to cause Him to be loved by others! So be it, O sweet, O pious, O loving Virgin Mary!"

# England's Title: Our Lady's Dowry:

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of England to follow the example of their forefathers, and by a solemn religious rite, to dedicate and consecrate the whole country to the Most Holy Mother of God and to the Blessed Prince of the Apostles. Let this expression of Our ardent desire, fraught with much advantage to yourselves, beloved children, be the chief and pleasing return which We make to you for the good wishes which you have brought to Us.

Of course the Cardinal Archbishop and the Bishops of England hastened to carry out this desire of the Sovereign Pontiff. In their Letter to the clergy and faithful of the Province of Westminster, dated May 20, 1893, they say: "The Holy Father has used, and thus consecrated, an expression which is familiar to us here, but which has probably never been heard from the mouth of a Pope. He has called this country, *Our Lady's Dowry*. That is to say, he has mentioned with approval that, in the ages of faith, this land was commonly so named."

The Bishops speak of the enthusiasm with which the clergy and laity will unite with themselves in carrying out the wish of the Pope.

Devotion to the Holy Mother of God is, we venture to say, a mark of the Catholics of this country at the present time, just as it was of the generations who lived in the land before the unhappy destruction of the Faith. Devotion to St. Peter, also, is deeply and widely spread. But these are moments when new beginnings are to be made, moments when the spiritual feelings of a community are fanned into a brighter flame by the breath of that Holy Spirit Who breathes where He will. These are God's opportunities, and the servants of God must rise up to meet them. The recent stir and outburst of Catholic love and loyalty could hardly have subsided without leaving its impress upon us all. But when, in addition to the Divine impulse which the ever [illegible] themselves force upon us, we have the express

instruction of the Sovereign Pontiff, there can be no hesitation in resolving to arouse our fervour, and to respond with every effort of generosity to the invitation which it is our happiness to receive. . . .

The Bishops then decreed (1) that a great solemnity should be held in the Church of the Oratory, in London, on June 29th of that year, when after Pontifical High Mass, celebrated by the Cardinal Archbishop, with the assistance of all the Bishops of the Province, and of representatives of the clergy and laity from all parts of England, there should be a solemn Act of Consecration to the Blessed Virgin, and in the afternoon after Pontifical Vespers, an Act of Consecration to the Prince of the Apostles; (2) that this consecration should be renewed in every church throughout England on July 2nd, the feast of our Lady's Visitation; (3) that in all future years, this consecration or dedication should be renewed in every public church, that to our Lady on Rosary Sunday, and that to St. Peter on the Sunday within the octave of his principal festival. On Rosary Sunday, flowers, as a tribute from Our Lady's Dowry, should be solemnly presented before the altar or statue of the Blessed Virgin; and to promote devotion to St. Peter, an altar, or a picture of the Saint, or a *fac-simile* of the statue venerated in the great Roman Basilica of St. Peter, might be fitly erected in all our churches.

It will be remembered with what devotion and solemnity these instructions were carried out in the summer of 1893. It is in order to assist in the renewal and perpetuation of this consecration, as far as our Lady is concerned, that the following pages

are written, answering the two questions. What is the history of the title, Our Lady's Dowry? and: What is its meaning and import for ourselves?[1]

## I.—History of the Title.

*Dos Mariæ* is the title claimed for England in the Latin documents of the fifteenth century. *Dos* (*dotis.* f.) is rendered in English, dower or dowry. Both forms of the word are in use, and seem to be synonymous. We find them both in one passage in Shakspere.

> *Lear:* What, in the least,
> Will you require in present dower with her?
> *King of France:* She is herself a dowry.[2]

I find, however, that there has been a general consent on the part of Catholic writers since the Reformation to speak of Our Lady's Dowry rather than of her dower. The word means a marriage portion given to the husband, together with a wife, by the parents; or settled on the wife by the husband; or the part of a man's property which comes to his widow. Endowment is used also in a translated sense for any gift, quality, or property. We shall consider its precise meaning in the phrase, Our Lady's Dowry, presently. It may however be said here, that this word imports an act of dotation, or formal gift. It is not a mere inheritance. When Lia bore her sixth son to Jacob, she exclaimed: "God hath endowed me with a good dowry."[3] When England claimed to be Our Lady's Dowry, this did

[1] For devotion to St. Peter, see *Peter-tide*, by Cardinal Vaughan.
[2] *King Lear*, Act I. Sc. 1. [3] Genesis xxx. 20.

not mean simply that England was devout to her, or that England was cherished by her. In such case England might have been called our Lady's servant or daughter, or our Lady's joy and delight; and such titles have been given to most of the Catholic countries of Europe, which have vied one with the other in loyalty and affection to the Queen of Heaven. But the Sovereign Pontiff has said that *Dos Mariæ* is not only a very honourable title, but a singular one, one that belongs specially to England, *perhonorificum nomen et singulare;* and that England may continue to merit this title he wished that a dedication should be made by solemn rite; and in doing this, he says, the English of the present day will imitate the example of their forefathers. The very word then implies an endowment or dotation of England to our Lady, and that it was made by some one who had power to make it, either by the nation as a body or by its representatives in Church or State.

We shall see immediately that history bears witness to such an act of consecration having been formerly made. The reader must not, however, be surprised if the records of this act are scanty. In the sixteenth century not only a religious fanaticism, but a Vandal madness fell upon the nation. There was no more care for art or history than for religion. Every image, statue, picture, or representation, on altar or on wall, in window or in book, was burnt, destroyed, effaced; chronicles and books of prayer were sold for waste-paper or consigned to the flames. In 1542, Henry VIII. enjoined that not only rich reliquaries, and gold and silver images of saints, should

be brought to his treasure-house for the melting-pot, but that, to justify this measure under pretext of piety, "all writings and monuments of feigned miracles, wherewith the people be illuded, be taken away in all places of our realm." "If any shrine, covering of shrine, table, monument of miracles, or other pilgrimages do continue, they be so taken away *as there remain no memory of it.*" In the first year of Edward VI. these injunctions were re-issued and more stingently enforced. The clergy were ordered "utterly to extinct and destroy all shrines, . . . pictures, paintings, and all other monuments of feigned miracles, pilgrimages, idolatry, and superstition, so that there remain no memory of the same on walls, glasses, windows, or elsewhere, within their churches or houses; and they shall exhort all their parishioners to do the like within their several houses." "Spoliation," writes Professor J. A. Froude, "became the law of the land. The statues crashed from their niches, rood and rood-loft were laid low, and the sunlight stared in white and stainless upon the whitened aisles." In 1550 it was further enacted that if any person have in his custody any books or writings of the sort aforesaid" (*i.e.*, regarding devotion to our Lady or the saints), "or any images, &c., heretofore taken out of any church, and do not, before the last day of June next ensuing, deface and destroy the said images, and deliver the said books to be openly burnt, or otherwise defaced and destroyed, he shall be fined for the first and second offences, and for the third shall suffer imprisonment at the King's will." To pass over the similar sacrileges of the time of Elizabeth, an Act of Parliament was passed in 1605

forbidding the possession of all "superstitious books," (as superstition was understood by the Judges and Bishops of King James), and authorizing justices, mayors, and bailiffs, "from time to time to search the houses and lodgings of every Popish recusant convict, or of every person whose wife is or shall be a Popish recusant convict, for Popish books and relics of Popery." Finally, lest any token should still linger to remind the people that England had once been called Our Lady's Dowry, during the fanaticism of the Commonwealth commissions were issued for the utter destruction of even the poor remnants of statuary or painting which, by reason of their insignificance or remote position, or perhaps from some touch of Christian feeling, still remained.

It is no wonder then if we have in England few memorials of the dedication of England to our Lady, though we shall see presently that the very effort to hide has been the means of preservation of one at least, and that the most important. The efforts also to rob poor afflicted Catholics of the consolation they could find in any external objects of piety have laid up in national custody another interesting record that would otherwise have long since perished. In a search made in Catholic houses in the reign of James I. for "Popish" books or writings, a poor little tract or leaflet was discovered, and has been incorporated in a very scurrilous narrative or tirade against Catholics, which was prepared for the press but never printed, and is now amongst the MSS. of the British Museum.[1] The paper runs as follows in modern spelling.

[1] Harleian MSS. n. 360.

JESUS.

*That England is Our Lady's Dowry.*

In the Church of St. Thomas' Hospital in Rome there is a very fair painted and gilded table of imagery work, standing before the altar of St. Edmund the Martyr, once a King of England, which by the view of the wood and workmanship, seemeth to have been painted above a hundred years past. It is in length about five feet and about three feet high. It is divided into five panes. In the middle pane there is a picture of our Blessed Lady. In the next pane, upon her left hand, kneeleth a young King (St. Edmund, as it is thought) in a side robe of scarlet, who, lifting up his eyes and hands towards our Blessed Lady, and holding between his hands the globe or pattern of England, presenteth the same to our Lady, saying thus:

Dos tua, Virgo pia
Hæc est, quare rege, Maria.

O Blessed Virgin, here behold is thy Dowry,
Defend it now, preserve it still in all prosperity.[1]

His sceptre and his crown lying before him on a cushion, and St. George in armour standing behind him in the same pane, somewhat leaning forward, and laying his right hand in such manner on the King's back, that he seemeth to present the King and his presents to our Blessed Lady.[2]

The reader will probably know that St. Thomas's Hospital was an ancient English royal foundation for the reception of English visitors or pilgrims to the Holy City. In the time of Elizabeth it had been converted into a college for the education of priests for the English Mission, and the writer of the above paper may have been often within its walls. We can

[1] Perhaps a more literal translation would be,

Thy Dowry this, O Virgin sweet,
Then rule it, Mary, as is meet.

[2] Then follows a long prayer in Latin and English. I have printed it in my book called *Our Lady's Dowry*. Third Edit. p. vi.

but regret that he has described the subjects of only two compartments out of the five.

The church was pulled down during the French revolutionary occupation of Rome, at the end of the last century, and the picture has disappeared, nor is there any record of it in the existing papers of the English College. We are able, however, to some extent, to supply the omission. In Alford's *Fides Regia Britannica*, printed in 1663, in Latin, he says:

> From the above mentioned causes arose the devotion of our kings to the Mother of God, to whom they consecrated the realm of England as her Dowry. There exists in Rome in the English College a very ancient picture, in which are represented a king and a queen kneeling and offering the island of Britain to her through the intervention of St. John, with this motto:
>
> Dos tua, Virgo pia
> Hæc est; quare rege, Maria.
>
> From the character of the royal robes interwoven with lilies and eagles in gold (the antiquary) Silvester a Petra Sancta has conjectured with much probability that the king represented is Richard II., the queen, Anne, daughter of the Emperor Charles IV.[1]

There can be no doubt that these two writers are describing the same picture. The words of the inscription are identical. If one of them mentions a king only, the other a king and a queen; one St. George in armour, the other St. John; yet that all these and other figures also may have been in the picture is indicated by the first writer, since he speaks of five compartments. The conjecture of the writer of the tract that the king is St. Edmund is merely founded on the dedication of the neighbouring altar,

[1] *Fides Regia Britannica.* Auctore P. Michaele Alfordo, *alias* Griffith, S.J. t. i. p. 59.

and there is little likelihood that the martyr of the year 871 was intended by the artist, for he was King, not of England, but of East Anglia. Alford's and Silvester's conclusion that the kneeling king was Richard II., who died in 1399, is probable, not only on artistic, but on historical grounds. It is still more likely that the young king presented by St. George was the illustrious hero of Agincourt, Henry V., who died in 1422; or again, it may have been one of earlier date, Edward III., who won the Battle of Crecy in 1346.

That Henry V. consecrated his kingdom to our Lady is certain, though he was not the first to do this. A monk named Elmham, who wrote in Latin verse during the King's lifetime an account of his exploits and piety, uses these words,

> Anglia dos tua fit, mater pia, Virgo Maria
> Henrico rege; tu tua jura rege,[1]

which may be translated,

> O Virgin sweet, England is made thy dower,
> By royal Henry, keep it by thy power.

The inscription on the Roman picture is evidently derived from these lines of Thomas Elmham. If, then, Henry V. is the king, the queen represented is Catharine, daughter of Charles VI. of France.

There is something in the emphatic and even obtrusive manner in which Elmham uses the word Dowry that shows that it had been lately brought into prominence. In a *Te Matrem Dei laudamus*, or imitation of the *Te Deum*, Elmham writes: "We pray thee, therefore, succour the English, whom thou hast defended as thy own Dowry. Save thy people,

[1] *Memorials of Henry V.* (Rolls Series) p. 121.

O Lady, and deliver thy Dowry from the pestilence of death."[1] And in another part of his poem on Henry, he says that the cry of England at the Battle of Agincourt was:

> Virgo Maria fave, propria pro dote; Georgi
> Miles, et Edwarde, Rex pie, confer opem.

"Our Lady for her Dowry; St. George and St. Edward to our aid!" Now the Battle of Agincourt was fought in 1415, the third year of Henry's reign. The title was therefore, according to Elmham, already well known, and "familiar as a household word" throughout England. And this we know to have been the case, for we have the testimony to it, written fifteen years before, of Thomas Arundel, the Archbishop of Canterbury. In an official letter addressed to his suffragans he says that "the contemplation of the great mystery of the Incarnation, in which the Eternal Word chose the holy and immaculate Virgin, that from her womb He should clothe Himself with flesh, has drawn all Christian nations to venerate her from whom come the first beginnings of our redemption;" but that "we English, being the servants of her special inheritance, and her own Dowry, as we are commonly called, ought to surpass others in the fervour of our praise and devotion." He then considers how the power of England has increased, and ascribes these successes and this prosperity to the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. Therefore, that our Lady's protection may be continued, at the special desire of the King, he

[1] Elmham wrote this: *Ad Laudem Dei Genitricis Mariæ, propter gloriosam expeditionem regis Henrici V. et pro successu regis Angliæ dotis suæ, quæ cunctas hæreses cum hæresiarcha Joanne Oldcastle suis precibus interemit.*

enjoins that as hitherto the devotion of the faithful has been accustomed to honour Mary at the ringing of the curfew, by saying five times the Angelic Salutation, together with the Lord's Prayer once, so also the bell should be rung early in the morning in all cathedral, collegiate, monastic, and parish churches, and the same prayers be said. He grants an Indulgence to all who perform this devotion.

The King here mentioned was Henry IV., who had just come to the throne, and the date is 1400.[1] As the Archbishop had recently been residing in Germany and France, there is the force of personal testimony in his saying that England was commonly called Our Lady's Dowry. The question, however, still arises as to why, and how long it had been so called. There can be no doubt that the title would never have been given, or would have been rejected as an empty boast, had not England been known far and wide for the splendour of its churches, monuments, and pilgrimages of our Lady, and the devotion of the people; yet, as I have said, not this alone can have originated the "singular title" of Our Lady's Dowry. Do we, then, find any earlier record of dedication or consecration than that of Henry V.? Fortunately such a record has come down to us, and by an irony

[1] The letter or constitution in Wilkins (tom. iii. p. 246) is dated February 10th, 1399, whence Mr. Waterton has concluded that the King referred to was Richard II., who abdicated on September 29th, 1399. But as the new year counted from March 25th, February, 1399, would be February, 1400, in modern reckoning. That such was the case in this instance is evident from the fact that in February, 1399, Archbishop Arundel was in banishment in Cologne. He returned to England with the Duke of Lancaster, and when the Duke ascended the throne as Henry IV., Arundel was reinstated as Archbishop. See Article on Arundel by Mr. Gairdner in the *Dictionary of National Biography.*

of Divine Providence it was the impious and sacrilegious efforts of Edward VI. (or his governors) to obliterate all traces of the devotion of his ancestors, "so that there remain no memory of it," which has caused not only the memory, but the very monument and representation of it, to be preserved into the present century. The story need not be long.

The palace of the Kings of England had long been fixed at Westminster. They cherished of course the splendid abbey church rebuilt by St. Edward, and again by Henry III. But, adjoining their palace there was a royal chapel of great size and magnificence dedicated to St. Stephen. The vault or undercroft of this now alone remains, the edifice having been destroyed by fire in 1834.[1] It had been built by King Stephen, and in a more splendid style by Edward III., who completed it in 1360. Either opening into it or close beside it was a smaller chapel of our Lady, called Our Lady of the Pew. This name, the origin of which is disputed, was derived from a still older chapel or image of that title in the neighbouring abbey, which by way of distinction was called the *old* Lady of Pew.[2] Edward III. had

[1] The external lobby of the present House of Commons is the exact size, and lies on the exact site, of the old House of Commons, and chapel of St. Stephen's.

[2] On this subject it is enough here to refer to Mr. Edmund Waterton's very complete dissertation in his *Pietas Mariana Britannica*, pp. 227—239. The title has been variously derived from Our Lady of Puy in France, of which there was a confraternity in London, from Puits, because of certain wells, from Pity (abridged) and from Pew (itself derived from appui) because of the royal tribune. It is a proof how thoroughly the memory of old devotion was effaced, that Stowe, who has preserved many documents about this royal chapel, thought for a time that it was near Charing Cross. He corrected his mistake in his second edition, but it has been perpetuated by writers who copied from his first.

founded a college of a dean and twelve canons to serve St. Stephen's Chapel. Probably from the chapel being in the royal palace it was not thought necessary to obliterate the wall paintings in the time of Henry VIII.; but when the college was suppressed in 1548, and the chapel disused and converted into the Parliament House by Edward VI., the paintings were wainscoted over. Could their memory perish more effectually? So thought the perpetrators of this sacrilege; and within the walls of St. Stephen's generation after generation of Parliamentary orators have declaimed and legislated against the generations that call Mary blessed, and have declared the Invocation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, as practised by the Roman Catholic Church, to be superstitious and idolatrous,[1] while close to them, but unseen, were the painted records which connected Catholic devotion to our Lady with some of the greatest names of English history.

At length, in the year 1800, it was necessary to make some alterations, for the Parliament had become Imperial, and the Irish House was merged with the English and Scotch. The Annual Register will tell us what was then revealed. Under the head of Principal Occurrences, October 31, the annalist writes:

> The alterations in the House of Commons, preparatory to the meeting of the Imperial Parliament, began in August. The oaken wainscoting at each side having been removed, gave again to the view the venerable walls of what was once St. Stephen's Chapel. The gothic pillars (? piers), the finished scroll-work, and the laboured carvings, were,

[1] The Test Oath (repealed) and the Coronation Oath still unrepealed.

generally speaking, in good preservation. But what is more observable is, that the paintings which fill the interstices, having been protected from the action of the air for so many centuries, are in many parts as fresh and vivid as if they could only boast a twelvemonths' date. In the right-hand corner, behind the Speaker's chair, and about five feet from the ground, there is a Virgin and Child, with Joseph bending over them, well preserved and tolerably executed in colour; and Edward III. and his Queen and suite, making their offerings to the Virgin. Under them in six niches, as many knights in armour, with their tabards of arms, and in each angle an acolyte holding a taper. Adjoining these, and on the same level, are two whole-length figures of angels, their heads reclining on the shoulders, and holding each, extended before them, a piece of drapery or mantle, charged with various devices or armorial bearings; their wings composed of peacock's feathers, very highly finished, and in which the green and gold are, in general, as lively as if they had been newly laid on. On each side of the altar are pictures of the Nativity, the Presentation in the Temple, the marriage in Cana, &c.[1]

O sweet irony, worthy of our Lady, to make Edward VI. the involuntary instrument in preserving to us this splendid testimony to the piety of Edward III.! For what is this picture? It may either have commemorated an historical event, or its execution may be considered an historical event in itself. It is not, nor does it record, an act of private

[1] It is almost certain that the picture at the Gospel side of the altar, which was much mutilated, represented the Adoration of the Magian Kings, although our Lady is seated on a chair of state. (See Sir H. Englefield's dissertation, published by the Society of Antiquaries, 1811, and Smith's *History of Westminster*.) Yet the kneeling figures underneath this picture are Edward III. and his five sons, while under the picture of the Presentation in the Temple, at the Epistle side, are Queen Philippa and her daughters. St. George too is represented as turning towards the King and presenting him to our Lady, in the throne above. Thus the English royal family are uniting their homage with that recorded in the Gospels.

devotion. The King and Queen would have themselves depicted as surrounded by their family and by knights bearing their coats of arms. Acolytes were holding lighted tapers, and two angels were represented as taking part in a solemnity. It is the consecration of England, through its Sovereign, to the Blessed Virgin. It was before the eyes of every king and noble until hidden by Edward VI.

As Richard II. was thought to have been the King represented in the Roman picture, I will relate here an episode of his life, which will at least serve to show the spirit of the times in which England won her title. Richard, son of Edward, the Black Prince, and grandson of Edward III., had succeeded his grandfather at the age of eleven. In 1381, at the age of fifteen, he was a gallant and pious youth. It was the year of the great rising or rebellion of the people under the leadership of Wat Tyler. Though the peasants had many just grounds of complaint against the nobles and the Government, in their insurrection they had been guilty of wholesale massacres and reckless destruction of property. Amongst other crimes they had broken into the Tower of London, dragged the Archbishop, Simon of Sudbury, from the altar, and having murdered him had nailed derisively an ecclesiastical cap to the venerable head, which they fixed on London Bridge. This happened on the 14th June. The throne and even the life of the young King were in imminent danger. After the short repose of that terrible night the King rode from the Wardrobe in the city to Westminster, with the Lord Mayor, William Walworth, and about two hundred of his

nobles who had rallied round him. At Westminster he made his confession to a hermit priest, and then heard Mass in St. Stephen's Chapel, and ardently implored God's help. Thence he went to kneel before the image of Our Lady of the Pew, which, as I have said, was in a side-chapel. "This image," writes Froissart, "is famous for miracles and graces, and the Kings of England place great trust in it. The King then made his prayers before this image, and made an offering of himself to our Lady."[1] Froissart goes on to tell how, after this prayer, the King and his nobles rode towards London and met the rebels near Smithfield, and how, by a most unexpected turn of events, the insolent leader of the insurrection, Wat Tyler, was struck down by the Lord Mayor, and the rabble dispersed. The King, attributing his good fortune to our Lady's prayers, returned to Westminster, and again knelt before her image to express his gratitude.

Next year he was united in marriage with the daughter of the Emperor Charles IV., who was commonly called by her English subjects, "the good Queen Anne." It is certainly in no way unlikely that this Prince and his pious Queen may have joined in some solemn dedication of England to our Lady. A statue of Sir William Walworth, the loyal and brave Mayor, erected on Holborn Viaduct, near the scene of the meeting with Wat Tyler, commemorates the King's deliverance, but unfortunately there is at the present day no public monument in the streets or squares of London to her in whom the Catholic Kings of England and their people, nobles, citizens,

[1] *S'offrit à elle.* (Froissart.)

and peasants, put their trust. This, however, please God, may some day come.

> Virgin-Glory, deign
> Into thy hand to take again
> This island's sceptre, thine before
> In the Christ-loving days of yore.
> Take it and by its gentle sway
> To better times ordain the way.[1]

## II.—Meaning of the Title.

It must not be thought for a moment that in calling England Our Lady's Dowry we are putting forth claims in depreciation of any other part of Christendom. We glory indeed in what our forefathers did for Mary, but we rejoice no less in the honours paid elsewhere. Strictly speaking, the word dowry does not even suggest a claim that England served our Lady with special tenderness and fervour, though this was doubtless the case. It implies that England ought thus to have served her, that she had bound herself by her own acts to do so, and that she made a public profession of love and homage. We institute, then, no comparisons. When our Lord asked St. Peter, "Lovest thou Me more than these?" the Apostle was prudently and humbly silent as regards others; yet he answered earnestly, "Lord, I love Thee; Thou knowest that I love Thee." So if our Blessed Lady, after our solemn consecration, should ask, "Catholics of England, do you love me more than the French or Italians?" it will be wise in us to make no idle boast; yet it will be good for us if we are able to say, with the approval of our consciences, "Lady, thou knowest that we love thee."

[1] Caswall, *A Tale of Tintern.*

It would be less invidious to boast of Mary's special love of England, for did not St. John call himself the disciple whom Jesus loved? But perhaps it is safer simply to recall the words applied to Mary by the Holy Church, *Ego diligentes me diligo*—"I love those that love me," and to strive to merit a special love as did our fathers. The word Dowry should be a title reminding us of duty, not exciting us to self-complacency. This is the sense in which it was first used. The Archbishop of Canterbury, Thomas Arundel, in issuing the ordinance or constitution that I have quoted, says that we should belie our name of Our Lady's Dowry, if we did not strive to surpass other nations in the homage we pay to her.

The English Hierarchy of 1893 write:

> To sum up all, it may be said that, in the mind of the Holy Father, and in our mind, the object and purpose of this solemn consecration of England to the great Mother of God and to Blessed Peter is to obtain an abundant outpouring of blessings upon the whole country and people of England—the blessing of unity in Faith, Hope, and Charity, the blessing of such temporal plenty and prosperity as may redound to the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

There is a passage in the Prophet Ezechiel which proves at the same time how sin, when grown common, draws down national chastisement, and how powerful is the eminent sanctity, even of a few, to avert God's anger. God complained of all classes of His people; of the prophets that they spake no truth and cared nothing for the loss of souls; of the priests that they put no difference between holy and profane; of the princes that they were rapacious like wolves; of the people that they were avaricious, unjust, and cruel;

and then God continued in these words: "I sought among them for a man that might set up a hedge, and stand in the gap before Me in favour of the land that I might not destroy it, and I found none. And I poured out My indignation upon them, in the fire of My wrath I consumed them, I have rendered their way upon their own head, saith the Lord God."[1]

The wall of God's protection was broken down by the universal and reiterated sins of every class. The anger or justice of God, like a besieging army, was advancing by the breach to the destruction of the city. In such a case the people are wont to choose their bravest captain, to give him a band of worthy companions, and to place them in the breach to keep back the enemy. God in His compassion complains that no such champion was forthcoming. He laments the absence of any saint of transcendent merits and mighty prayers, and that His justice must pursue its course, and that He must render to men their ways upon their own heads. These are terrible words; but what a sublime picture do they present of the power of a great advocate with God!

It is then a holy and a wholesome thought to ask our Lady to be our champion, to stand in the gap in favour of the land. She has doubtless the power, she has doubtless also the will; but we must merit her protection by the fervour and constancy of our prayers.

And here I would humbly suggest that, while we emulate the zeal of our forefathers, we need not be blind to their deficiencies. Was there not something of a national, ambitious, and warlike tone in some

[1] Ezech. xxii. 25—31.

of their appeals to our Lady to aid and protect her Dowry? Did they not think too much of Crecy, Poitiers, and Agincourt; of subduing another people to their will, rather than of subduing themselves to the holy will of God? We know how the victories which intoxicated our national pride were followed by national disasters, and how the nation that had cried: "Our Lady for her Dowry!" at Agincourt, was at last defeated and put to shame by the holy Maid of Orleans, who had prayed our Lady to have pity on her beloved France, ruined and down-trodden by the invaders. We may learn from this only to seek from our Lady what she can grant without injury to others or to ourselves.

Again, I do not doubt that even at the time of what is called the Reformation of England in the sixteenth century, the greater number of English men and women were loyal to our Lady; yet I look in vain for any national or even widespread endeavour, by having recourse to her, to avert the calamities that were threatening the land. In the great plagues called the Black Death, which ravaged England in the fifteenth century, there were processions and litanies. Again, in the year 1527, when Rome had been cruelly sacked and the Pope was a prisoner in his Castle of St. Angelo, there was a movement of general prayer throughout England in his behalf. The Bishops ordered united supplications to be made; and those supplications were successful. The Pope escaped from his persecutors, and he was soon after restored to his throne. But when four years later Henry VIII. began his exactions and usurpations upon the Church in England, when he

was putting forth one impious and sacrilegious claim after another, I do not find the Bishops calling on the clergy and people to unite in one common prayer to our Lady to avert impending dangers, and to keep them faithful to God and His Church. Yet this might have been done, at least in the early part of the struggle, in such a way as not to exasperate the monarch. And I cannot but think that, if the nation had then remembered that it was Our Lady's Dowry, and had appealed to her for succour and protection, the history of England might have been far different. The prayers of the Queen of Heaven, earnestly sought, would have effectually baffled the angry passions of the earthly tyrant; the clergy might have stood firm by the side of Blessed Fisher, the monastic orders supported the holy Carthusians, the nobility taken their stand by Blessed More, and the King would have been forced to yield.

May we then, I repeat, emulate the piety, but take warning from the remissness of our forefathers. There are evils to be combated not less grievous than the tyranny of a king. The prevalence of drunkenness, the sin of unchastity, profanation of God's name, the neglect of Holy Mass, these are evils among ourselves that, if they continue, will make it seem like an idle boast to call ourselves Our Lady's Dowry. And the ever-increasing spread of infidelity, the deluge of bad books, the corrupting of heathen nations by the sale of our opium and our fire-water, these things are national sins against which we must contend by imploring the prayers of her who is called the Help of Christians.

The present action on the part of our Bishops is

as when Ezechias sent posts with letters to all Israel and Juda, proclaiming: "Ye children of Israel, turn again to the Lord the God of Abraham, and of Isaac, and of Israel; and He will return to the remnant of you that hath escaped the hand of the King of the Assyrians; . . . yield yourselves to the Lord and come to His sanctuary, which He hath sanctified for ever; serve the Lord the God of your fathers, and the wrath of His indignation shall be turned away from you."[1]

Ages had passed, yet Abraham, Isaac, and Israel were ever living before the Lord. For their sake He was ready to show mercy to their children. Nor are Augustine and Bede, and Cuthbert, Anselm, and Thomas, and Edward and Edmund, dead at this day. They are praying for Our Lady's Dowry. Is Mary not "the Sanctuary that God hath sanctified for ever"? May her protection for ever sanctify her children!

Men had robbed our Queen of her dower,
Robbed thy dower of thee, sweet Queen;
Dark and dreary without thy smiles
Our meads and cities for years have been.
Queen of our hearts! Queen of the world!
Rend thine own from the spoiler's power;
Come back again,
Over us reign,
Take us once more for thy Royal Dower.

## Note.

It will not be inappropriate to this history, in which I have said so much of the Catholic use and veneration of images, if I add a few amusing instances

[1] 2 Paral. xxx, 6—8.

of the controversies aroused by the destruction of images, which were only brought to light in the publication of State Papers in 1892.

In 1538, William Smith, servant to Sir Roger Wentworth, blamed a certain minstrel named Hunt, for singing at a bridal a song railing against saints and calling their images idols. Hunt defended himself, saying they were set up in times past by the Bishop of Rome, but now the King is Supreme Head, and the Bishop of Rome has nothing to do here. Smith asked if previous kings had not been as wise as this King, and yet they obeyed the Pope, and all other kings do so still, and he wished to know who gave the King leave to put the Pope down.[1] This speech got poor Smith into trouble.—Some of the parishioners of Gracechurch, London, accuse their curate, Mr. Laborne, of saying that St. Austin landed in the Isle of Thanet, with a cross of wood and a picture of Christ, and that then there were as wise men as now be. The parishioners reply in their memorial that all the doings of St. Austin, being the legate of a reprobate master, the Pope, were not commendable.[2]—Sir Thomas Cowley, Vicar of Ticehurst, was accused because he said "the people would not dare to spit upon the King's face on a groat, but would spit upon an image, which was spitting upon God."[3]—Nicolas Porter, parson of Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight, was accused of having said, "Lo, while this King and his Council were busy to pull down abbeys, he was made cuckold at home."[4]

[1] *Letters and Papers of Henry VIII.* vol. xiii. part i. n. 615.
[2] *Ibid.* n. 1111. [3] *Ibid.* n. 1149. [4] *Ibid.* n. 493.

# Dick's Desire.

*Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after justice: for they shall have their fill.*

THERE are various causes for thankfulness in this world, and Dick Jones used to feel that one of his greatest was that his grandmother was deaf, for that helped to make things easier for him. You see, as Mrs. Jones was so deaf, she could not hear what a bad cough Dick had, and even if by his movements she discovered that he coughed, the depth of its sound did not reach her ears. When I explain to you that Dick and his grandmother, who was also very feeble, were alone in the world, that they lived in a London slum, that their two rooms were at the top of a poverty-stricken house, that neither of them had ever been out of London in their lives:—when I tell you that Dick, who was eighteen, worked hard in a small draper's shop a mile off, for very long hours and very small pay, and that he and hunger were well acquainted with each other,

you will scarcely believe me when I add that a more contented young fellow than he could hardly have been found.

The old proverb says "What the eye does not see, the heart does not long for;" and that is true in many cases, both as regards things temporal and spiritual. Dick knew nothing of the country; and consequently when summer came, and the hot air was exhausted, when the flags struck warm to your feet, and the people in the slums lived as much in the street and in their yards as circumstances permitted, he did not long for the sea or the country; for though he knew of their existence, it never occurred to him to think of the possibility of his enjoying them. He had read very little since he left school at fourteen, so his imagination had little to feed it, and he did not concern himself with longings for riches and plenty. It was very disagreeable, certainly, to have to work so very hard, but all the rest of the people he knew did the same, the great evil being—excepting for those who loved idleness—the not always having work to do; so on the whole, he felt thankful for his place. Then, too, when he suffered from hunger, and denied himself, so as to get his grandmother what she needed, it was nothing remarkable. It was all part and parcel of his daily life to have what he called enough one day, and scarcely sufficient to keep body and soul together, the next; and when he looked round there were many

sharpened faces to remind him that others were sharing the same suffering. Then there was another thing that helped him along, and that was the force of habit. His parents had died when he was a baby; his grandmother had brought him up, and he had never known any other home than the three-pair-back of 17 Alexandra Grove. His grandmother had a dread of the workhouse, and Dick, knowing that, determined that he would do his utmost to keep her from being obliged to go to it. No one else could do this, for they had no relations to turn to, the rest of Mrs. Jones' family having emigrated years ago.

But to return to our proverb—in another sense, too, it is true that what the eye of faith does not see the heart does not long for.

Dick Jones was quite an ordinary, commonplace young man, neither clever nor dull. He was tall, with a narrow chest, high shoulders, light hair, and grey eyes, and he had very little colour in his cheeks. They were white, as were his hands, which were long and thin. His inner life was not remarkable, although it certainly bore no resemblance to that of the godless heathen—as many of the inhabitants of Alexandra Grove might, without want of charity, be styled—who surrounded him. He tried to be a good Catholic, and that was all; using the ordinary means of grace, but using them faithfully and regularly, and as well as he was able. He had his faults—he was very proud,

though some may smile at the idea, and wonder what he had to be proud of—and he had not the best of tempers. But he tried his utmost to conquer himself, and was always longing to be better, to avoid sin and to do his daily work to the greater glory of God; and one All Saints' Day, when he heard the Gospel read out, and the verse came about those who hunger and thirst after justice, he felt that he understood what that meant. The preacher that day took that special Beatitude for his text, and he quoted what a holy writer has said with reference to it, namely, "that in other pursuits it is the gaining of the end, and not the straining after it which is blessed, not the hunger and thirst, but the satisfaction of the appetite. But in spiritual matters, the blessing lies where our Lord's words place it. For our Lord considers the heart, and blesses the wish and desire even if they go no further, and are prevented by external hindrances from issuing in action. And again, if they were not blessed in themselves, they would still be blessed in that they cannot, by the mercy of God, be bootless or fail of success."

As Dick, by the eye of faith, was able to realize that he could aim at the higher life, his heart longed perseveringly to do so. Those who are in earnest will find their opportunities of doing right wherever they are placed: nothing comes into their way of good or bad, spiritual or material, which cannot be used

to the greater glory of God. Purity of intention is the great thing, and Dick certainly had that; he not only longed to be good himself, but he desired with all his heart that others should try and lead good lives. The sin and carelessness he saw all around him caused him actual pain, which was increased by the feeling that he could do little to alter it in any way. He prayed a great deal for the conversion of sinners, and offered many of his sufferings for that intention; and this was nearly all he could do.

One Saturday evening he was feeling very tired indeed. The pain in his chest was rather severe, and when he coughed it made it worse. He tried as much as he could not to cough; it was very necessary that he should not let it be known how ill he felt, for fear the shop-walker, a very important man with a very stiff collar, should think he was unfit for his work, and urge the master to discharge him.

It was so exceedingly cold that evening, that was the worst of it; the door of the shop was almost always open, and Dick's place was at the first counter, in what was called the upholstery department, so he had no shelter, and no means of escaping the bitter wind which that night came blowing in so mercilessly. It was a wind which made the people in the busy street draw their shawls closer, and button up their great coats as tightly as they could for it penetrated through every crevice, and sent

sharp shafts of cold to the inmost being of its victims.

There was no getting warm in the shop, of course, and though Dick moved about as quickly as he could, his hands were very numb.

"Come, look alive! you're keeping all those goods on the counter blocking up the space; put 'em in their place!"

"Yes, sir," said Dick, and the shop-walker stood watching him as he lifted the heavy bales of cretonne and placed them on the shelf. As he turned his back for the moment, Dick drew a deep breath, and tried not to cough, but it required a tremendous effort.

"You're uncommon slow," said the shop-walker; "just fetch that crimson goods over there."

Dick went, as was his wont, in a peculiarly hurried way, as if to show that quick walking was quite natural to him. Indeed, in his efforts not to betray his weariness and weakness, the poor fellow almost overacted his part. This bale, however, was heavier than the others, and a deep cough, which nothing could stop, brought a faint tinge to his cheeks.

"Don't make that confounded noise, coughing like that," said the shop-walker. "It sounds so dismal—churchyards, and all that sort of thing. Look cheerful, customers don't want anything to make 'em dismal. Yes, certainly, madam, cretonne at four three; attend to this lady at once."

And Mr. Harris, the shop-walker, drew a chair for the new-comer, changing his voice and manner with marvellous rapidity. The customer was a poor woman with a straight-cut black fringe, under an old plush hat adorned with a limp feather and some roses.

She had to examine some half-dozen pieces of cretonne before she made up her mind. As Dick tried to be cheerful and talk over the important matter with her, he often thought thankfully that the next day was Sunday, and that Saturday night, even in a small Lambeth shop, could not last for ever. At last, however, it was time to close, and Dick got off, turning his face homeward with a feeling of relief which even the north-east wind did not remove.

This cough certainly was very tiresome, thought Dick, and it made him feel so weak. Every winter it seemed worse, but if the weather would only change, it would probably go. Dick was very hopeful, and he counted up on his fingers that, as this was December, there were not so many more weeks of winter to think about and dread.

His grandmother had supper ready for him, and that night it was a particularly good one, for a neighbour had given Mrs. Jones a couple of pence for minding the baby for her, and they were not so very badly off that week. It was a dish of sheep's trotters, and Mrs. Jones had it smoking hot.

Dick took off the clothes he wore in the shop

before he sat down to supper, and put on a very old jacket.

"There—that's your favourite supper, ain't it?" said Mrs. Jones. "You see I waited for you."

"All right, Granny. No—don't give me all that," and Dick hastily pushed back a portion of his helping.

"Eh?" asked Mrs. Jones, for she had not heard him.

Dick tried to shout, and his doing so brought on a fit of coughing. He turned his head to hide it, and the old woman thought he was sneezing.

"Ain't you peckish?"

Dick shook his head. He could not yet make any attempt at conversation.

Now he had come in he was too tired to eat. Very often he had pretended not to be hungry, so that Mrs. Jones should have more for herself, but to-night there was no need to make-believe. He drank the hot milk that was ready for him, and after a little he went to bed, leaving Mrs. Jones to enjoy the dish, to which she certainly did justice.

Tired as he was, he said his prayers, and he woke next morning, feeling as if it would be heaven on earth to stay in bed and rest that aching back, those tired limbs, and enjoy having nothing to do. It was a struggle, a very real one, to get up and go to the first Mass, but he made it and went. Mrs. Jones usually went

to a later Mass, and Dick had occupation during that time which he would not give up on any account. He minded the children for several women whom he had persuaded to go to Mass when he found they were Catholics. It was a humble piece of work, but a very good one, and Dick gave himself up to amusing and keeping the small children quiet, in a way that, particularly as he had never had any brothers and sisters, did him infinite credit.

In the afternoon he rolled himself up in a blanket, and went to sleep on the old sofa, and Mrs. Jones dozed in her chair, only waking up when the kettle boiled over for tea.

Dick went to Benediction, cold as the night was. The nearest church belonged to a poor mission; the building was of the simplest kind, and the ornaments few and tawdry. But Dick was not critical, and to him it was the most beautiful place he ever was in, excepting of course the Cathedral at Southwark, where he had been one Easter Monday. But this church was endeared to him by association, and he had a special love for every part of it. Those figures of our Lady and St. Joseph—how fond he was of them! How many a time had he knelt before them, and asked those whom they represented for some help or blessing! How often had he knelt in that poor confessional, with its dingy brick-red curtain, and obtained the blessing of absolution—how often he had at those rails received the Bread of Life!

He had never time, and seldom strength, to go far afield in search of beautiful churches, and had lived as so many Londoners do, ignorant of what is beyond their immediate neighbourhood: so he was well satisfied with the services, which were the best they could have. It was the brightest spot in his life, the greatest happiness he knew; and as he often slipped into the church which he passed on his way to work, the few moments in the Divine Presence gave him strength for all the difficulties of the day, courage to do right, and comfort when he failed.

As Dick and Mrs. Jones were having their tea that afternoon, in the gloomy little room in Alexandra Grove, an American girl of the name of Nellie Horton was also having tea with her aunt, a childless widow who was by way of being chaperone and guide to her very wilful and determined niece. Nellie wanted her own way, and usually got it, for Mrs. Dray was unable to cope with her, when she had made up her mind.

Mrs. Dray was short and stout, and her usually placid countenance was at that moment slightly disturbed.

"Well, of course, my dear, if you've a mind to do it, I know I can't stop you."

"No, Aunt Sarah, I guess you won't," said Nell, who held a pretty cup in her hand, and was helping herself to a second cup of tea. She was small and slight, with the lovely New Eng-

land complexion which fades all too soon, and grey eyes which were so beautiful that you forgot to criticise her features, or to try to determine whether the soft curly hair was chestnut or brown.

"You see, Aunt Sarah, before I came to Europe"—she pronounced it Yurrup—"I never gave a thought to such things, and I never fixed my mind to the poor at all, beyond giving money when I was asked. And I do want to know something of the London slums very much, and I apprehend the only way is to go down and view them for myself."

"Oh yes," said Mrs. Dray; "I've read in papers that it's a fashion for young ladies to go 'slumming' in London. Only I hope you won't catch anything, or be murdered or robbed."

Nell shook her head.

"No, I haven't a mind to figure as a par. in an evening paper. I'm going with Nurse Hastings. Now come, Aunt Sarah, you've no call to find fault with me, you see."

"And she will be with you all the time?"

"Well, no," said Nell, truthfully; "when once I have had a look around, I shall just go by myself."

Mrs. Dray sighed.

"Well, of course you'll go your own way."

"Guess I shall," said Nell, helping herself to another piece of crumpet. "But don't you just think that I am going because of helping the people; I'll do that if I find it needful, but it's just that I want to see the life."

"Don't put on your best clothes," said Mrs. Dray.

"No, I ain't so stupid. And I am going to wear a dress like one of Nurse Hastings'; she's had it made for me; and wear a plain jacket and hat, when I go."

"I sometimes wish you'd never known Nurse Hastings," said Mrs. Dray. Miss Hastings was a district nurse whom her niece had met at a friend's house, a few weeks back.

"I'm very glad I have, Aunt Sarah: I like seeing everything, you know. I've seen round London, society and all the shows, and I think it's an elegant place, but it's all been one kind of life, and I want to see the other."

And so it happened that in the next week, as Nurse Hastings was getting ready to go on her round one morning, she was told Miss Horton wanted to see her.

"Ask her to come up," said Nurse Hastings, a middle-aged woman, with a kind sensible face. She did not belong to any organization or society, but was just a trained nurse who wished to nurse the poor in their own homes, and whose sphere lay in the parish in which Alexandra Grove lay. She lived by herself in very small lodgings, where there was a permanent baby, a boy who practised the horn nightly, and a poor clerk who had the lower rooms, and who did his own cooking on a very odorous paraffin stove.

"Am I late?" asked Nell, who had on a very plain dress, a last year's jacket with the furs taken off, and an unobservable little bonnet.

"Not at all. I was just packing my bag. Yes, I have everything, I think. Case-book, spatula, dressing, forceps, some bandages, safety pins, thermometer, a *Garden of the Soul* for a poor woman, sweets for her little boy, who has to have his arm dressed—ointment—yes, it's all there. Excuse my thinking aloud, Miss Horton, it's a way one gets into when one lives alone."

"Where are you going to take me along?" asked Nell.

"To Princes' Street, and then on to Alexandra Grove," said Nurse, buttoning her long cloak over her apron, which went well round her dress.

"My, what grand names! are you sure they are real slums?" asked Nell doubtfully.

Nurse laughed. "Well, I shall leave you to judge for yourself whether they are or not."

They made a good round, and Nell was satisfied that she was seeing really how the poor live in the south-east of London.

"Now, my dear," said Nurse, "I have got a woman here who is very ill, and I couldn't take a stranger in to see her. What shall I do with you?"

"I don't know. I can't walk up and down the street," said Nell; "isn't there anyone you know, where I can sit and wait for you?"

"Let me see—yes, why of course, there's old Mrs. Jones," said Nurse; "I never thought of her. She used to be one of my cases when she sprained her ankle. She's fearfully deaf, though."

"I don't care a cent—I mean I don't mind," said Nell. "I guess I can shout at the old girl. This way?"

"Yes, go on up to the top."

The two mounted the dirty, creaking stair, and at the top of the house was found Mrs. Jones, who was busy contriving a small garment out of a larger and much worn one, for which a neighbour would pay her twopence, including the cotton used.

Nell made speedy acquaintance with Mrs. Jones, and took the chair which the latter wiped for her. They soon got into conversation, and Mrs. Jones discoursed on her favourite subject, namely, her grandson Dick, who was, as she explained to Nell, a good lad who did his duty by her.

The days went on. Twice a week Nell went with Nurse Hastings, and thus saw a good deal of the life she was anxious to know more about

No one knew who she was, except that she was a friend of the nurse, but the people liked her wherever she went, and were pleased at her pleasant ways and real friendliness, so different from patronage.

Just before Christmas, when Nell went one

morning to see Nurse Hastings, she found the latter packing up.

"My! what's the matter? Are you going away?" asked Nell.

"Yes," said Nurse Hastings, rising from her kneeling position of packing, to greet her visitor. "My mother in Ireland is very ill, and I am going to her. It happens to be particularly convenient just now, as I have not so many cases as usual, and a friend of mine will see after some of them."

"I can go and see Mrs. Jones, can't I, and one or two others in that block, who don't want nursing, but just being chirped up a bit?"

"I shall be very glad if you will," said Nurse Hastings.

The next day Nell went off to Alexandra Grove, and called to see a few of the people who were beginning to know her. Nurse Hastings had begged her not to relieve cases indiscriminately, and Nell, who had some common-sense, saw that it would not be wise. She would have had many more beggars had the people known that the plainly-dressed girl was very rich indeed, and sole mistress of a large fortune.

She was talking to Mrs. Jones one bitterly cold afternoon, just after Christmas, when Dick suddenly entered. She had never seen him before, and had been rather curious to do so, having heard so much of his kindness and goodness from his old grandmother.

Dick's face was very white, and he was quite

out of breath when he found himself upstairs. As he pushed open the door, he did not seem to take notice of anyone, but made his way to the black sofa and lay down.

Nell saw that he was fainting. Having been at a course of ambulance lectures, she knew what to do, and in a few minutes Dick revived, but only to break into a severe fit of coughing.

When it was over, Nell talked to him quietly, to put him at his ease.

"I've heard Granny speak of you, Miss," said Dick at length. "I can't shout to her, Miss—my breath's gone—will you tell her I'm all right again?" he continued as Mrs. Jones made anxious enquiries as to what had happened.

After hearing that all was right, Mrs. Jones said she wanted to take her work down to the woman on the front ground-floor; would Miss excuse her?

Nell was not sorry to be left alone with Dick, and after peremptorily forbidding him to move off the sofa, and stuffing an old cushion in his back, she wondered whether he would talk.

"I'm just bowled over, Miss. I feel a fool, I do!" said Dick. "I don't seem as if I could stand."

"No, I am afraid you are very sick; your grandma said nothing of it to me, and yet she talked a great deal of you."

"She's deaf, Miss, and don't hear my cough, and I don't think her eyes are as good as they

were," said Dick, with a smile. "And I have kept it from her as long as I could—but—but she'll have to know now."

"What do you mean,—say?"

A tear forced itself down Dick's cheek. "They've given me the sack, Miss, at the shop where I work; they say I'm not fit for the work. I came over faint this morning in the shop, and the shop-walker, he says I ought to be in hospital."

"Can't you go? Ain't there out-patients' letters, even if you can't go and stay, as I suppose you can't leave your grandma," said Nell, who had taken in the situation very quickly. "I heard Nurse Hastings say something of the kind."

"It's only this'ere cough, Miss. There's nothing much the matter with me. I'll be better when the spring comes, and the cold weather is over. I must look for another place, and you see, I couldn't be going to the hospital if I am working."

"I think you should have advice. Dick, I have thought of something. I had to go to a doctor about my chest, and he is a very clever man; you had better come right along with me and see him."

"I must go and look for a place first, Miss, thank you kindly," said Dick. "I feel better now. Granny will be so put about, if she thinks I'm out of work."

"Now Dick, look here—I am going to help you

a bit. You must just take this, and spend it, until you get work," and Nell pushed a coin into Dick's hand.

A faint blush came into the young man's cheek.

"I'd sooner not, Miss. I've got my half week's wages, and I can get along with that until I get another place."

Nell was dumbfounded. She could not understand any one in Dick's situation refusing money, for she was unaware how proud he was in his own way. She did not answer as she put the money back into her pocket, but her voice was a little cold as she said good-bye to Dick, and told him she would come soon and hear how he was. She left her address in case he changed his mind and would see a doctor.

In a little while Dick revived, and, pulling himself together, prepared to go out.

He was feeling sad at heart and very much depressed, for the morning's experience had been disappointing. He had hoped that his weakness would not interfere with his work, and that his cough would not be so troublesome. He had tried a good many remedies for it lately, and had bought more than one box of cough lozenges, and two different kinds of mixtures, each of which was warranted to cure a great many ills. He had been more hopeful about the latter, as on the papers that wrapped the bottles could be read testimonials from people who had

taken the mixture, and been restored to health when evidently on the brink of the grave.

It was very cold, and the wind was sharp as Dick turned out to look for work. Great dark clouds were travelling across the grey sky, over which the twilight was coming rapidly. The lamps were lighted, and when he got into the chief thoroughfare, all the evening bustle had begun. The naphtha lights on the barrows were shooting up flares of flame, burning uneasily in the wind; and the sellers were rubbing their hands, and stamping on the pavement to try and keep themselves warm. There were old clothes, vegetables, fruit, and all manner of things on the trucks, while furniture vendors had their wares in the street. Near by was a penny-in-the-slot arrangement, by which you could have your fortune told; and by it were some performing birds in a tiny cage, guarded by a picturesque Italian.

Dick noticed little or nothing. He was anxiously making his way to shops where he thought he might have a chance of work.

As it happened, Mrs. Dray had been very poorly for a few days, and Nell was unable to leave her. One evening, however, at the end of the week, she felt better, and was able to come down to dinner.

When that meal was over, and Nell was playing with some pretty French sweets, the footman told her that a young man wanted to see her.

She guessed it was Dick, and jumping up, she found him in the hall, and took him into a small library which opened into it.

The two were a great contrast. Nell had on a pretty pale pink dinner dress beautifully worked with embroidery, and on her hands were a few very brilliant rings; for she had the sense not to overload herself with jewellery.

Dick had never been into a luxurious, artistically furnished room before, nor had he seen any one at all like Nell. She looked to him, as she was, very different from the flashy women he saw in the part of London he best knew, or the smart shop girls of the draper's where he had been working. He was looking very white and thin, and his old coat was buttoned tightly over his chest.

"Dick, I'm real glad you came; aunt has been sick, or I should have been around to you. How are you? Sit down here. I hope you rode here in one of those cars?"

Dick shook his head, as he took the chair. The idea of going in an omnibus, when he had the use of his legs, was too absurd, and he smiled. "No, Miss, I walked."

"Walked all that way? My, you must be tired!" and ringing a bell, Nell ordered some coffee to be brought to Dick. When he had drunk it he seemed better.

"No, Miss, I can't get work anyhow. They won't take me, because they says I looks so ill. Why, it's nothing whatever but this cough, as I

tells 'em. And, Miss, I've come to tell you I am sorry I refused your money the other day. Granny and me, we don't like to be beholden to charity,—it's very hard, you see, Miss, only I didn't ought to have said no, for we do want it—I mean, Granny does very much."

It cost Dick a good deal to say all this. In his poor way he was aiming at perfection, and as the old proverb says, "He that aims at the sun shoots higher than one who aims at a bush."

"All right. And you'll come to the doctor like a good boy?"

Nell was only a few years older than Dick, but there was something in his weakness and illness that made him seem much younger than he was to her.

"Yes, if you please, Miss."

So the next day a cab stopped at 17 Alexandra Grove, and Dick got into it with Nell. A great many of the inhabitants of the street turned out to see, and there were many speculations as to where Dick was going.

There were several people in the great man's waiting-room in Harley Street. There are few things sadder than a doctor's waiting-room; the faces are usually more or less of a study. There was a long table with books and magazines down the sides, and a pot of ferns in the middle; and Nell took possession of a *Graphic*, and gave a *Punch* to Dick, who could not make head or tail of it.

At last Dick's turn came, and after he had been in, he told Nell that the doctor would like to see her. She had written to him about Dick, and he knew she was waiting for him.

"You're interested in that young fellow, Miss Horton—in your district, I believe?"

"I haven't a district, but I know one or two poor people, and he is one. I am interested in him," and she told the doctor a little about his circumstances.

"My dear young lady, the poor lad will never be able to work. Exposure and starvation I should say have hastened the end, but he is in a galloping consumption."

"I never calculated that," said Nell; "though I guessed his was a real bad cough, and that he was very sick."

"You had better tell him the truth," said the doctor. "It is the kindest thing you can do."

"How long may he live?" asked Nell, feeling a choking sensation in her throat.

"Three weeks—a month at the outside," said the doctor. Then he went through the usual form of pretending not to see the fee that Nell placed on the table, and with a dignified 'thanks,' which was rather contradictory, he opened the door for Nell.

"I suppose I'll have to take a lot of physic, Miss?" said Dick, who firmly believed the doctor was going to cure him straight off; and Nell, to escape answering, shook her head.

The cab was jolting along, and Nell was

thankful that the noise made conversation somewhat difficult.

When they got up to the little room, they found that Mrs. Jones was with a neighbour.

"Dick—what did you expect the doctor to say?"

"I hoped he'd put me right, Miss," said Dick. "I do want to get to work again."

"I am afraid you won't do that," said Nell huskily.

"Not get to work!"

"No, Dick. I've got to tell you—you are very ill."

"Do you mean I'm going to die, Miss?" asked Dick, after a pause.

"Yes, Dick, I am afraid so."

"Can't the gentleman do nothing?"

"No, Dick. There's no hope."

It sounded all so hard and cold, and yet Nell's voice trembled, and her sweet face was eloquent of womanly sympathy.

Dick did not speak for a few minutes.

'Whatever 'll become of Granny, Miss?"

"I will see after her, Dick—she shall go to Nazareth House, or the Little Sisters of the Poor, where she will be well looked after. Don't trouble."

It was a real comfort to Nell to be able to say this, and see the relief that came into Dick's face, whose first thought on hearing the news had been of his grandmother.

Dick sat silently, looking wistfully round the

poor room. He had never dreamt for one moment that he was seriously ill, and he possessed all the hopefulness which is characteristic of the disease. It was almost impossible to realize that Nell was right, and he turned it over and over in his mind, scarcely believing that it was real.

He went to confession that evening and to Communion the next morning, and tried to do all the priest advised in preparation for death, still hoping that it might be a false alarm.

In a week's time Dick could not go out at all, and Nell found him sitting by the fire one day when she called.

He had never complained and never uttered one word of impatience, though he was sorely tempted to the latter. His grandmother was slow and feeble, and it was hard to make her hear, but Dick had not worked at his naturally irritable temper in vain, and was now reaping the fruit of the many prayers, the frequent intentions, and the Communions and visits to the Blessed Sacrament that he had made, all with the object of trying to be better. For he never felt satisfied with himself, and always longed more and more to be cleansed from sin, and in the hour of his trial, when his weak and suffering body had a great deal to bear, when the journey from one room to another seemed very long, and the everyday hardships of his lot more accentuated than ever, the grace he

had always striven to obtain came to him in a larger measure, and he was helped to suffer and endure, and that with a beautiful unconsciousness that he had very much to bear.

"Why, Miss," said Dick, "when I thinks of the people I've known as has been ill in this here street, and never had no nice things like that," and he pointed to a jelly Nell had brought him, "I feels as if I scored."

"I feel like doing all I can for you, Dick," said Nell, "and if you would like a Sister of Mercy to come and nurse you, I shall get one, if Nurse Hastings doesn't come back soon."

"I get along very well, Miss," said Dick, "only it do seem so queer me to go first—before poor old Granny."

"Yes—it does so," said Nell.

The two talked together for a long time, very often, and there was a very real friendship established between the dying boy and the rich young American, who was strong and well, and in the heyday of enjoyment. She felt strangely happy when she was with Dick, his simple faith was so good to hear of, and she had learnt from many of the neighbours of his self-denial, his charity, and the kind works and deeds that everyone seemed to be remembering now. The poor people sent him their little offerings, often denying themselves to buy them; and Dick looked very affectionately at a bloater rolled in a piece of newspaper, and a heavy cake in a half-open paper bag which had been sent to

tempt his appetite. He would have given much to have been able to eat them, but he cared for very little now, excepting cool fruit and the things Nell brought him.

"Seems strange too," said Dick, looking perplexed, "that when one wishes what is good that one shouldn't be let to do it."

"How do you mean?" asked Nell, not understanding.

"Well, Miss, you see I've always longed and longed to be able to do something for Almighty God. Ever since my First Communion, I have, and it seemed to me as I never had no chance, no how, not anything really big, Miss. I didn't so much wish to build churches—fancy me even dreaming of such a thing, Miss," said Dick, smiling; "but going and working among the poor, and the people who are neglecting their duties. I've seen such a lot of it here, Miss—and it makes one feel very bad sometimes," said Dick, thinking of scenes that had made him wretched when he thought how they offended Almighty God.

"Do you mean that you would have liked to have been a Brother of Charity—or a Brother of some Order where you could have given yourself right away to the poor?"

Dick nodded. "Well, Miss, that was how I desired, and I thought, perhaps, if so be as I lived longer than Granny—not that I wanted her to die, Miss, you know,"—put in Dick apologetically, and coughing a good deal in

between his sentences. For it was a foggy day, and breathing was a very difficult work. "I thought I'd like to try, if I could. It seemed bold-like, Miss, and yet I couldn't help it."

"It was a very good wish, Dick," said Nell thoughtfully. "Only monks and nuns, and Sisters of Charity, always seem a long way off."

"Yes—may be."

"Only I suppose if people are called, they've got to start!" said Nell.

"I ain't exactly called, Miss, I can't explain—only it is the longing."

They did not say more that day, and Nell had to go soon. As she went down the street, many a poor woman or child ran after her for news of Dick. And Nell told them, and felt for them, as many a rough hand was brushed across tired eyes, and voices grew sad as they asked after the boy who had lived in their midst all his life. They had no wonderful stories of him, no remarkable reminiscences; only the little they said showed that his life had been shining as a "good deed in this naughty world." Dick had had everything against him in one sense, as far as his circumstances were concerned, for irreligion, sin, and carelessness reigned around, but he had risen above them, and that by no extraordinary means. He had lived up to the simple teaching he had received at the Catholic school, where he had learnt what he knew, and

he had aimed at performing those simple duties not carelessly, but as well as he knew how. That was all.

Nell went to an afternoon party afterwards, and enjoyed it very much. She was young charming and attractive, and she had many admirers of herself and her fortune. She looked extremely pretty, and the music, in which she took a share, was very good.

She and her aunt had a pleasant dinner together, and then Nell had to dress for a ball. She had been lazy, and preferred dressing after dinner, so as not to hurry.

In the big bedroom, which was furnished in the usual luxurious style of a well-appointed house, Nell went through her toilet. Brilliant diamonds were fastened in her hair, and her dress had only just arrived from Paris.

She seemed to take less interest than usual in her toilet, but as her maid laced her lovely dress, where sprays of flowers wandered over soft silks of an exquisite pale green shade, she was recalled to herself by a "Well, you do look nice to-night, Miss!"

Nell started, and the reflection in the long glass certainly justified the maid's remark.

And yet, more real than the reflection of herself came before her the thought of a thorn-crowned Head, the remembrance of One Who called some to follow the counsels of perfection, and to renounce all for His sake. And this was closely associated with another face, that of a

poor boy, who was ignorant of all but the heavenly lore that abides for ever.

Nell felt a kind of shock as these things forced themselves before her. She was not by any means disappointed with the world. It was much too pleasant to her for that, and that night she danced her best; she was one of the most brilliant figures in that throng of beautifully adorned women.

The next day she went to see Dick.

He was very much worse, and the district nurse, who was still relieving Nurse Hastings' cases, had only just left him. He lay in bed, propped up with pillows, his eyes seeming larger than ever, and his features sharpened and altered.

His old grandmother was in the next room, and Nell went and sat by the bed, and moistened the parched lips with milk and water, which the nurse had left close by him.

Dick knew who it was, but speech was difficult.

It was raining hard, and the high wind blew the rain against the panes of glass, and howled round the houses.

You could hear the noises in the street, and the distant rumbling of a train, but otherwise it was very still and quiet, and Nell instinctively felt the end was not far off.

"Did Father Harris come?"

Dick bent his head.

"And you had Holy Communion again?"

"Yes," whispered Dick faintly.

"Your cough is not so bad to-day," said Nell presently.

Dick shook his head.

"No—I feel very easy, Miss."

For a long time Nell sat there without speaking, and then she saw a troubled look come into Dick's face.

"What is it, Dick?"

There was no answer.

"Is there anything I can do for you?"

"No, Miss, thank you."

Dick's eyes were turned to the crucifix which he had hung at the foot of his bed.

Somehow or other, Nell felt as if she guessed of what he was thinking.

She knew that he was thinking of his old wish—to have been able to give himself up more fully to service among the poor, and to working for the conversion of sinners and advancing the cause of Christ.

Nell leant back in the rickety chair, and for the moment seemed absorbed in counting the pattern of the white cotton quilt that lay over the boy.

Then kneeling down by his bed she took the thin hand in hers.

"Dick—I am going to tell you, I am going to try to be a Sister of Charity."

Dick's tired eyes opened wider.

"You, Miss?" he whispered.

"Yes—I've got to go right along. I hadn't thought of it before, and I mayn't have any vocation."

Dick did not seem to understand.

"I mean, I mayn't be worthy. Anyway, I mean to try. And Dick—perhaps it may comfort you just a tiny bit to know—I should never have thought of it but for you."

A lovely light came into Dick's face.

He could not reason about it, or think it out. His mind was too tired, his body too weak. But just as in the fading light of day, objects stand out with startling distinctness, so Dick seemed to understand all about it.

He did not envy the young girl who was going to make the great sacrifice of exchanging all that the world holds to be good, for that which heaven declares to be better. Only he was having a little of the present reward those have who long for perfection, and who in the peace that this gives, have a foretaste of the time when they shall be "satisfied."

In the early grey dawn of the next morning, in the chill hour when so many pass from this world to the next, Dick sighed his last breath peacefully away, quite alone save for the angels, and the Divine Face which shone out of the darkness of "the shadow of death," and which reassured the traveller, who on his earthly journey had done, not very much, but all he could, and ever aimed at the highest.

Nell had a vocation. It was proved in many a hard struggle, many a passionate wonder why

she had been called to a life full of strange joys which could only be purchased by uncommon suffering. For sometimes she had thought it was too high for her. Only time shewed that it was not, and as Nell knew a little of the blessedness of those who strain after perfection and its counsels, she thanked God for the voice that had called her to the life.

And the voice had been, as we know, that of a poor draper's boy in a London slum.

# St. Margaret of Scotland.

(1047—1093).

By Mrs. MORGAN MORGAN.

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There is a grand, exultant procession of young men and maidens, old men and children, painted by the magic genius of Hippolyte Flandrin—ever sweeping onwards and upwards—on the walls of St. Vincent de Paul's Church in Paris. Ever upwards they march, on to their crowned Lord, Who, in His golden glory, beckons to them from the lofty chancel arch—on—to the Lord Who died for them, and in Whom they died, the centre of all their love, the goal of all their hopes,—they go. Some of those wondrously living groups, taken from every nation, of all ages, and of every rank, are kings and queens, "the nursing fathers and mothers of the Church." Amongst those, tall, and stately, and queen-like, just such as one fancies her to have been—is St. Margaret of Scotland, long the faithful wife, and, for a brief while, the widow, of King Malcolm Canmore, the third of his name.

## Margaret's Early Life.

It is long ago,—eight hundred and forty-seven years—and far away, in the mountain fastnesses of Hungary, that a first-born child, a fair little daughter, came to gladden the somewhat shadowed and certainly chastened hearts of Edward, a Saxon prince, and Agatha his wife, a scion of the royal houses of Germany and Hungary. Shadowed and chastened, because Edward was an exile, a prince unlawfully deprived of his birthright: and the very title by which he was known amongst men was that of "the stranger." Disinheritance and exile, and dependence on the bounty of others, even though they be the kindest and best of friends, are not cheering or exhilarating; and thus it was that the little Princess Margaret began her life and grew up in an atmosphere grey and clouded, though brightened by piety.

She was born to a better inheritance than that of royal birth and lineage, inasmuch as she belonged to a household of saints. Her mother was the kinswoman, niece, as it is believed, of St. Henry, Duke of Bavaria and Emperor of Germany; and her father had been reared in the holy home of King Stephen, Hungary's dearest and most honoured saint. To him Pope Sylvester gave a crown that has had many strange adventures, and is still one of the nation's most treasured possessions.

From her earliest infancy, the little daughter of the Saxon stranger must have heard of the doings and sayings of her holy "kinsmen in the skies;" and her own name must have been a constant reminder, in all its beautiful meanings, of "light" and "purity," and the loveliness of penitential tears. Doubtless, as she grew a little older, she loved to spell it out in the pages of her mother's illuminated missal, in that sweet story of the holy Gospel which the Church has long read on the day on which her holy memory is honoured and her intercessions invoked. And assuredly she was taught that every lovely meaning

of the name, everything truly "pearl-like," had been shown forth in the life and character of her patroness, St. Margaret of Antioch; and that she also must ever strive to overcome a dragon quite as real as that which was conquered by the holy virgin martyr, whose name she bore.

Two sisters, and a brother who came some time after the others, shared her nursery, and probably helped to imbue her with that grave sense of responsibility, and that carefulness to set a good example which seem to have been amongst her many marked characteristics. As far as we can judge from the somewhat scanty sources at our disposal, she was, as the common saying is "a born queen." Not only had she "greatness thrust upon her," she was truly "born great"—born with the ability to rule and govern, an ability rare in men, ten thousand times rarer in women. By the natural aspects of the country of her birth, she was unconsciously prepared for those of the land where she was to be queen, and where she was to die. Hungary and Scotland are both mountainous, and resemble each other in many of their natural features; more especially did they do so, in the tenth and eleventh centuries, when the latter country still had many large forests. The characteristics also of the Magyars, who still people Hungary, are very similar to those of their kinsmen in the great Celtic race, "the Scots" who came from Ireland, and whose descendants were yet, in St. Margaret's time, lingering in Dalriada and other parts. In many a Magyar noble whom she met in her father's little court, she saw a picture of her future husband, large-limbed, brawny-chested, Celtic Malcolm of the "Big Head," thickly laden with ruddy-hued locks.

The mode of life of the kings and nobles of any country, in those far-away centuries, was not calculated to keep children "childish." Boys were early trained to war and diplomacy: girls to simple surgery, and all healing arts; and when scarce out of the nursery then had to school themselves, under strictest supervision, to become wives and great dames, by exercise of "discretion" and

a modest severity of demeanour, that in these days might, not unjustly, be deemed to savour of prudery. Reading was a much more difficult art when the books were rare and in manuscript; yet, although many of the men of royal and noble birth never attempted to master the difficulty, the ladies of their households seem frequently to have been educated, many of them being able to write, as well as to read. Queen Margaret's reputation for learning stands so high, that undoubtedly she must have been early and carefully instructed, and at eleven or twelve years old, was probably as advanced, and almost as womanly, as girls of sixteen or seventeen in these modern days.

Margaret was about eleven or twelve when one of the greatest changes in her life occurred; indeed, perhaps, the most complete, if not the most important, that she ever experienced. Her father, after a long period of exile, so long that he had almost, if not entirely, forgotten his native land, was called to revisit it, and under the happiest possible auspices. No longer was he to be "the stranger," but in fact,—as he had always been by right,—"*Ætheling*," or the heir to the kingdom of that fair little Isle in the Northern seas, at that time governed by his uncle Edward, known in after years as "the Confessor." That saintly sovereign, having always, with his wife's consent, lived in holy virginity, desired a successor to his kingdom, and knew that in all justice, the heir could only be the long-exiled Edward; therefore, with the goodwill of his councillors, he sent messengers to Hungary to summon him and his family to his side. Very much does one wish that there were some records extant of that first of the only two voyages of our Saint's life. We can, however, easily picture to ourselves the surprised though never affrighted eyes, with which she gazed at scenes so new and unfamiliar. To a girl, born and bred in an inland mountainous country, the sea must have been the most wonderful of all the new sights, and, probably, from a merely physical point of view, the least appreciated; for in those days, a voyage on its waters was, even to noble-

and wealthy people, attended by many positive hardships and dangers.

Margaret's own worldly position was, of course, considerably raised by the change in her father's condition; but probably the mode of her life in England was not very different from what it had been in Hungary, for the saintly Edward kept an austere court. Doubtless parents of high degree sought and obtained for their daughters the great privilege of being in "the following" or train of the Princess Agatha; and they, together with her own daughters, would live by rule, doing a great deal of embroidery under her eye and that of "the mother of the maidens," as the lady who was in charge of these maids of honour was styled; and some of them studying Latin and English, reading and writing, under the direction of one of the chaplains. Maidens of that period had but little society, and the festivities of such a household as Prince Edward's would have been to us tedious in the extreme. Occasionally its quiet was diversified by hawking, or by joining, either on horseback, or in a litter, in some stately civic procession. In the evenings, glee-men and wandering minstrels were sometimes admitted to the "ladies' bower," and perhaps Margaret and her young companions may now and then have danced, in stately and ceremonious fashion, with some guests of sufficient rank to be permitted that honour. Each morning, the whole household were wont to "prevent the dawn" by attendance at Mass, and we may be sure, judging from her after-life, that these holy hours were the happiest of St. Margaret's whole day. According to all her chroniclers, her intellectual powers were as exceptionally brilliant as her learning was unusual; and these must have brought her under the special notice of her great uncle, the king. He probably found pleasure in conversing with one in whom he could, perhaps, foresee the dawning of that lovely sanctity of soul which was eventually to place her on the great roll-call of the Saints of God. Yet in his deep humility he little guessed that his example and wise and holy talk were aiding to train and mould her for that more than royal destiny.

High indeed had been the hopes with which Prince Edward and his family had taken up their abode in England, but they were all overthrown by his death. It has always seemed strange that, on losing this heir of his own and his people's choice, King Edward the Confessor did not vigorously assert the claims of the son of that heir. On the contrary, Edward began at once to turn his thoughts towards the Norman Court, in which he had himself been educated, and sought there for his successor. Her father's death, and the gradually lowered position of her young brother, were the first personal sorrows that befel Margaret; and as saints have a keener sense of pain and grief than have others less holy, these first proofs of her high calling must have been deeply and acutely felt. Not long after the loss of her father, Margaret was called upon to bear that of her great uncle and all the troubles and anxieties of the troublous and stormy period that followed upon his death. Amongst its many other effects it had that of throwing her and her family again upon the world as exiles and strangers. England could no longer be a safe home for them, and Princess Agatha, in all prudence, prepared to withdraw them from it. It used to be believed that this widowed lady began her voyage with the intention of returning to Hungary, and that the ship was wrecked on the eastern coast of Scotland, where the unfortunate voyagers were enthusiastically sheltered by its King, who instantly, upon seeing her, fell in love with the elder daughter of the Princess, the fair Margaret.

The romance of the story has always pleased, and has led to its being longer accepted as true than its real claim justified. Modern research—especially the investigations of Professor Freeman, the greatest authority on the history of the period—has taught us that Princess Agatha set out from England with the intention of going to Scotland, and of throwing herself on the protection of King Malcolm. It is possible that she may have even formed the idea of a union between him and her beautiful elder daughter. There seems also to be reason for much doubt as to whether a shipwreck

really occurred. However, the facts that the voyagers had to walk from the part of the coast where they landed, towards Dunfermline, and that the Scottish King had to hasten to meet them on the way, show at least a probability of such a misfortune having befallen them. If it did, it must have greatly aided in the accomplishment of Princess Agatha's wishes. For, to a fervid, and generous nature, in all its points, both good and evil, essentially manly, such as King Malcolm's was, the trouble of the fair young Margaret must, in his eyes, have heightened her numerous attractions. One thing at least, is certain, the Scottish King took the whole party at once to his own castle, or "Tower," as it was called, the only palace he at that time possessed; and entertained them there for many months. There were several points of similarity between Malcolm's history and that of St. Margaret's father; for he too had, in his youth, been exiled, and disinherited by the usurper Macbeth. That prince, had, however, done much to consolidate the Kingdom of Scotland; so that when Malcolm Canmore came to the throne, he was more completely king, than any of his predecessors had been, and he ruled over a larger portion of the country. Still, and indeed for long after his time, the influence of some of the chieftains was so powerful, and the extent of their lands so great, that, in reality, if not in name, there were many kings ruling at one and the same time in Scotland.

## Margaret's Marriage: her Homes in Scotland.

Dunfermline is, at the present day, one of the most attractive towns in Scotland. The modern buildings are solid and handsome; the surrounding scenery is beautiful, and the ruins of palace and monastery, and the ancient yet well-preserved portions of the noble parish church, are all full of interest to lovers of history and archæology. The place is haunted by many and interesting associations with days long gone by. The heart of "the Bruce" was buried in that great church; and poor sorrow-laden Charles the First was born in

the ivy-mantled ruin that hangs above a deep-sunken and noisily-brawling burn. But to nearly every visitor the most interesting of the memories are those connected with St. Margaret, who is specially dear to the Scottish people, strangely and remarkably so, considering that alas! they are not one with her in Faith. Yet even the most rigid Presbyterians honour her, and though the Apostles are too often spoken of by their unprefixed names, this holy Queen is generally styled St. Margaret. The Dunfermline townsfolk point with pride to the traces of her life and work yet to be found in the midst of their flourishing, little mercantile town. The relic most prized of all being the small cave hidden away in the depths of a long, wooded "den" that, itself unseen if unsought, lies actually in the very heart of the busy town.

A truly unique and romantic feature is this den, and, whilst threading the winding paths leading to its depths, the visitor is being prepared to feel and enjoy, to its full, the holy charm of the narrow, low-browed cave which reliable tradition says, good Queen Margaret frequently used as a private oratory. It could be reached by ways, steeper and more winding than they are even now, from the Tower which was her first home in Scotland, but of which nothing now remains. There are, however, pictures of this building, three or four centuries ago. It was not a palatial abode, only a square, not to say ugly tower, standing on a raised peninsula formed by the curves of the burn; and, by natural position, a safe shelter in wild and lawless times. We have reason to believe that to St. Margaret it was a blissful abode; for there she was wooed and won by a faithful and loving heart, although it beat in a rugged and uncouth frame. Malcolm was much older than the fair Saxon Princess, and was, indeed, a widower; but he loved her devotedly, and she returned his affection, giving him all wifely duty, which was alike prompted and sanctified by the higher and deeper love she ever bore to her heavenly Lord and King.

In those days, and especially under such careful rule as that of the Princess Agatha, there were few opportuni-

ties for love-making and courtship in their more modern acceptation ; still, as Malcolm and Margaret lived in the same house together for several months before their marriage, they must have had more chances of seeing each other than commonly fell to the lot of even betrothed lovers at that date. They met at his hospitable board, where, no doubt, he delighted to show her all possible honour; and, probably, he often led her by the hand on her progress to hear Mass, at which the whole household daily assisted, either in the small and very humble Culdee church outside the Tower gates; or, in the even smaller chapel within its precincts. Of course, he often heard of her sweet kindnesses to some sick child or slave in the establishment, and witnessed her charities to the beggars that daily thronged the outer court of the castle. Thus the first winter in the bleak, unkindly Scottish clime was gilded and lighted up for Margaret with a gladness which the saintliness of her heart kept pure of all alloy, and which she could as truly offer up to God, as she had done her previous sorrows and anxieties.

In the early spring following the landing in Scotland, the royal pair were married ; and Margaret immediately threw herself into all the manifold duties incumbent upon a wife, who was also the consort sovereign of a wild and turbulent people. The change of their home and capital to Edinburgh must, we think, be attributed to St. Margaret's prudence and wise prescience. Malcolm Canmore was the first of the Scottish kings to make the little burgh of St. Edwin, the chief seat of the kingdom; and yet it was pre-eminently fitted by nature to be such. The lofty, beetling craig rising abruptly out of the plain, absolutely precipitous on all sides save one, and that a not too gentle slope, was the very site for a watch-tower above the danger-haunted forests, where roamed the wild white bull and the tawny wolf, the tusked boar and the antlered stag. It was close to a river, and within a short distance of a wide arm of the sea, whilst various ranges of distant hills protected it from the too frequent incursions of the wild tribes inhabiting their

fastnesses. Many are the poetic and romantic legends concerning this giant craig. It must suffice to say that the earliest known fortress thereon was called the Maiden's Castle, which title it bore long after the little hamlet of lowly thatched cottages, nestling under its shelter on the only sloping ridge of the hill, had become known as "Edwin's Burgh." It owed that name to Edwin, the saintly chief or prince of Northumbria, in which province "the Lothians" were in his time, and long after, included.

Malcolm, guided probably by Margaret, began to realize all the advantages and adaptabilities of the place for a capital; and thither they removed about two years after their marriage, and there they thenceforth chiefly lived; although their love for their first home at Dunfermline was strongly evidenced by founding there of the beautiful Priory and its noble Church dedicated to the Most Holy Trinity. Two little churches were then in the Queen's new abode, one dedicated to St. Cuthbert which stood on the castle slopes within the "burgh," the other to St. Giles, at its foot at the entrance to the forest; but each of these was rather distant for the daily worship of herself and her numerous following. She therefore caused to be built on the summit of the craig, and within the fortress, a church of stone; which, judging from the apsidal chancel, all that now remains, must have seemed beautiful in comparison with the two we have named, which were of wattled sticks lined with heather and dried moss, having low-pitched roofs of thatch.

After the Queen's canonization, this Church of her building was called St. Margaret's in her honour, but its previous dedication I have failed to discover. Possibly it might have been to her own patroness, St. Margaret of Antioch; but more probably it was to St. Katharine of Alexandria, to whom she had a special devotion easily to be accounted for. There was much in common in their circumstances and characters; both were royal, and exceptionally learned, and of rare mental ability. The remembrance of the Scottish Queen's

affection for the royal virgin martyr is still kept alive by the name of a well in Edinburgh; and by the legend which hovers around it, and from which nineteenth century scepticism cannot take all the supernatural element. The story is that Margaret, wishing much for some of the holy oil in St. Katharine's keeping on Mount Sinai, earnestly prayed that she might have her desire. And it was granted to her. Either St. Katherine herself, or some living nun bearing her name and commissioned by her—it does not seem quite clear which—set out with the precious treasure, and conveyed it safely until within a mile or two of Edinburgh, when she accidentally dropped the vessel; and from the poured-out contents sprang a well, having on its surface the floating oil. Many flocked thither, and those who were diseased found healing by drinking of the water, or washing in it. James the Sixth, on a visit to Scotland, after he had inherited the crown of England, had this well, which after the so-called Reformation had become neglected, properly repaired, railed in, and provided with steps whereby persons might with ease descend to obtain the water, in the healing properties of which he, at least, believed. The well, as he repaired and beautified it, still exists, and a black bituminous substance floats on the surface of its waters.

Though very probably to our modern ideas, Malcolm may have had much of the savage in him, he was, as has been observed of many an actual savage of royal and noble blood in distant, uncivilized lands, one of "nature's gentlemen" and instinctively a lover of the beautiful. Thus it was that he rejoiced—so we are told by St. Margaret's faithful chronicler—to see a court circle gathering round his wife as its gracious head and centre, and herself, the source of the politeness that the rough nobles began to imbibe and gradually in some degree to imitate.

We are informed that the Queen was particular as to ceremonial, and that her own apparel was always rich even to sumptuousness. This must have been entirely from a sense of duty, and her judgment of what was

was fitting to enhance the honour of her husband; and as a means of winning due respect for his high office and hers. Undoubtedly she was of the opinion which Shakespeare five centuries later put into words: "Such divinity doth hedge a king."

At her first banquets she had been much distressed by the rude haste with which at their close the nobles rushed away, not waiting to return thanks, or, as the phrase was then and is now, to "say grace." Margaret's desire was that Almighty God should be duly reverenced and praised; but she did not deem it wrong to use quite human means to bring about that good desire. She begged the nobles not to retire from the banquets until the chaplain had returned thanks, as she wished that immediately after his doing so, they should all drink a last cup sent from her own board in her honour. The nobles could not refuse this flattering request of their beautiful young Queen, and the cup was ever after known as the Grace Cup, and was used in Scotland at public and private repasts long after the pious originator of the custom had passed to heaven.

Even in Queen Margaret's own apartments, there could have been little of luxury, little even of mere comfort, according to our modern ideas of either; and yet there, doubtless, was the best "plenishing" to be found in the kingdom. Fresh and clean instead of dirt-begrimed rushes were spread on her floor, and tapestry hangings, worked by herself and her many maidens, clothed some at least of the rough walls.

A few panes of glass, thick and green-hued, diamond or quarrel-shaped, filled some of the narrow windows, and were so few, and so great a luxury, that they were carried about with her from one home to another. She loved her books, and one of Malcolm's "gentlest" kindnesses was shown in secretly taking away some of these, in order to return them to her sumptuously bound and adorned with jewels. It must be remembered that the Gaels who came from Dalriada (Antrim), had brought with them wondrous skill in the binding of books, as well as in the carving of stone, and the cutting and polishing

of jewels. She had a book of the Gospels richly illuminated, its cover laden with gold and precious gems; and this she ever carried with her. One day an attendant while crossing a ford let it fall unwittingly into the stream. There it lay a long time till it was known to be missing and search was made; and there at last it was discovered. But though the swift current had washed away the silk which protected the painted pages, not a mark was seen upon them save on the very edges of the leaves.

It is with good reason believed that Margaret accompanied her husband in some of his royal progresses, and about one of these journeys there has come down, through the ages, a very pretty story. When Margaret left Hungary for England, there was in their train a certain young noble, by name Bartholomew, or Bartulf. It is supposed that he was about the same age as Margaret, as far as was possible in those times of demure manners, a playfellow of herself and her sisters in earliest childhood, and as time went on, more fittingly, a companion of the one son of the house. He was evidently a faithful friend and servant; for he accompanied them also to Scotland, and was appointed the Queen's Lord Chamberlain. He had the honour of carrying the Queen on his own horse when she travelled. For ease, a pad behind the Chamberlain was provided for the Queen, for safety a belt buckled round his waist supplied her with a support in case of danger. On one occasion, when both thus mounted were crossing a river, the Queen nearly fell from the horse. On this, the Chamberlain, in great anxiety, called out "Grip fast," to which the Queen replied, "Gin the buckle bide." When the pair safely reached the opposite bank, the Queen asked the king to bid Bartulf add a "buckle" to the family arms of his house, to which had already been given broad lands, and the name of Lesley. A pretty ending to the pretty story is the fact that this Bartulf married the king's sister; and one cannot help thinking that the Queen's kindly ministrations must have been at work to bring about that event.

With all her great kindliness and charity of spirit, she was somewhat austere in manner, and it is said that she kept very strict rule amongst her young maidens and bower women. It is also known from various chroniclers that she requested the governors and preceptors of her children never to spare the rod when their faults required such chastisement; that indeed she did not herself abstain from the use of it for her little daughters. Lest this may shock some readers, it must be remembered that the age in which Margaret lived was not a tender or sentimental one, and that then, and for centuries later, it was considered the absolute duty of Christian parents to use the rod, and that it was inflicted almost like a religious ceremony upon even the good and dutiful children. And this not merely for the sake of punishment; but also in order to accustom them to endure hardships as good soldiers of Jesus Christ, and to train them thereby to the after use, for themselves, of those bodily mortifications and discipline both of the flesh and the spirit, which were then, and as we must hope are still, considered essential aids in the perfecting of the Christian life. There never yet was a saint who did not use them in some form or other; certainly, Margaret was no exception to that general rule. This thought naturally brings us to the contemplation of Margaret's life from the purely spiritual point of view, and to the endeavour to realize and appreciate those proofs of personal holiness which won her the title of a saint in the Church of God.

## Signs of Margaret's Holiness.

When we think about saints, and more especially when we humbly venture to write about them, we ought to be careful not to think of them only as men and women; nor merely of their human relationships and natural characteristics; but above all to remember that they of whom we are thinking are *saints*. We should dwell very much and very earnestly upon those supernatural graces which caused them to be chosen by God to "stand ever in His sight," and to pour forth before

Him "the odours" which are their prayers for the suffering warring Church below. Thoughts of our intercessors in these aspects, though they will certainly make us very humble, need not make us unhappy; for far removed as we are at present from their likeness, we know that we can, and may become even as they were and are, if we use the same means that they used: if we have the same faith, and if *we* also "resist unto blood, striving against sin."

We have been thinking and writing of Saint Margaret as daughter and wife, as mother and mistress, as lady and queen; and such thoughts are full of interest because in each of those relationships she was admirable; but it is time to consider the sources which made her so admirable in them all,—those interior graces which made her specially dear to God and truly a "lady elect."

In common with all the saints, for no creature, from our Lady downwards, could be a saint without it, love was the underlying principle of all her holiness. Love to our Lord and God is shown by obedience, humility, constancy in prayer, fervour in worship, and perpetual dedication of every thought, word, and deed to His glory. Love to man is shown by active work in behalf of the poor, the sick, and the suffering, and in never-failing succour of the helpless and friendless. Of this a full account will be found in the larger life of her, taken from the records of her faithful chronicler and confessor, Prior Turgot.

Before five in the morning, were it summer or winter, she washed, and dressed and fed nine little infant orphans. These she handled with that infinite tenderness that only the very strong, the truly "valiant," woman can show. She distributed food and alms to three hundred persons of both sexes, and afterwards waited on twenty-four poor people at an abundant meal; and in this part of her pious work, the king often aided her. After an interval, in which she heard three Masses, she broke her fast with a scanty meal. When this was done it was her daily custom to spend some hours in receiving petitions, and in hearing the complaints

of any who believed themselves to have been wronged, either by the public officers of the law or by private individuals. She was in the habit of sending trusty agents into various parts of Scotland to search out for cases of distress, and hearing their reports occupied a portion of her busy day. Likewise, she had a most tender pity for slaves, and would send far and near on the chance of ransoming any. A portion of the Castle buildings was set apart as a nursery for the orphan children, and another part was used as an infirmary, filled chiefly with those who suffered from loathsome sores and foul diseases of the skin, and these the Queen tended with her own hands, dressing their sores, and alleviating their pain.

Good St. Margaret's benefactions to the Church singly, and in conjunction with the King, were great; witness the princely endowments at Dunfermline, and the restorations at Iona. She gave rich and costly altar vessels and adornments to Holy Trinity Church in Dunfermline, and to her oratory in Edinburgh Castle. She and Malcolm also founded a small hospice in Rome for the entertainment of Scottish pilgrims.

Such were the outer signs of her saintliness, but we must turn to her "soul's friend," (such was the beautiful Saxon term for a confessor) to learn what he could feel himself justified to tell of the deeper, the almost hidden sanctity that was the root and spring of all this fair and open benevolence. She was implicitly obedient to the one who was God's representative to her soul. At her earliest elevation to the Scottish throne, she had been impressed by all she heard of Turgot, the Prior of St. Andrews, formerly of St. Cuthbert's monastery at Durham, and begged him to come to be the chaplain of the Palace and her spiritual Director. She implored him to be severe in correcting her faults, and ever to regard her rather as his penitent than as his queen. In every detail of her spiritual life, she followed his guidance, save that sometimes he would fain have had her moderate the severity of her penances, even though he did not absolutely forbid them, because he saw that they

were aiding largely in the great work of her sanctification. She might, indeed, wear sumptuous garments, richly embroidered, and brilliant with jewels; but the coarse sack-cloth and the iron girdle were almost always beneath them. She rose many times in a night in order to use the discipline with pitiless severity; and would lie upon the hard stone floor of her chamber until implored by the King to return to her bed. Her fasts were severe, and at all times, her abstemiousness was almost like ordinary person's fasts, and to such an excess did she carry this special mortification, that her health suffered, and at last, in the pangs of what proved to be her mortal disease, she was compelled somewhat to abate its severity. Nor was the fasting or the lacerating of the flesh unaccompanied by prayer. To her these were but the means towards attaining to a greater fervour of devotion, a ceaseless worship; and even the devotion itself was but the means towards the ultimate object, the gaining more love for God. By a curious mistake, Shakespeare, in his tragedy of *Macbeth*, says of Malcolm's mother what was most evidently a true description of that King's wife:

> "The Queen, . . . .
> Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,
> Died every day she lived."

Who but Shakespeare of all uninspired writers could have so tersely, and so beauteously expressed the perfection of the Christian course,—a daily dying unto sin, and a living again unto righteousness; and so dying, and so living, because being always in prayer, "oftener on the knees than on the feet."

And what were the channels whereby her great devotion was conveyed to its divine object and source? They were much fewer than those which are open to us. Her aids to worship were fewer, but not in any degree smaller than ours. She had, as we have, with but some verbal differences and some slight details of ceremonial, the sublimely beautiful liturgy of the Mass.

Around the offering of the Sacrifice of the Mass, all her devotion gathered as to its centre. We may be quite sure that she never assisted at the great mystery without gaining some fresh grace, some added strength; and, so would it be with us if we assisted thereat with her depth of faith, her height of hope, and her fervour of love.

She was by no means lonely, but had invisible companionhip, and doubtless the spirit of contentment made her feel herself rich indeed; and yet even we with all our overflowing privileges of every possible sort and description, and with "an innumerable cloud of witnesses" ever hovering around us, sometimes fancy ourselves poor, and bewail our solitude!

That the Queen had a powerfully intellectual mind, and an ability for logical reasoning far above that of her sex in general, is evidenced by the records of her discussions with the leaders of the Culdee Church, and by the impression she left upon its newer development, in the change of certain rubrical laws and ceremonial customs into an account of which we have not space to enter. It would seem that our loved Queen Margaret seldom showed a truer sign of her saintship than when, sitting in council with ecclesiastics and laymen, her own husband amongst them, she bared her heart sufficiently to allude to her penitential exercises in the Lenten preparation for Easter Communion. Every northern mind, steeped instinctively in reticence as to the deepest emotions, can appreciate what it must have cost the woman thus to do her duty as queen, and as a nursing mother of the Church.

Nor was there wanting to her the sign of God's servants,—the sign of suffering. At the first glance, Margaret's life from the time of her entrance into Scotland, seems to have been more than ordinarily happy and prosperous. It is true that there was a whole class of sorrows, and those the most embittering of all, that never touched her. She never suffered the misery of estrangement from those she loved: never had cause to use the touching prayer given in the intention of the Apostleship of Prayer—"grant us the grace

not to be discouraged by the desertion of friends." She had an adoring husband, dutiful children, an affectionate brother, an admiring court. She had a spiritual father, as tender as he was firm, as gentle and loving as he was judicious, and who was always at her side to warn, to admonish, and to comfort. Some of us think, and not unjustly, that the possession of any one of these blessings, all of which were hers, would constitute a sufficiently happy life; and undoubtedly, in all those respects, hers was such.

Once indeed a touch of slander, which is often "an inheritance of the saints," breathed on even that fair mirror of womanhood. Malcolm, who, as we have said before, was more than half but a reclaimed savage, and not altogether unlike the Moor as pourtrayed by our inimitable dramatist, had some Iago to whisper some evil word of suspicion concerning even this best and purest of wives; for there is extant, a story, apparently too true, of his fancying some harmful purpose in her frequent secret visits to her oratory cave in the sunken and wooded depths of that "Wooer's Alley," as that long, romantic glen is now called. One day he stealthily followed her thither, all his angry passions aroused. The sight he saw on peering through the narrow window sent him inside, to fall on his knees beside the sweet Saint he had momentarily wronged and to implore Heaven's pardon and hers.

The constant disappointments of her only brother, and his homelessness, save for her own and her husband's hospitality, must have been a severe trial to Queen Margaret, herself a sovereign, and one who attached much importance to the externals of royalty. The uncivilized condition of her kingdom and its constant harassment by war were grievous to her. It must be remembered that her exiled father had known no more of war than what was taught to every man of noble and princely birth, and practised in friendly tournaments. He had had no experience in generalship on an actual "tented field." St. Edward the Confessor loathed the thought of warfare. Thus, not having been "to the

manner born," it was probably a trial to even a naturally brave spirit like hers to live in the midst of continual petty skirmishes, and of sudden raids and forays, and to feel that at any moment her nearest and dearest might be brought home to her with the life crushed out of his stalwart frame. The state of Margaret's own health must for several years have been a heavy sorrow, though one always fought against, and probably deemed, by so white a soul, to be a fault. She was made perfect in a short time, for, when scarcely past the prime of life, the end came, and, even if her earthly career had been ever prosperous, which, as we have seen, it was not, yet many a bitter woe was crowded into its latest days. She parted from husband, brother and son, with the prescience often given to the saints, that the parting would be final. There were anxiety and suspense, ending in all too certain knowledge of double bereavement coming to her in the very hour of death, and a death from an exquisitely painful internal disease. Sweet Saint! surely the sign-manual of the King of Sorrows—the "One acquainted with grief"—was not wanting to thee; no token of thy holiness was missing!

## Last Hours of the Saint.

Malcolm had often had wars with William the Conqueror, and had as often made a transient peace. Generally, the rights of poor, landless, disinherited Edgar, the Ætheling, were the ostensible cause; but sometimes they arose to avenge a raid of one or other monarch upon the lands of his too near neighbour. About the origin of the last battle in which Malcolm ever engaged, which was with William Rufus, there are many diverse statements. But one thing appears certain, and that is, that the Queen was peculiarly averse from her husband leaving her, because of her strange foresight of the fatal ending of the battle. Nevertheless, she herself embroidered his banner, and was at the Castle gates to bid him farewell, and to give her solemn and tender motherly blessing to the sons who were to accompany him.

St. Margaret was in sore ill-health at the time, and shortly after, she became much worse, yet each day, she dragged herself to the chapel to hear Mass, finding in the Holy Sacrifice, as all tried and heavy-laden souls do, her greatest strength, her only sure comfort. In the chapel and out of it her prayers were constant, and, according to the testimony of her faithful confessor, her patient endurance of both mental and bodily pain was a truly wonderful thing to witness. The season of the year was not one calculated to raise the spirits of a sorrowful invalid.

November on the eastern coast of Scotland, and in Edinburgh specially, is apt, at its very best, to be trying, and its very best is, when there is only a fog, or only sharp winds. But when both come together, when the keen, cutting wind blows straight down from the Pentlands, and the fog rises from the Frith shrouding the Castle with wreaths of white mist, then indeed the dreariness is a thing to be felt, a pain that eats into the soul as well as the body, a weight almost tangible, which even the blithest spirit is powerless to thrust aside. Weather such as this, prevailed, we are told, on the 16th of November, 1093, just eight hundred years ago, and poor Queen Margaret, becoming suddenly much worse when in chapel, had to rise from her devotions, and be supported to her own chamber. There as soon as possible, her maids and her children, and her faithful friend, Prior Turgot, were around her couch. Many of the company wept bitterly; St. Margaret bade them not lament for her, as she was fast going whither she had long hoped to be. Then she turned to her confessor, and earnestly begged him to guard and watch over her little children, to bring them up in the fear of the Lord, and to teach them, above all, to resist the sins of pride and of rebellion against His holy will. She was holding in her hand the famous Relic Cross, well known as the Black Rood of Scotland, and was silently following the chaplain's prayers. All was stillness save for the softly-dropping words of supplication, and the smothered sobs of the maidens and the little children.

But suddenly and distressfully was that holy stillness broken. The bugle note of the Royal House was heard outside the gates, and the answering blast of the warder's horn.

Fain would all in the room have kept those sounds from the dying Queen; but the ear that had often listened anxiously for the royal signal, knew it only too well, and she commanded that the messenger, whoever he might be, should immediately be brought to her side. She did not seem to imagine for a moment that it might be the king himself, but she hoped for one of her sons, who came, travel-stained and weary as he was, and knelt by her bed. If he could, he would have concealed his sad tidings, but his mother adjured him, by the holy Rood she held, to tell her all the truth. "I know that your father is dead, but what of my elder son, and my brother?" "Your father is safe," was the reply; "but your son, alas, lies with our father." As he spoke, the poor boy, for he was only that, sank down exhausted with sorrow and fatigue. "Then the Saint," says Prior Turgot, lifted up her eyes and hands towards heaven, and exclaimed: "Praise and blessing be to Thee, Almighty God, that Thou hast been pleased to make me endure so bitter an anguish in the hour of my departure, thereby, as I trust, to purify me in some measure from the corruption of my sins; and Thou, Lord Jesu Christ, Who, through the Will of the Father, hast redeemed the world by Thy death, O deliver me!"

Whilst pronouncing the words, "Deliver me," she expired. Truly, she who "had died whilst she lived," now lived for ever in her dying.

Scarcely had the Queen expired, when the castle was besieged by the wild and lawless brother of the late king, and all was misery and confusion. The faithful Prior Turgot contrived to get the children conveyed out of the castle by a postern gate, unknown to Donald Bane, the wicked uncle who was their besieger, and who would have slain them could he have got them into his power. Turgot himself, by that same postern, aided by a few

followers, almost as equally devoted as he, reverently carried the body of the beloved dead to Queensferry, and from thence to "Dunfermline in the wood," where it lay until the so-called Reformation, when a portion of it was secretly conveyed to the College of Douay, and another to the Escurial, the vast palace and monastery which Philip II of Spain erected near Madrid. Scottish Catholics feared that she, who had once been so loved and honoured by the Scottish people, would have been treated by the Calvinists with contumely.

So much loved and honoured had she been, that successive generations of the people cried aloud for her canonization. They were in the habit of invoking her prayers, and blazoning abroad the miracles performed at her tomb, long before the Church placed her on the roll-call of her saints. This was done by Pope Innocent the Third, in 1251. Many churches were built in her honour in Scotland, and in places where Scots were wont to congregate; and even now, as we remarked before, her memory is cherished, and her name is still the favourite for female children throughout Scotland. Those Scots who love Scotland best, earnestly hope and pray that the prayers of this most popular of her Saints may yet be the means of winning the nation back to that Faith by which alone such a character could have been trained and perfected.

It is naturally a matter of regret that no portrait of St. Margaret, taken in her lifetime, has ever been found, and that, what pictures there are of her, are purely imaginary. The picture above the altar dedicated to her honour in the Scots' College in Rome, the work of an unknown Polish artist of the last century, in its delicate refinement, and queenly graciousness, comes much nearer to it; but apart from any interest of other associations therewith, it is a far less lovely presentment of her than the one in Hippolyte Flandrin's grand procession of the "Church of the First-born," of the innumerable cloud.

A beautiful miniature copy of the altar-piece in the Scots' College is said to be much cherished by

the Holy Father, to whom it was presented in the year of his priestly jubilee. It is well known that he has a strong and tender affection for those whom he calls "his faithful Scots;" and, doubtless, he often entreats that St. Margaret's prayers may aid in bringing about the much to be desired day, when all the true and loving hearts in that nation will be one in Christ, and faithful children of His Church.

# "SECURUS JUDICAT ORBIS TERRARUM."

"*Securus judicat orbis terrarum, bonos non esse qui se dividunt ab orbe terrarum in quacumque parte orbis terrarum.*"

"The whole world judges, without the least fear of a mistake, that they are in the wrong, who in any place separate themselves from the whole world."

ST. AUGUSTINE, contra *Parmen.* iii. p. 4.

1. Such is the well-known argument of St. Augustine against the Donatists, in refutation of their claim to be called the "Catholic Church." Those cannot be in the right—so runs his argument—who have separated themselves from the communion of other churches which are still in communion with each other. The very fact of one Church being so out of communion with the rest of Christendom is in itself an unerring judgment against that church.

2. St. Augustine has here, as he himself declares, * produced a test applicable to all cases at all times. If ever there should be found an isolated Church claiming to be Catholic, that Church must be able at the very least to find some one besides itself admitting its claim. If such a claim were rejected only by some other isolated Church, against whose counter-claim it was made, there might still remain something to be said for it. But when disinterested parties on all sides throw in the force of their opinions against that claim, and no body

* "Let us therefore hold it for an unmistaken and stable principle, that no good men can separate themselves from the Church . . . by the rash sacrilege of schism. And in whatever part of the world this has been done, or is done, or shall be done, while the other parts of the earth yet continue in union with the rest of the world: let this be considered certain, that none could have so acted unless" &c.—*St. Aug. contra Parmen.* iii. 5.

is found to support it except the claimants themselves, such a claim cannot be anything but a futile attempt to resist the consensus of the world, and carries with it its own condemnation.

3. It is a test which can well be applied to the questions—"With what foundation can the Anglican Church claim to be Catholic?" "How does that Church stand in relation to the *orbis terrarum?*" "Who are those who agree in acknowledging the Anglican claim?"

4. Let us first go to those Churches which are in communion with each other—those whom the whole world, including the Anglicans, acknowledge to be Catholic. What do they say to the Anglican claim?

The Italian Church, of course, denies it; the French, the German, the Austrian, the Spanish Churches, whether in the Old World or the New, repudiate it; and in short, wherever any Church is found in communion with the rest of the Churches, *there* the decision is against the claim of the Anglicans to be called Catholic.

5. "But these Churches," it may be said—"are all *Roman* Catholic—those against whose counter-claim the Anglican claim is made, and whose exclusive pretensions are the very cause of their refusal."

Then let us go to disinterested third parties, both in the East and in the West.

The Anglican clergy have made more than one attempt to enter into communion with the Russian Church, but have never succeeded in getting either Russian, Greek, Armenian, or any other Eastern section of Christianity to admit that the Anglican Church could be called Catholic.

And if it be said that these are infected by the same narrow exclusiveness, we say this exclusiveness is a significant fact: one which does not militate against *their* position, but against that of the Anglicans.

6. But let us come to Western Europe: what say the Lutherans and the Calvinists? They not only deny that the Anglicans are Catholics, but call them *Protestants*, of like origin with themselves.

7. To come nearer home: What say the Wesleyans, the Baptists, the Congregationalists—which of the hundreds of dissenting sects in England or Scotland will admit that in parting from the Establishment they parted from the Catholic Church?

And if these are still ranked as enemies, let us come into the very household of the Anglican Communion itself. A strange kind of Catholic Church would that be which did not acknowledge the present and past verdict of its own members on a question like this! And what do we find? We find not only at present a large section of the Church of England which utterly repudiates the name of Catholic, but the tenor and spirit of the whole past history of that body is against it.

8. In fact, so deeply rooted in England is the consciousness of possessing a *Protestant* National Church that no Anglican claims can make people in practical life think of it as Catholic. Let any one stop in a city street, and ask the way to the Catholic Church. Would any passenger or policeman hesitate where to direct him? Address a letter to "The Catholic Church" in any town. Does any one doubt where it would be delivered? Nay, if one of those would-be Catholic Anglicans were himself asked the way, could he possibly misunderstand where the inquirer wished to go? He would feel himself guilty of an ungentlemanly trick, if he endeavoured to palm off his own parish church as the Catholic Church sought by the inquirer.*

9. "Securus judicat orbis terrarum." Does not all this look like the world's judgment on the Anglican claim to be Catholic? Against such a universal refutation, what witness can be brought forward to support it?

The answer is sometimes made that in spite of the almost universal opposition above stated there are still

*To the same effect writes St. Augustine:—"Whereas the different heretics are all desirous of being called Catholics, yet if any stranger were to ask them 'Which is the assembly of the Catholics?' none of them would dare to point out his own place of worship."—Contra Ep. Fundam. cap. I. So likewise St. Cyril in Jerusalem and St. Pacian in Spain.

men to be found in all quarters of the world who acknowledge the Catholicity of the Anglican Church. But who are these men? Who in Europe, who in Africa, who in America, who in Australia, are these men that uphold the Anglican claim? Why, they are men of their own language and stock, men belonging to the Anglican Church, men of the same party who happen to be distributed there, and who make the same claim for themselves!

Would it be sound reasoning to admit a *universal* consensus in favour of the Jews being still the favoured people of God, because the Jews themselves, who say it, happen to be scattered about all over the world? Then how can any argument be drawn from the fact that those men of the Anglican Church who themselves claim to be Catholics, happen to have distributed themselves over the four quarters of the globe? This distribution does not constitute that grand consensus of nations, of different stocks and languages, of different interests and ways of thought, which is called the "orbis terrarum," by St. Augustine.

9. The difficulty then, is—not to find out who deny the Anglican claim to be called Catholics, but to find any but themselves who admit it. "Securus judicat orbis terrarum." So said St. Augustine, and so say we to-day. Take the votes of the whole world—and, except the claimants themselves, all will be found against them. Exclude the Anglican party itself from the court, and who among the nations has a favourable word for their claim?

# THE REUNION OF CHRISTENDOM.

The Association for Promoting the Reunion of Christendom has for its aim a highly laudable object. It expresses a feeling among Anglicans that the present state of Christendom, divided up as it is into numberless isolated communions, is so unsatisfactory, that every effort ought to be made to bring all these scattered parts into a united whole.

The way by which it proposes to effect this re-union is by mutual compromise between the several churches on so-called minor and unessential points of difference; and it is hoped that a willingness on the Anglican side to make such a compromise may open the way for the other churches to do the same.

2. There is, however, one great obstacle standing in the way. This obstacle is the claim of the Roman Church to be the one and only true Church, in virtue of which claim she declares compromise impossible. In this claim Rome is unique; for while the Greeks and Anglicans say "We believe in one Church, and we are a part of it," the Romans say "We believe in one Church and we are the whole of it."

"Ubi Petrus, ibi Ecclesia"—where the successor of St. Peter rules, there is the Church, and outside his jurisdiction no true church can exist.

3. The Anglicans cannot allow this. They cannot admit a claim which places them at present outside the Catholic Church. If Rome would only concede that the Church is capable of existing in a divided state—that the Church is now actually existing in that state, and only requiring a mutual concession of unessential points of doctrine and government to become united into one—if Rome would only condescend modestly to call herself a part of that Church—then nothing insuperable would stand in the way of re-union. Let Rome only acknowledge her equality with other communions, and the work is done.

4. Nay, we answer; let Rome but acknowledge that equality, and the work is hopelessly *undone*. It is a startling paradox, but an equally certain truth, that in the very "obstinacy" of Rome lies all hope of re-union. Without it, reunion would be impossible. Without it, the very elements of unity would be hopelessly destroyed. Let Rome only acknowledge that she is *not* the one and only and the whole true Church, and the phrase "One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church" would become a mere memory of the past.

5. In order to see why this should be so, let us imagine for a moment that the Roman authorities were induced to resign the unique claim of their Church; and observe the result.

At the very moment of that concession, the millions who now believe in the Roman Church would find it impossible to believe in her any longer. The Church in which they have been implicitly believing as in a Divine messenger has acknowledged that she has made a mistake, and that in the very foundations of her credibility—in the knowledge of her own identity, personality, constitution. She used to say that she was the one only true and whole Catholic and Apostolic Church. Now she says she is only a part of it. She used to exclude the Greeks and Anglicans from it. Now she has confessed to having erred in so doing—she ought to have admitted them. She has contradicted herself, pronounced herself fallible, deceived and deceiving—no reasonable man can henceforth believe in her or trust her. There is no alternative before us but to repudiate her, and take refuge in agnosticism or infidelity.

Or to put it another way. The very reason why a Catholic believes in the Church is because he unfalteringly believes that Church to be the one unerring perpetual and enlightened witness of God's revelation, and the one infallible teacher of truth. As a teaching Church, she must necessarily know who and what she herself is. Ignorance of her own identity would be fatal to her claims. And for that Church to reverse her teaching on this point, to acknowledge that she has made a mistake about herself in the past, would *ipso*

*facto* exhibit her incapacity to guide men to truth, and compel every rational being to disbelieve in her. For how can there be any certainty about other points of doctrine, when in one point, and that one so fundamental, she has thus grievously failed?

Or, once more—Reason cannot implicitly submit herself to any but an infallible guide. Yet it is by virtue of the acknowledgment which Catholics make of the Infallibility of the Church as a teaching power, that they repose implicit confidence in her teaching. Let the Church only by a single act disavow this infallibility, and with this disavowal all belief in her would become folly.

Hence it is that the very act which it is hoped would bring the Anglicans into communion with Rome would drive the present Catholics out of it; and no one would be left to welcome the new children of the Church except those very authorities whose concessions had destroyed the allegiance of the old.

6. The truth of this position will be more easily seen by a parallel taken from Holy Scripture.

The writings of the prophet Jeremias abound in the strongest denunciations of those who falsely prophesied good things of Judah. They express more than once a claim on the part of Jeremias to be the one and only prophet whose mission was from God, or whose word was truth. Now suppose that Jeremias had been brought at length to confess that, in condemning his brethren, he had been too severe, and that in limiting the gift of Divine inspiration to himself, he had fallen into a presumptuous error. How instantly that one admission would take away the whole force of his prophecy, and would not only justify, but *compel* all reasonable men to disbelieve in him altogether!

Or again, suppose for a moment that Christ our Lord, after having during His whole ministry taught that He was the sole Messiah, *the Way, the Life, and the Truth*, and that no one *cometh to the Father except through Him*—should finally, on maturer consideration, have modified His claim; have acknowledged that He was not after all the only way, truth, and life—but that some other person, say John the Baptist, really shared the Messiahship

equally with Him. How would the Apostles have regarded Him after such a confession? How would St. Peter have answered his own question—"*Lord, whither shall we go?*" Not by saying, "*Thou hast the word of eternal life.*" No, they would have seen that this one admitted error had entirely invalidated His whole claim to be a teacher sent from God.

Jeremias is not to be called obstinate because he maintained uncompromisingly the truth about himself. Nor is Christ our Lord open to a like charge because He sustained His high claims even in spite of death. And as with Christ and His prophets, so is it with His Church, who, knowing full well her own constitution, personality, extent of power, and condition of communion, adheres to her own unchangeable doctrine with a firmness which no persuasion, no motive of policy, no threat or persecution, no hope even of spiritual good, is able to shake or move. Of her very nature she can never acknowledge that she is deceived in this. To do so would be to acknowledge that she had no Divine mission to teach, no power of discerning truth from falsehood, and no right to claim the belief and allegiance of men.

7. The Roman Church therefore claims, and must ever claim, to be the One Church, and the Only Church, Infallible and Indefectible, and this constitutes in part her "note" of *Unity*. It is a claim both peculiar and notorious; indeed it is made a matter of opprobrium to her. For while the Greeks say "I believe in One Church, of which I am a part," and the Anglicans are taking up the same cry,—the Church of Rome says "I believe in One Church, and I am that Only Church, and beside me there is no other." There is no society on earth claiming either by right or in fact to be The Church, the Whole Church, and the Only Church, except the Church of Rome. And this very claim is the only basis on which the re-union of Christendom can ever be brought about.

# "THE BISHOP IN THE CHURCH AND THE CHURCH IN THE BISHOP."

"*Unde scire debes episcopum in ecclesia esse, et ecclesiam in episcopo; et si qui cum episcopo non sunt, in ecclesia non esse.*"

"Whence you may know that the Bishop is in the Church, and the Church in the Bishop; and those who are not with the Bishop, are not in the Church."

St. Cyprian Ep. Florentio lxvi. p. 168. Ed. Oxford, 1682.

1. These words of St. Cyprian form a ground of assurance among Anglicans that they are within the Church of Christ. "We are in communion with our Bishops," they say "therefore we are within the Church."

Now, although the assurance would be well grounded where no doubt was possible about the rightfulness of the Bishops themselves, a serious question arises where there exist two rival Bishops, each asserting against the other his sole rightfulness, and claiming for himself the allegiance of all in their common diocese.

2. Thus we have the Bishop of London holding his jurisdiction from his co-provincials of Canterbury, and the Archbishop of Westminster holding his jurisdiction from Rome; and within the common diocese of both, two men, the one an Anglican, the other a Roman Catholic, living on the same acre of ground, are paying their allegiance to these two Bishops respectively. And while the Bishop of London denies the right of the Archbishop to be established at Westminster, the Archbishop denies the Bishop of London's claim to the episcopacy at all; and each hold that to be in communion with the rival Bishop is to be out of communion with the Church.

There is something strange in all this. They cannot both be rightful Bishops. One of them must be a schismatic, and the other a rightful and divinely appointed Bishop. One must be within and the other without the Church.

3. "No doubt that is true," concedes the Anglican; "But which of the two is the rightful Bishop? The Archbishop of Westminster is evidently an upstart of modern growth, and an intruder, while the Bishop of London has held his see by succession for centuries; and it is this which establishes the Bishop of London's claim to be the rightful Bishop, and so, according to St. Cyprian, the medium and criterion of communion with the Catholic Church."

4. But this conclusion clearly rests on a false assumption. The mere fact of possessing a see does not prove the possessor to be a rightful Catholic Bishop, for a Bishop, however rightfully ordained, may, by an act of schism, lose for himself and his successors the right of jurisdiction.

St. Cyprian, fully aware of this, carefully guards us against such a mistake; for besides speaking of pseudo-bishops, erected by heretics, and those who are illicitly constituted,* he also instances a class of Bishops, who, once rightly constituted and orthodox, have since their installation fallen away, and by their schism have lost all right of exercising the episcopal office and power.†

Moreover, he tells us clearly why they lost that right. It is because they have separated themselves from the

* "That Fortunatianus, once a bishop among you, who since his most grievous fall wishes now to begin afresh, and is beginning to claim his episcopate." (Cyp. Ep. Epicteto lxv. p. 162.) See also Ep. Cornelio lix. p. 131. Ep. Maximo and Nicostrato xlvi. p. 131, etc.

† "But he could not hold the episcopate, even after his episcopal ordination, if he should fall away from the body of his fellow bishops and from the unity of the church. . . . He, therefore, who keeps neither the unity of the spirit nor the bond of peace, and separates himself from the bonds of the Church and from the sacerdotal college, can retain neither the power nor the honour of a bishop, in that he has willed not to uphold either the unity or the peace of the episcopate." Cyp. Ep. Antoniano, lv. p. 112.

communion of their fellow Bishops, and deserted the sacerdotal body. "For a man can retain neither the episcopal power nor its honour, who has chosen not to hold to the unity of the episcopate, but to be out of concord with it." This episcopate being in several places described as one and indivisible, its different members cohering together in the closest fellowship.*

St. Cyprian therefore not only tells us under what conditions a layman is in communion with the Church, but also under what conditions a Bishop is a proper medium of this communion—without which latter conditions, communion with the Bishop on the part of a layman is of no value.

Now can any Anglican Bishop—say the Bishop of London—stand this test?

5. "Certainly," is the Anglican's reply, "for the Bishop of London does not stand alone; he is in communion with a considerable number of bishops both in England, America, Australia, and many other parts of the world. Is not the communion of such a number of Bishops together enough to satisfy Cyprian's condition, and to prove the Bishop of London's rightfulness, and establish his claim to be a proper medium of communion with the Catholic Church?"

6. Yes—if that collection of Bishops is also in communion with the rest of the episcopate of the Catholic Church. But the mere multiplication of numbers is not enough. As it is possible for one Bishop to fall away, so is it possible for many to fall away together, who, while cohering with one another by a schismatical bond, are yet separated from the unity of the episcopate, and so from the Catholic Church. Of this the Donatists afford us a notable example. For in that heresy four hundred Bishops fell away; that is, one-fifth of the whole episcopate of Christendom.† They split off in

* "One episcopate, diffused throughout an harmonious multitude of many bishops."—Cyp. Ep. Antoniano lv. p. 112. "Whereas the Church is Catholic and one and is not separated or divided, but is in truth connected and joined together by the cement of priests (Bishops) cleaving to each other. Cyp. Ep. Florentio lxvi. p. 168."

† Newman, Difficulties of Anglicans, Lect. xi. p. 281, Edition 1850.

a body, and persevered for a time in unity among themselves. Yet this unity did not prevent them from being as a body condemned by the rest of Christendom—a condemnation whose force is acknowledged by Anglicans themselves.

The case of the Nestorian party is still more forcible—"a schismatic communion," we read, "the most wonderful the world has seen, which propagated itself both among Christians and pagans from Cyprus to China; which formed the Christianity of Bactarians, Huns, Medes and Indians; which prevailed over Malabar, Ceylon and Tartary—a vast organization administered by no less than twenty-five Archbishops, and probably, together with the opposite sect of the Monophysites in Syria and Egypt, surpassing in numbers the body of the whole Catholic Church, and, moreover, occupying a portion of the world with which the Catholic Church in those centuries had very little to do."*

If then the Donatist and Nestorian parties, multitudinous as they appear to have been, were yet external to the Church, it is clear that on score of numbers the Anglican communion can establish no claim. It is not the numerical strength of a body but the relation of that body and its Bishops to the united episcopate of Christendom that, according to St. Cyprian, determines the issue.

7. Who then are the Bishops who support the Bishop of London in his claim? and what is their relation to the rest of Christendom?

They are the successors of that handful of Bishops, who, three hundred years back, jointly, and by their own policy, fell out of communion with the rest of the Church—with the Bishops of Italy, Austria, Spain, Portugal, France, Germany—in short, of all those countries with whom they were in communion before. These few Bishops, I say, fell out of communion with the rest of the Episcopacy, while at the same time—a point of great importance—all those from whose communion they fell out still remained in communion among themselves.

* Newman, Difficulties of Anglicans, Lect. xi., p. 282.

8. The isolation to which those few Bishops reduced themselves and their successors will soon be seen by a practical test, which was then, and is now, a conclusive means of determining the limits of communion. I mean the use of commendatory letters (epistolae formatae). It was the test applied by St. Augustine to the case of the Donatists, as he himself says in the following words:—

"Then we began to ask which was the Church in which one ought to be—whether that which, as Holy Scripture had prophesied, was spread all over the world, or that limited to the African race, or to Africa. He (Fortunius) at first tried to assert that his communion was all over the world. But then I asked him whether he could give me letters of communication (which we call formatae) for me to go whithersoever I wished. And I said that (as was clear to everybody), the whole question could easily be settled by the application of this test."*

9. It remains to apply this test to the Archbishop of Westminster and the Bishop of London respectively.

A Catholic priest on the eve of a journey goes to the Archbishop of Westminster, and asks for letters of communion, his "celebret" as we should now call them. He receives them, and sets out on his travels. Now see in how many places those letters will be received as credentials, and admit him to the altar. They will serve him in every town and village of Spain, Portugal, France, Italy, and Austria, in fact, in the whole of Catholic Europe. He, an Englishman, may travel through all the foreign missions of all those foreign nations—in Syria, India, China, Africa, and elsewhere, and in every place his letters will ensure his admission into communion, and to the privileges of the Altar. In short they will be his passport to whatever Catholic church he wishes to introduce himself, from the cathedral of St. Peter's to the mud cabin of a far-off mission land. In no part of the world need he miss his daily Mass, except in those parts where no universally acknowledged Catholic altar is found to exist.

* Aug. Ep. ad Eleus. Glor. and Fel. Tom. ii. Ep. xliv. cap. 2. Venice 1729.

10. How much narrower would be the circuit of the Anglican clergyman who started from England fortified merely by the commendatory letters of the Bishop of London! He might (if he liked to present himself) be accepted by those bodies of German Lutherans, or by the Calvinists of France and Switzerland, who glory in the name of Protestant, and who deny the Catholicity of the Church to which he belongs. He might find here and there in European cities a few English residents with their English minister, and, if he did not himself regard them as schismatics, he could enter into communion there. In the English colonies he would find a number of his fellow-countrymen professing the national religion—in America he would meet those who, a century ago, were English in name also, and who now are still English in language and race, and amongst them he would be received. But if, after declaring clearly who he was and to what communion he belonged, he were to apply for admission to the altar at any of those places at which the Catholic priest had been received into communion, he would meet with an uncompromising refusal. His welcome would be restricted to the various branches of his own Anglican Church abroad, the rulers and worshippers of which were of his own race and language.

11. Contrast the two: the Catholic priest received and acknowledged among the various nationalities of the world, by peoples of all races, languages, and ways of thought wherever he wishes to go;* the Anglican clergyman admitted to the churches merely of his

* St. Basil aptly says: "It is more just that we be judged in what regards ourselves, not by one or two who walk not according to truth, but by the multitude of Bishops who by the favour of the Lord are united with us. Let the question be put to those of Pisidia, Lycaonia, of Isauria, of both Phrygias, of that part of Armenia which borders on your country, of Macedonia, of Achaia, of Illyricum, of Gaul, Spain, the whole of Italy, Sicily, Africa, the sound parts of Egypt, and what is left of Syria. They all send letters to me and receive mine; from which letters whether sent by them or received from us, you may learn that we are all unaminous and think the same thing. So that it will not escape your accuracy, that whoso flees communion with us severs himself from the whole Church." Ep. cciv. ad Neocæsarienses.

own nation, language, and custom, but refused in numberless places where he would give almost anything to gain admittance—where he feels it would be a great triumph to his pretensions to be acknowledged. And as he goes about from place to place in this way, how could he but be impressed with the state of isolation which the Anglican Bishops have inherited through their predecessors having lost the communion of the united episcopacy in the 16th century.

12. Such, then, is the result we arrive at by applying St. Cyprian's and St. Augustine's searching and conclusive tests.* It brings out into full relief the fact that this one national section has been for three hundred years, and still remains, outside the communion of the rest of Christendom, while the other numerous national sections of the Church from which they were cut off are still in as close communion with each other as they have ever been. They merely miss from their united body one nation which formerly belonged to it; whose loss has affected their numbers, but not their unity.

When, therefore, St. Cyprian speaks of receding from the body of the one episcopate, he describes in one word both the Donatist and Nestorian position in the past and the Anglican position at the present day. In all three cases the tests are the same. In all three they lead to the same conclusion.

13. So then it is this universal communion of the episcopacy through all the nations in which it lies outspread, which is the sign of the true and rightful episcopacy. And it is the absence of this communion between one group of Bishops and the rest which decides that group to have lost its episcopal right and power. That group may retain its palaces, its sees, its name, its show of jurisdiction: but the spirit is gone, and the sees are really vacant. It becomes necessary

* Expressed also in the following amongst many like passages:—"Again, those who believe indeed that Christ came in the flesh &c., (in short do not err in doctrine) but nevertheless so disagree with His body, the Church, that their communion is not with the whole wherever it is spread, but is found in some part, separated, it is clear that such are not in the Catholic Church." Aug. contra Donat. No. 7, vol. 9, p. 342. Venice, 1733.

for a new hierarchy to be set up in that land, so long deprived by schismatic defection of the blessing of Catholic government; a hierarchy deriving its power from the one united episcopacy of the Catholic Church, of which the new extension will form an integral part. And it will be this hierarchy which will stand as the one medium of communion in that land with the Catholic Church.

The Englishman who, following St. Cyprian's test, desires to find himself within the Catholic Church, must pay his allegiance, not to the present holder of the see of London, whose predecessors fell out of communion with the rest of Christendom, but to the Archbishop of Westminster and his fellow Bishops, who are not only one among themselves, but are in communion with the Churches of all the world.

# THE UNITY OF THE CHURCH.

"*Ecclesia enim Una est, quae una et intus esse et foris non potest . . . nec scindi adversum se aut dividi posse.*"

For the Church is One, and this One cannot be both within and without . . . nor is it capable of being split up against itself, nor divided. St. Cyprian, Ep. Magno lxix. p. 182. Ed. Oxford, 1682.

This is one of the many passages of the Fathers which say that the Church, being incapable of division, cannot be cut into separate parts by schism; that schism is not a dividing of the Church into parts, but the dividing of a party from the Church, separate from the Church itself; that the Holy Ghost, not being divided, must in case of a breach of unity remain only in one member of the division,—the other part losing Him, just as a limb cut from the body loses the soul which remains in its entirety in the trunk.

The Church is One Body.—What we mean when we say that the Church is one body will be seen by thinking what "oneness" means in other things.

To be "one" is, according to the philosophical definition, to be "undivided in itself"—essentially, of its own nature, indivisible into parts—a something which is no mere aggregation of parts, but which when divided into parts ceases to be.

A few examples will make this clear.

A vast amount of materials lies in a dockyard—timbers, bolts, coils of rope, spars; all things needful to make a ship. You may take away some of these materials, exchange them for others, add to them—there is no "union" here, for there is no essential bond. But when you build up these materials into a ship, a new thing has come into existence—a *one* thing, composed indeed of many things, but forming a constructive unity—realizing a single idea. Divide that ship into

two parts—you have broken its unity: that unity was the essence of that ship—the ship is no more. Moreover, the parts of that ship are only such, because they are intimately bound up with other parts; take a part away, and that piece of material, useful as it may be for other purposes, is no longer a part of that ship: because it belongs no more to its constructive unity.

Again, a tree is a body having the unity of an organic life. Cut off a branch, and you have severed it from the centre of life. That branch may for a short time retain a vestige of its former life, but sooner or later it inevitably dies. Or it may by grafting into another tree, or planting in the ground, continue to live, but not with the same life it had before. The life it derived from the original tree dies out and is superseded by another and distinct life springing from a new source outside the parent stock, so that it is no longer in any sense a part of the original tree.

Thirdly, there is like unity in the body of a man, by reason of the soul pervading it in every part. When the soul goes out the whole body dies. If you cut off a limb from the body, what happens? You do not, as in case of the tree, cut off with it a part of the life which can be continued by grafting into another trunk. At the instant of separation, the life withdraws from the limb. Henceforward the body is diminished in extension, but the soul which informs it suffers no hurt, for being essentially one it remains as entire as it was before, while the severed limb is irrevocably dead.

From these examples it will appear of what sort is the unity of the Church. The Church is no mere collection of individuals, or of parts, which added together equal the whole. For no one would say that the Church broken up into isolated individuals would in any sense equal the Church in a state of unbroken unity. Nor is the Church a mere constructive unity like a ship, for then the disunion of its members would destroy the Church altogether. Now no one would admit that the Church as a church could be so destroyed.

But our Lord Himself has used the simile of the vine, from which all branches that are cut off

must die. And though such severed limbs may, by grafting into the unity of a national state, continue to exist and flourish, they no longer live with a life derived from the Church, from whose communion they have parted, but with a life derived from a source distinct and new, human both in its character and effect. That in matter of fact such sects, unsustained by any external force, do sooner or later fall into decay, is shown by the history of the Donatists among others in the past, and the Greek Patriarchate at the present day. And that severed branches can retain great vigour of their own kind by becoming identified with a secular government is manifested in the case of the Russian and Anglican Churches.

But the Church is both by Scripture and the Fathers specially symbolized by the human body. The fitness of which parallel is seen by the following paraphrase of the words of St. Cyprian which head this tract:—

"The Church (human body) is one, which cannot be both within and without itself, nor can it be split up into parts acting against itself, nor divided." Of which the same Saint treats as follows:—

"There is One God and One Christ, and His Church One and the Faith One, and the people all joined in the solid oneness of a body by a cementing concord. Unity cannot be sundered, nor can the One Body be divided by a dissolution of its structure, nor be cast piecemeal abroad with its vitals torn and lacerated."—Cyp. de Unit. Eccl., p. 119.

The Church therefore being such in its nature, it must correspond in its mode of existence. That which is essentially one must necessarily exist in a *state* of unity. As in the social order the unity of a club is not destroyed by the loss of a member, who, by separating from the communion of his fellow members, loses the privileges and benefits of the club as soon as the act of separation is formally established, so the unity of the Church is not impaired by defections from that unity; while those falling out of communion are, by the act, cut off from the centre and source of unity, which is the Holy Ghost.

I do not here mean to say that the Holy Ghost ceases altogether to work on the souls of those excluded members; for the Holy Ghost, in his office of Sanctifier, works on all men's souls alike, regardless of their creed. I speak of the Holy Ghost in His office as Author of Unity in the Church; performing a function like that of the soul in the body, which gives life and unity to all its members; or, according to St. Cyprian's simile, "conserving the unity of an indivisible and single household." Mark well what kind of household—one, indivisible and united—not one from which it is impossible for a member to depart, for that would be to coerce the wills of men—but one which cannot within its own confines be in dissension—one from which a dissentient by his own act becomes an alien and a castaway.

Such is the unity of the Church, the unity prayed for by Christ, effected at Pentecost, prefigured in prophecy, expressly stated by the Fathers, and asserted to-day by the Roman Church:—

Our Lord prayed:—"Holy Father, keep them in Thy Name, that they may be one, as We also are One. And not only for them do I pray, but for those also who through their word shall believe in Me; that they may all be one, as Thou Father in Me and I in Thee: that they also may be one in Us; that they may be perfected in one, and the world may know that Thou hast sent Me." *

What kind of Unity is this for which Christ prays? For a unity like that of the Blessed Trinity, which we know by faith to be absolutely indivisible, and passing all human understanding. A bond of unity of this kind, not only pervading the Twelve, but also all who through them should believe; so remarkable to the eyes of men, that it should be a standing proof of Christ's divine mission. A prodigy unique on earth, which no passion of weakness, no lapse of time, no effort of hell should bring to dissolution; a unity so far surpassing human capacity, that nothing but the active agency of the Holy Ghost could bring it about.

This was in fact brought about by the coming of

* St. John, xvii, 11-23.

the Paraclete at Pentecost, in that upper chamber where one hundred and twenty individuals were gathered together; united indeed by a common faith, hope and love, but not with a unity adequate to the desires and prayers of Christ. But in a moment, the Holy Spirit, one and indivisible Himself, comes upon them, permeates them, and knits them together in a new bond of fellowship indissoluble as Him Who has effected it. More and more were added to their numbers, only to be cemented into the Unity of the same Spirit. .Some indeed did afterwards leave that company. But of them, what is written? "They went out from us, but they were not of us." (1 John, ii. 19). No man's will was to be coerced; they who would might enter, they who would might go. But there was a clear line marked between those of the household, and those who were not of it. The household were of one mind in the Spirit. Those who were not of one mind had no place there; they were out of the communion of the United Church.

Here then was fulfilled all that the prophets had foreseen—David calling on all nations to unite in magnifying God—the creation of a new people, "*in conveniendo populos in unum*" (Ps. 101), by drawing together the nations into one great unity. Now was enacted in reality that scene of which Ezekiel describes the type:—The separated joints and limbs of scattered peoples lay in the valley—and at the word of the prophet were brought together, joint to joint, and with the flesh and skin upon them: but they had no life, till the spirit of God came upon them, and they rose up, no longer a collection of scattered members, but an army of living men. Nothing better could be found to picture the change produced by the Holy Spirit when He entered upon His work of unity in the Church of Christ at Pentecost.

This too is the unity so clearly expressed by the Fathers—a unity, which in spite of the troublous times in which they wrote, all alike saw, and felt, and enjoyed.

"Does any one believe," asks St. Cyprian, "that this unity which comes from the divine strength, and

coheres in celestial sacraments, can be divided in the Church, and can be separated by the parting asunder of opposing wills? He who does not keep to the unity does not keep God's Law." CYP., De Unitate, p. 109. Oxford, 1682.

"God is one and Christ is one, and faith is one and the people is one, united into the substantial unity of a body by the cement of concord. Unity cannot be severed nor can the one body be separated by division of the structure." Ib. p. 119.

ST. OPTATUS says that "Schismatics are like branches cut off the vine, doomed to punishment, reserved like dry wood for the fire of hell."—De Schism Donat. lib. i. no. 6-10.

And ST. ATHANASIUS that "the holy and veritable among heralds of truth are of one mind, and differ not themselves."—t. 1. de Decret Niceaen. no. 4.

While *St. Basil* declares that "Whoso flees from communion with us, severs himself from the whole Church."—Ep. cciv. ad Neocaesarienses no. 7.

ST. AMBROSE that "the congregations are not many: there is one congregation, one Church."—t. 1. Hexaem l. iii., c. i., no. 2, 3.

ST. IRENÆUS that "the Church, although scattered throughout the world, yet as dwelling in one house, carefully preserves the faith."—Adv. Haeres. lib. i. cap. x., no. 2.

ST. IGNATIUS tells us that "for this end did the Lord allow the ointment to be poured on His Head—that he might breathe incorruption into the Church."—Ep. ad. Ephes. xvi. xvii.

ST. GREGORY OF NYSSA, that: "if any part be out of the body it is utterly disconnected with the head."—t. iii. de Perfect. Christ. Forma, p. 289; Ed. Paris 1638.

CLEMENT OF ALEXANDRIA, that "in substance, in doctrine, in origin, in excellence the ancient and Catholic Church, is unique. . . but the excellency of the Church like the principle of everything concrete, is in unity surpassing all other things, and having nothing similar or equal to itself."—t. i. Strom. lib. vii. p. 899. Venet. 1757.

While finally St. Augustine (for we can give but a few out of numberless quotations) says that "the whole Christ consists of Head and body. The Head is the only begotten Son of God; His body is the Church; husband and wife, two in one flesh." And after dealing with the case of heretics he turns to that of schismatics, saying, that "even those who believe all the doctrines of Christ, but nevertheless so disagree with His body the Church, that their communion is not with the whole, wheresover it is spread, but is found in some place separated—such are manifestly not in the Church." Contra Donat. no. 7. vol. 9. p. 342. Venice 1733.

We have now seen in what consists the unity of the Church; for which Christ prayed; with which the Early Church was endowed, and which the fathers of the Church enjoyed and described. We have seen it to be 1, *Indestructible*, so that there can never be a time in which the Church is not really united, and 2, *Clearly visible* both to those outside and those within its boundaries. So that the Church can never be split up into sects or isolated communions in such a way as to nullify or obscure this unity, or to make it a matter which the world may doubt. And in the face of this conclusion surely it is impossible to hold any longer a persuasion that the Church can consist of three or any other number of separate communions, each one isolated and in opposition to the rest. For now we see clearly that the Holy Ghost can abide in but *one* of these, and that only one of them can be the Church of Christ.

Which of these three that Church is, there can be left no room to doubt. The eight or ten divisions of the Eastern Church make no pretence of corporate unity at all. The Anglican Church, with its perpetual variations and differences between bishop and bishop, party and party, cannot dare to claim a unity such as we have seen the unity of the Church to be. But the vast Church which is in communion with Rome, by the very testimony of her enemies is *One*,—severely, tyrannically one, they would call it—yet without question phenomenally one. One, we may add, indefectibly

and without compromise, is the Church in communion with Rome; one with a unity which no human organization can change or destroy, because it is the oneness of the Holy Ghost.

"And since Christ in His Gospel says that there is great joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, how much more joy both in heaven and on earth would there be over confessors of Christ returning, to their own glory and honour, into the Church; and, by the fidelity and uprightness of their example, opening out a way for others also to return. For not a few have been persuaded to remain in error, because in this they seemed to be following in the company of confessors. But when this error is done away a light is infused into every breast, and the Catholic Church is shown to be really one, and incapable of being cut asunder and divided, and when it is proved that good and noble soldiers of Christ cannot long be detained outside the Church by fallacies and frauds, it will be impossible for anyone to be deceived by the specious arguments of schism."—CYP. Ep. Cornelio li., p. 95.

# Christian Aspects of the Labour Question.

BY THE
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## I.—THE WAYS OF WEALTH.

THE troubles and complications of the labour questions of the present day cluster round two things which are prominent, constant, and not to be evaded, viz., wealth and work. This is an age of wealth and work, of colossal fortunes and enormous industrial enterprises, of sumptuous edifices and huge workshops, of hundreds revelling in abundance, and millions toiling for a mere living. The population is separated into two classes, the comparative few who contend for wealth, and the many who struggle for existence. In restless efforts to amass a fortune, owners of wealth scatter their money over the utmost bounds of the earth in the hope of a crop of gold pieces, and encompass the whole world with a network of speculation. Seated in his counting-house, surrounded by clerks and ledgers, the capitalist marks an island in mid-ocean, or the fringe of the desert, or the bluffs over a distant river, forecasts that profit can be made, sets his organization in motion, and ventures a part of his capital, in order that his present great store may grow into a greater store. Yet not one step can he stir, not one gold piece can he handle, not the simplest undertaking can he carry on, without the muscles and the handiwork of men. Whether in towns teeming with industry, or in tillage of land, or in transit by ship or rail, or in commerce with nations, no gain, no fortune is possible that is not made up of the work

of labourers, the sweat of their brow, the strength of their arm, the mettle of their heart. All the wealth of the world is the product of work. The investment in consols, the ample rent-roll, the splendid mansion, are all ultimately contributed by the work of the labourer. On the other hand, should wealth be locked up and not employed in industrial enterprise, multitudes are deprived of work, and the masses of men who now toil in the daily struggle for existence would be face to face with hunger and misery. Thus wealth provides work, and in providing work increases wealth, yet wealth is created by work. How comes it that the proceeds of work are so unequally divided? Is it just that wealth should have all the enjoyment, the ease, and the luxury, and that work should be left with the toil, the weariness, and the bare living? To what proportion of its produce is work entitled? Is the whole scheme of the distribution of wealth unjust and untenable? What is right and what is wrong in the matter?

The science of political economy professes to treat of the whole subject of wealth and work, and to lay down principles and laws for their mutual relations. Experience shows that these principles are often misleading and sometimes fallacious. In questions of moral right or wrong, we do not look for guidance to political economy or to any science, but to the Church of God. She has a mandate from our Divine Master to teach the world what is morally right and morally wrong. We place ourselves under her guidance with confidence, knowing that she is directed by the Holy Spirit and develops the teaching of our Blessed Lord, the doctrines of His Christianity. The minds of some Catholics are troubled by many theories that are mooted at the present time, and they are anxious to ascertain the Christian view of the labour problems. I propose to treat of some of the Christian aspects both of wealth and of work, their contact and their conflict.

The Christian view of wealth can be best learnt from the actual words of Christ. He is Truth itself; whatever He spoke was uttered for our instruction

and guidance, and when He deigns to enlighten us on a subject, we have a certainty which human science or teaching cannot assail. In speaking of riches and wealth He speaks earnestly, and with a force and emphasis that compels attention. The following passages contain His teaching on wealth, and they are remarkable for strength of expression:—"Take heed, and beware of all covetousness, for a man's life does not consist in the abundance of things which he possesseth" (Luke xii. 15). "Sell what you possess and give alms: make to yourself bags which grow not old, a treasure in heaven which faileth not, where the thief approacheth not, nor the moth corrupteth" (Luke xii., 33). "You cannot serve God and Mammon" (Matt. vi., 24). "But woe to you that are rich for you have your consolation" (Luke vi., 24). "And I will say to my soul: Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years, take thy rest, eat, drink, make good cheer. But God said to him: Thou fool, this night do they require thy soul of thee: and whose shall those things be which thou hast provided. So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich towards God" (Luke xii. 19). "And the rich man died and he was buried in hell" (Luke xvi. 22)—not for any specified offence or crime against the Law, for we are told nothing beyond that he was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day, and that Lazarus fed on the crumbs from his table. "Amen I say to you that a rich man shall hardly enter into the kingdom of heaven. And again I say to you that it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven" (Matt. xix., 23-24). Which means that it is more difficult for a rich man to get to heaven than for a camel burdened with laden panniers to pass through a narrow gate.

The character and tendency of Christ's sayings and teachings were conspicuous for gentleness and mildness, yet, He scarcely uses more emphatic and earnest words than in thus delineating the nature of riches. The different passages trace the career and end of the

rich. Beware of all covetousness—give alms and make to yourself bags which grow not old—you cannot serve God and Mammon—woe to you rich for you have your consolation—they require thy soul of thee, and where shall those things be which thou possesseth—a rich man shall hardly enter into the kingdom of heaven—the rich man died and was buried in hell. In spite of the directness of these words, Christ does not hint at wealth being an evil in itself, or at the injustice of possessing wealth. He nowhere declares that all should have equally, that the wealth should be taken away and distributed, that the mere possession of wealth is sinful, but He counsels almsgiving. He blesses and counsels poverty, and He indirectly allows the existence of rich men by repeatedly urging and praising almsgiving, and by intimating that the poor are always with us.

What then does our Divine Lord mean by His solemn and impressive denunciation of wealth? In the Scripture record riches were no hindrance to sanctity of life. Abraham, Joseph, holy Job, and many others were blessed abundantly with wealth, and at the same time were pleasing in the sight of God. Why then does our Lord so pointedly denounce riches? He wishes to lay stress on the danger of them, to indicate their power in corrupting the heart. The heart of man is weakened by the original fall, he is not what God first made him, he is subject to passion and weakness. Each passion has its own special object or instrument in which it seeks gratification. Pride and ambition are excited by position and pre-eminence, and these, in themselves innocent and necessary, are made the instruments by which the passion of ambition masters the soul. The passion of gluttony and drunkenness makes use of the natural appetite for food, and the passion of lust uses the distinction of sex. So the passion of covetousness accumulates riches and possessions, which are harmless in themselves, for continued gratification. Now our Divine Lord signifies by His earnest words that the passion of possession is so strong, that few are able to

resist and to escape the loss of eternal happiness. As instruments for evil, riches are more powerful than the instruments of other passions. They absorb the whole of a man's service—you cannot serve God and Mammon; they lead to a life of pleasure and luxury—woe to you rich for you have your consolation; they lead to a forgetfulness of God, death, and eternity—thou fool, this night they require thy soul of thee; they lead to eternal death—and the rich man died and he was buried in hell.

The words of our Lord are the words of truth, and in every nation of the world that has a history are they verified. Nothing in the story of mankind is more conspicuous than the evils that accrue to the rich from the accumulation of wealth. Indolence, luxury, and profligacy, loss of mental and bodily vigour, deterioration of race, pride and contempt of the poor, hard heartedness and cruelty, rapine and injustice, quarrels and life-taking, these are the ways of wealth as repeated again and again in history. We need not refer to past ages, for the lesson is plainly written in the present day, and is constantly before our eyes. Examine some of the obvious effects of wealth in our own time. Consider how completely the greed for money absorbs the souls of multitudes. The vice of the age is money-making. Give anyone an opportunity of escape from the receipt of regular wage and he longs for the control of money; there is a positive hunger for capital. When capital is once tasted the cravings of a beast of prey are excited, the man passionately longs for more and seeks it everywhere, and roams in spirit into every corner of the earth with the cry of more gold, more gold! Every opportunity is turned into profit, coined into gold; the ignorance of a customer, the weakness of a comrade, the trust of a friend, are made sources of gain, and are coined into gold. Rarely is the greed satisfied, it is a passion, and passions never have their fill. At starting £5,000 appears a fortune, but when attained it seems but one step in the ladder; at 20, 50, or 100 thousand the desire is as keen as at starting. A

million is reached, and the greed still craves for more and at 20 millions, yet other millions must be added. In a greater or less degree does the greed for gain enthral the bulk of the commercial community—relentlessly, absorbingly, according to the strength of the passion and the capacity of the individual. It becomes an idol, it is positively worshipped, time, health, and life are sacrificed to it. We recognise the truth of our Lord's words: "You cannot serve God and mammon!"

Not only do covetousness and greed for gain take possession of the soul, but they harden the heart and close it against the better feelings of human nature. Habits of business, driving close bargains, smartness in securing even small profits, centre all thought on self-interest. The feelings, the interests, the sufferings of others, are trampled upon without remorse when gain or loss is at stake. Harsh and cruel deeds are sanctioned without compunction; the rent must be paid, even if it involves homeless children cowering by the wayside to escape the biting wind. Competitors must be undersold, even if it involves the smallest pittance doled out to sickly workmen on the verge of starvation. What thought or heed of it has the rich trader over his sumptuous dinner in his luxurious mansion? He would give even less wage could he but find anyone to accept it and live. Aye, sister and brother, and the friend's little ones that are entrusted to guardianship, are sacrificed to the greed for gain. Thus does the race for wealth harden the heart and close it against the appeal of the poor, the cry of distress, the ties of affection and honour. Surely these men shall hardly enter into the kingdom of heaven!

Suppose that the disposition of the rich man does not lean to covetousness and greater gain, and that he says to his soul: "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years, take thy rest, eat, drink, make good cheer." These form a considerable class at the present day, who simply strive how they shall get most enjoyment from their wealth. The result is a life of effeminacy, luxury and frivolity. These are the ways

of wealth that form such a striking contrast to the hard life of work. The magnificent mansions, the extensive preserves, the brilliant equipages, the costly costumes, the troops of gorgeously dressed servants, are the external signs that meet the eyes of the multitude. But what is the state of the heart of the rich spendthrift? With all this useless lavish expenditure over pleasure, with every wish and whim gratified at all cost, with no restraint over desires, where think you is there room for, I will not say supernatural life, but the ordinary manliness of our common nature? When a rich man spends a thousand pounds over a banquet while his neighbours are hungry, when he spends hundreds over his wife's costume while his neighbours are in tatters, when he devotes his whole time to a round of pleasure at ball and opera and racecourse, while he shrinks from the slightest contact with the struggling poor, what vestige is there in these men and women, and there are too many of them in our midst, of Christian life and Christian principles? These are they who in our day are clothed in purple and fine linen and fare sumptuously every day, and shut their eyes at the disagreeable sight of Lazarus at their doors. What is Christ's view of them—woe to you rich for you have your consolation, and the rich man died and he was buried in hell.

Our Divine Lord thus looks upon wealth as in the highest degree detrimental to the soul of the possessor. Why, then, does he not inculcate equal distribution? In denouncing the danger and the evil effect of riches, why does He not speak of the injustice of accumulation, of the sinfulness of having abundance? Because this very inequality works into the Christian scheme. Our Lord by no means countenanced the dictates of modern political economy. He did not teach His followers to scramble after gain, to buy cheaply and sell dearly. His economy is founded on charity, love of God and neighbour; love is the fulfilment of the law. He who taught: Blessed are the poor, blessed are the meek, blessed are the persecuted, blessed are they that mourn, understood what He was teaching. He knew that as

long as men had passions there would be wealth and oppression and persecution. His teaching constantly inculcates that a Christian life consists in the restraint of these passions, it is the Christian warfare, and He declares those to be the most favoured who are removed from the incitements of passion. What place, then, has wealth in the Christian scheme? There can be little doubt that it is meant to be distributed voluntarily. Poverty and hunger, nakedness and misery exist in the world partly for the exercise of Christian mercy and charity. God has planted in the breast of man natural feelings of benevolence, sympathy, pity, affection. These natural virtues the covetous heart crushes in storing up its treasure, riches choke up the good seed, passion and better feelings contend, and the victory is at the option of the heart. If, then, poverty, hunger, and misery exist, and there are in the heart feelings of benevolence, pity, and sympathy, the Christian scheme supposes that these feelings are placed in the heart for the relief of every species of distress by the exercise of mercy and charity. If this is the duty of all, with greater force is it the duty of those who have abundance, for that abundance is the store to meet the wants of the destitute. The final adjustment of merit and demerit is markedly made to turn by the testimony of our Lord upon the exercise of works of mercy. With what terrible force will not the words of the Judge crush the rich man, the millionaire, those who are clothed in fine linen and fare sumptuously—I was hungry and you gave me not to eat, I was thirsty and you gave me not to drink, I was naked and you clothed me not.

Wealth, then, in its Christian aspect, is a trust, not so much a possession as an administration, and the administration has to be accounted for to the Giver of all good gifts. It is not to be accumulated uselessly, hoarded up aimlessly, or squandered heedlessly. The rich man cannot morally do what he wills with his wealth. If he expends it over fine linen or sumptuous fare, or pleasure and luxury, if he buries his talent in stocks or investments out of covetousness, and leaves his neigh-

bour hungry and naked, he does so at the peril of his peace of mind and loss of his soul. In the scheme of Providence on the one side is wealth, on the other poverty; on the one side affluence, on the other misery. It is clear that they should be brought into contact, and that contact is through the exercise of Christian charity.

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## II.—THE WORTH OF WORK.

THAT man is born to labour is certain. Work is his lot, his inheritance from Adam, the common father of all. When he fell from original justice, God said to him: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread till thou return to the earth, out of which thou wast taken" (Gen. iii., 19). After the fall the dominion that God had given to man "over the fishes of the sea and the fowls of the air, and the beasts, and the whole earth," became of little use to him until he had made them his own by work. Without work, nature is wild and barren, but to the labour bestowed upon her she responds abundantly. The earth yields fruits a hundredfold in return for work, she parts with the treasures from her depths in reward for work, the restless ocean is tractable to work, living things are obedient to work. The nature and disposition of man himself impels him to work. Hunger prompts him to work for food, nakedness prompts him to work for covering, exposure to wind and rain prompts him to work for shelter, affection in his heart prompts him to work for his little ones. Thus the whole scheme of human life turns upon work. From Adam's time to the present day, no age or nation has been exempt, and it is the universal condition of the human race, that its food and its clothing, its shelter and its comfort, shall depend upon work.

To render this necessary work easier and more fruitful, man's reason and his social nature led to combination in work, and to division of labour. Men have

unequal capacities. Some are endowed with strength of arm, others with dexterity of finger, some with swiftness of motion, others with keenness of intellect, some with force of will, others with facility of expression. According to the diversity of work to be done, economy of power and the attainment of better results suggested that each should undertake the work most fitted for him. Thereby order and system give to work a greater worth. In the human frame—the hand, the foot, the brain, the heart, have separate functions, and combine to produce any result. The hand need not be jealous of the foot, nor the foot of the brain, nor the brain of the heart, for all co-operate, and the functions of each are necessary for the well-being of the body. So is it with work generally. In any mechanical undertaking, the mind that plans, the eye that supervises, the finger that deftly manipulates, the arm that puts forth its strength, are each necessary for the completion of the work. The captain, the stoker, and the helmsman are all essential for the sailing of the ship. Hence in itself, provided that the work is done fittingly, no degradation attaches to any kind of work. The real cause for misgiving is work ill done, whether of mind or of body, the real degradation is idleness. To pass through a life in pleasure and luxury, to fritter away day after day in useless enjoyment, to live on the sweat of others without producing any useful work of hand or brain, this should bring shame to the heart. To abandon the powers of the mind or the manliness of the body, in order to be clothed in purple and fine linen and to fare sumptuously every day, is the offence of Dives, and surely merits his punishment.

Capacity for work then is a man's natural capital. It is a gift direct from God. God gives him strength of arm, or nimbleness of finger, or keenness of eye, or flexibility of voice, or subtleness of intellect, or force of will, or clearness of judgment. These, or whatever other qualities God has put into his body or soul, are the funds from which he has to support his life and secure his well-being. Without work they are wasted.

they become the buried talent for which the Master sternly exacts an account. Through work they are developed, their fruits increase and multiply. Take muscular strength in a dock labourer; his title to wage, his title to food, to clothing, to support of wife and children, arises from the power that God has put into his muscles, his natural capital. So also a writer who shapes his thoughts into form, fixes them in words, and delivers them for the instruction or recreation of others, derives his support, and that of his family, from the qualities that God has given to his brain. God provides the capital, and work makes it fruitful and bear interest. Even money and possessions are useless without some mental or bodily qualities, some natural capital, to turn them into account by work. So that the means of support, the foundations of prosperity, the principles of success, consist in the use and exercise of the faculties that God has given us, that is, in work.

Moreover, man's truest happiness in things of this life is derived from work, work that is within his capacity, not excessive, nor too continuous. The delight of the eye is in seeing, the delight of the ear is in hearing, the delight of the muscular sense is in action, the delight of the mind is in thinking. Nature has provided an additional spur to the use of faculties, by endowing them with pleasure in their exercise. So that whatever a man is able to do he rejoices to do. Hence there is a happiness in the very act of working, that is keener and more durable than the pleasures of recreation or idleness, which are fleeting and soon pall. The Wise Man says: Nothing is better for a man than to rejoice in his work; and that this is his portion (Eccles. iii. 22). I appeal to any worker by hand, be it one who has even the simplest work to do, and ask if he has any satisfaction more gratifying than to look at his own work well done, orderly, clean, and ample. Or to any brain worker, and ask if any delight is comparable to the gratification derived from work over his plan, or design, or essay. Granting that a man is fitted for his work, whatever it may be, and that he accom-

plishes it to the best of his ability, the very work itself constitutes his main and continuous happiness in a temporal view. It is the exercise of the best power that God has given him, and it is natural to expect his chief pleasure from its use. The Holy Scripture says: "The life of a labourer that is content with what he hath shall be sweet, and in it thou shalt find a treasure" (Eccles. xl. 18). Add to this the feeling that the power in use is his own, the consciousness of independence, the consciousness of earning his own living, the consciousness that by his own personal exertion he is able to gratify the strongest feelings of natural affection by bringing food, and clothing, and comfort, to those he holds dearest on earth, his wife and little ones. Reflect on these things, and you will begin to see the worth of work.

Furthermore, work is the protection of moral and spiritual well-being. Idleness, says Holy Writ, is the enemy of the soul, for it leaves the soul open to the enticements of passion. Envy and anger, gluttony and lust, find their opportunity in times of indolence. Crimes are hatched in idleness. There is much truth in the old proverb: Idleness is the mother of mischief. When the body is occupied, the attention of the mind is fixed, and all the grim spectres gotten by thought have no chance of entry. Protect a man during intervals of leisure, and you secure his well-being, for in time of work he is safe. Those who are eminent for holiness, are always men full of work of mind or body; an idle saint is an impossibility. As with individuals, so is it with nations; the evils of society arise from absence of work, from the idle rich or the idle poor. Decay and effeminacy, oppression and corruption, spring from the affluence, luxury, and profligacy of an unoccupied upper class, revolution and rapine and destruction from an unemployed, sullen, ill-fed lower class. Work is a protection alike to the State and the individual; it brings peace to both. A busy people is a thriving people, a busy man is a healthy man, healthy in soul and body.

Besides the benefits to the individual, work, if in any way useful, contributes to the general good of the whole community. In producing any article, men seem to work for the master who pays the wage, whereas, in reality, they work for their fellowmen. The immediate employer is only one in a hundred that are concerned in the work The tea that you drank this morning was cultivated by a Chinese workman; the planter paid him his wage, but the Chinaman worked for you. A Russian workman sowed the corn that made your bread, and he worked for you. A Wigan miner hewed out the coal for your fire, and he worked for you. The employer in each case has been merely an agent or intermediary. The price that you pay for tea, bread, or coal, is really the fund which provides the wage of the distant workman, which you pay through his employer for the article he has produced for you. So, also, a part of the price that you pay is taken for the wages of the sailors of the ship, or the servants of the railway that conveys the article, as also of the shopman or dealer who retails it. Hence the work on every article in use, whether bestowed on its production, or transit, or distribution, is not done for the employer, but for our fellow-men. The labour problem may be resolved into the proper adjustment of the division of the price of each article—how much is justly due to the workman, how much to the tradesman, how much to the employer, how much to the capitalist. Each one has a share in the production of the article, and all work for the consumer, and take their wage or profit from the price he pays. Thus we are so thoroughly mixed up and dependent one upon another, that, in articles of daily use, we ourselves are employing labour all over the world. This gives a dignity and a worth to work that far transcends the contract between the workman and his immediate employer. Work not only brings a wage that supports the workman and his family, but by the article produced brings help and comfort to fellow-men, it may be in far distant lands.

It may be asked what, practically, is the worth of a

man's work as estimated by the amount of wage to be paid for it? The main difficulty in solving this question arises from the variations in the cost of food, clothing, and shelter, but there is little doubt of the general principles that should regulate the worth in a Christian land. Man is an animal, and entitled to the consideration of an animal; he is an animal with reason, and he is entitled to the consideration of a rational being; he is a Christian and entitled to the consideration of a Christian. If a man puts into his work the strength of his body or the powers of his mind, he is entitled to have that body or mind kept in full health and vigour, and hence to periods of sufficient rest and recovery; this surely, is due to a horse, and without it neither man nor horse can continue to work. To preserve health and vigour he must have suitable shelter or home. Nature bids him to increase and multiply, and to take to himself a wife and to have children. His work, therefore, should provide means, for he has no other, for their decent and suitable support. As a reasonable being he is further entitled to means for fulfilling responsibilities to himself; fair leisure and opportunity to cultivate his mind, to secure a fitting amount of amusement and recreation, to be forearmed against sickness, failing strength and old age; hence his wage should be sufficient to enable him, with ordinary care, to provide for these. Furthermore, as a Christian working for Christians in a Christian land, his work should be so moderated that he can fulfil his Christian duties, and his wage should enable him not merely to take the necessary sleep and meals, but should give him leisure to attend to the service of God, to fulfil his Christian duties of a father towards his children, and to live in a Christian manner.

If then a man gives all that is in him, his best ability of body or mind to his work, it is worth, at least, such a wage as shall decently feed, clothe, and support himself and his family, enable him to discharge his ordinary Christian duties, and make some provision for sickness and age. This is the

lowest worth of a man's work, for if he is engaged in useful work, he expends his thought and his life's power for the general good, and not merely for the immediate employer, and justice requires that in the general arrangement of things, he should be placed in such a position that he can easily and cheerfully continue the work. Remember that the real fund from which wage is paid is the price of the article produced. If then the employer professes not to be able to give this least wage, or what is called living wage, it does not follow that the workman should be deprived of it. If it is a just wage he is entitled to it. The inability of the employer to pay it signifies one of two things. It either means that the employer, or the capitalist, or the carrier, or the retail tradesman, or other agent, is taking more than a fair share of the price of the article, or it means that the price is too low. Whatever may be the condition of trade or of prices, the living wage of workmen should never be interfered with, for it is the lowest worth of his work. See the noble horse straining every muscle to drag the heavy load along the street. The employer of labour, would, in the worst of times, think it cruel and unjust to deprive that horse of requisite nourishment. Then, surely, it is cruel and un-Christian to tempt men to work for such wage as will reduce them to a worse condition than the animal. To preserve to a workman his living wage, this lowest worth of his work, there is need of some tribunal of adjustment to ascertain whether any of the various agents, the employer, capitalist, carrier, or tradesman, through whose hands the price passes, has not taxed it too heavily in the passage.

Work then is the fulfilment of man's natural destiny; he feels that by work he is elevated and not degraded. The capacity for work is his natural capital, and renders him independent. By work he can trust to himself for support; by his work he can maintain his wife and his little ones. Work is happiness; it is a protection to his moral and spiritual well-being. By his work he contributes to the general good. Due recompense for

his work should enable him to live a peaceful life, a cheerful life, a Christian life. This life of work, whether mental or bodily, has not only been sanctioned by Christ, but it has been, as it were, consecrated by His example. From His youth till He was thirty, He deigned to do the work of an artisan, with its daily routine of sawing, and hammering, and planing. He was the reputed son of Joseph the carpenter. For three years He undertook the mental work of teaching, preaching, and instructing. Reflect on the full significance of this example. He had absolute choice of every possible state or condition in which to appear amongst us, and in His own free selection He adopted a handicraft, He became a workman. He took our nature thoroughly in order to dwell with us, to be one of us, and as the most complete type of manhood, He took a condition of work. This is Christ's view of the worth of work.

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## III.—WEALTH IN CONTACT WITH WORK.

WEALTH is the portion of the few, work is the lot of the many. Although work is the inheritance of man and his lot in this world, the storing of wealth enables some to evade the burden of work and to pass through life in pleasure and luxury. Wealth need not imply idleness, for many who have abundance work strenuously, either from greed for more wealth, or from a healthy craving for the exercise of faculties of body or mind. Whether wealth is dissipated in mere pleasure, or whether it is used for industrial enterprise, it comes into contact with work. Work ministers to pleasure, and work is the instrument which wealth or capital employs in production.

Thus wealth or capital is brought into direct contact with work,—in other words, it brings the employer who possesses the wealth into relations with the men who

work. Political economy confines this relation to the contract between them, a certain work for a certain wage, the wage to be determined by the supply and demand for labour, the capitalist giving less if there are a number of applicants, and the men asking more if there are few. In this system the performance of the work and the payment of the stipulated wage complete the relation between them. How far does this correspond with the Christian aspect of the connection between employer and workmen? In the first place, there is nothing lowering in the position of a workman in the service of an employer, for this employer is only one of the agents in the production, he is only one of the intermediaries between the raw material and the consumer; he is not even the ultimate paymaster, who is the consumer when he pays the price. The employer organizes the labour and directs the work, and is neither more nor less necessary for the production than the workman whom he employs. In a watch, the spring sets in motion the wheels and the hands; in the human frame the brain directs the hands and feet, and in either case no inferiority is implied. Hence in all industrial work the employer and the workmen are taking different functions in the same undertaking—one is not the lord of the other, nor the master in any sense of ownership or possession. The employer's function is to direct the work, the workman's to do the work directed, and it is plain that the workman would be worthless if he did not follow the direction, in the same way that the wheels and the hands of the watch, and the hands and the feet of the body, would be useless unless they followed the direction of the spring or the brain.

The capitalist or employer regulates the whole industrial undertaking, he has supervision over his machinery, his horses, and his workmen. He treats his machinery as machinery, he knows its strength and its weakness, he does not over-drive it, does not force on it too much work, he humours it, and eases it, and oils it, applies the necessary repairs, and does everything to it that its nature requires. So with his horses; he feeds them

well and stables them comfortably, does not overstrain them, tends them in their ailments, knows each one's disposition, which are spirited, which are sullen, which are vicious, anxiously watches over them and protects them with even tender solicitude. From a sense of duty as well as interest, he does his utmost for his machines and his horses. Should he treat his workmen with less solicitude? Should not he give more care to them according to their nature, than he bestows on his machines and animals according to their nature? His workmen are not mere wheels, or pistons, or dumb brutes, they are his fellow-men, with reason, intelligence, and a soul just as he has, with feelings and emotions, with passions and weaknesses just as he has, with interests and responsibilities of their own just as he has, with joys and sorrows, pleasures and pains just as he has. Furthermore, they are fellow Christians with him. Think for a moment what this implies. They both are children of the same Father in heaven, they profess to follow the same Master, they are bound by the same Christian law, they look on worldly business as secondary to heavenly business, they look for the same forgiveness of trespasses as they forgive, they look for the same reward and to be fellows in the heavenly kingdom. The employer knows that the immortal soul of his workman is as precious before God as his own, that in the eyes of God, wealth and position and worldly goods are as nothing, and that the workman may be far dearer and a greater friend to the common Master.

Now, if a capitalist or employer bestows such care over his machines, and such solicitude over his horses, what is due to his fellow-men and fellow-Christians? What treatment may a Christian expect from a Christian employer? Turn to Holy Scripture and gather the spirit of the inspired writers. "Bow down thine ear cheerfully to the poor, and pay what thou owest, and answer him peaceable words with mildness" (Ecclus. iv., 8); "Hurt not the servant that worketh faithfully, nor the hired man that giveth thee his life. Let a wise servant be dear to thee as thy own soul, defraud him

not of liberty, nor leave him needy" (Ecclus. vii. 22); "If thou have a faithful servant, let him be to thee as thy own soul, treat him as a brother; because in the blood of thy soul hast thou gotten him" (Ecclus. xxxiii. 31); "Masters, do to your servants what is just and equal, knowing that you also have a Master in Heaven" (Coloss. iv. 1); "Thou shalt pay him the price of his labours the same day, before the going down of the sun, because he is poor and with it maintaineth his life; lest he cry against thee to the Lord, and it be reputed to thee for a sin" (Deut. xxiv. 14); "The bread of the needy is the life of the poor, he that defraudeth them thereof is a man of blood. He that taketh away the bread gotten by sweat, is like to him that killeth his neighbour. He that sheddeth blood and he that defraudeth the labourer, are brothers. When one buildeth up and another pulleth down, what profit have they but the labour?" (Ecclus. xxxiv. 25). These words of the inspired text point out with clearness the Christian aspect of the responsibilities of the employer to those who work for him. Hurt not the servant that worketh—answer him peaceable words with mildness—leave him not needy—let him be to thee as thy own soul—treat him as a brother—do to your servant what is just and equal—he that taketh away bread gotten by sweat is like to him that killeth his neighbour. How different to the harsh maxims of political economy, so much work for so much wage, get the most work for the least wage, with work and wage the dry contract ceases. Instead of this we have the warm breath of charity, the ties of affection, the bond of brotherhood, and the utmost horror of injury or fraud by which one grows fat on the sweat of another's work, which becomes the crime of Cain—murder.

The payment, then, of the wage for the work, forms only a portion of the duties of an employer. The very employment creates a bond of sympathy, that in a Christian sense is higher and more noble than the mere contract. An employer knows his machines and knows his horses, so first of all should he know his workmen,

their worth, their capacity, their strength and their weakness, their disposition, their feelings, their needs, their faithfulness in work. If he has Christian spirit in his heart, this knowledge of them engenders a sympathy and a kindliness in his dealings with them that will bind them to him, and him to them. If, as the Scripture says, they are to him as his own soul, their interests will become his interests, their needs and sorrows will find within him a ready response of assistance and consolation. He will not look on himself as their lord and owner, as belonging to a superior caste, and avoid intercourse or contact with them, but he will be so far familiar with them as to create a fellowship and brotherhood, as between comrades engaged over the same work; he will treat them as brothers. He will not overtax them, neither exacting the last moment of time nor the last effort of strength; he will accommodate their toil to their weakness, be gentle with the wayward, commend the willing, encourage the struggling, and give due meed of praise to all; he will make allowance for temper and ignorance, be forbearing with unruliness and passion, restrain his own feelings and language, and, as the Scripture says, answer them peaceable words with mildness. He will give no ground for any suspicion that he is grasping or exacting, that he is taking advantage of their necessities, that he is growing fat on their sweat, but he will let them be conscious that they are receiving a just recompense, that he is dealing fairly with them, that, as St. Paul says, he is doing to them what is just and equal. Nor will the work suffer, for experience shows that the quality of work depends upon cheerfulness, willingness and content. Into the work of such a Christian employer his workmen will put not merely the full strength of the arm steadily and readily, not merely the force of the will, but also the fulness of the heart.

With this Christian feeling and sympathy the capitalist would enter with a very different spirit into the labour questions of the day. He would not determine the wage on the principles of a callous and inhuman

political economy. He would not grind his men down to the lowest possible figure, pit one against another, and advertise for the hungriest men. Men fit for the work he will secure in ordinary prudence, and having obtained them he will say, "Here are fellow-men and Christians who have reason and dignity, and respect and religion; they must have good food to be fit for work, they must have good shelter to preserve their health, they must maintain their family in decency to preserve their respect, they must have opportunities of refining influences to preserve their dignity, they must live in a Christian manner to preserve their religion, they must work with cheerfulness and content to preserve their happiness. I am their brother; Scripture tells me that they should be to me as my own soul, that I must treat them as a brother, that I must not leave them needy. What wage, then, should I give them? I am under heavy expense, I have to pay high rent, to maintain my buildings and machinery, to purchase the material in a dear market, to pay heavy railway charges, to meet competitors, but what are all these compared with the well-being and content of my brothers? Whatever happens, I must contrive some other way of meeting expenses rather than take profit out of the sweat of my brothers, rather than leave them needy. Whatever workmen I do employ, they shall have a fitting living wage. I will do to them what is just and equal, knowing that I also have a Master in heaven."

Nor will a Christian employer confine his care for his workmen to the actual time of work. If he cherishes a feeling of sympathy for them, and treats them as brothers, he will be interested in their surroundings, their recreations, their homes, their families, the rearing of their children. Many opportunities will be seized for showing outside the work those little attentions and kindnesses that knit friends and brothers together. In sickness he will be tenderly solicitous by personal inquiry and attentions; in sorrow he will make the workmen feel that they have in him a true friend, not in words of sympathy merely, but in deeds of kindness

and considerateness. So in old age or accident he will do to them what is just and equal in a generous, kindly spirit, and will not leave them needy. If the Christian employer has abundant wealth he knows that it is in trust, that he has to help the poor, and to render an account thereof to the common Master. In distributing any of the wealth in accordance with Christian principles, who has more claim, after the employer's own family, than those by whose labour he acquires the wealth? All honour to those who distribute their wealth to hospitals, orphanages, and public institutions, but the glow is taken from the warmth of their charity if they have left their own workmen needy. Have they not a prior claim? Some portion of the money would be more equitably expended over their workmen's homes and surroundings, in providing for their improvement in body and mind, in securing comforts for old age and failing health, in procuring suitable recreation and amusement.

If Christian principles in addition to mere justice exact from the employer a bond of sympathy, interest, and affection, there are corresponding duties on the part of the workmen. They are not to fulfil a slave's task with a slave's feelings, dependent on the eye of an overseer, and urged to work by fear of harshness or dismissal. Listen to how the Holy Scripture speaks of the Christian duties of the workmen: "Servants, obey in all things your masters according to the flesh, not serving to the eye, as pleasing men, but in simplicity of heart, as fearing God. Whatsoever you do, do it from the heart, as to the Lord, and not to men: knowing that you shall receive from the Lord the reward of inheritance" (Coloss. iii. 22). "Whosoever are servants under the yoke, let them count their masters worthy of all honour, lest the name and doctrine of the Lord be blasphemed. But they who have believing masters, let them not despise them because they are brethren, but serve them the rather because they are faithful and beloved" (1 Tim. vi. 1). "Exhort servants to be obedient to their masters, in all things pleasing, not

contradicting, not defrauding, but in all things showing good fidelity" (Tit. ii. 9). "Servants, be subject to your masters with all fear, not only to the good and gentle, but also to the froward (1 Peter, ii., 18).

If the spirit of God directed the employer to be considerate, and kind, and brotherly, He orders the workmen to be faithful and generous, and to give hearty service, conscious that they are not pleasing men so much as pleasing God. They are to be faithful in work, not reluctant or idle, not as for a hard contract, but with their best capacity and with good will, without fraud or curtailment; whatever you do, do it from the heart as to the Lord who readeth the heart. They are to be obedient, not to the letter but to the spirit, not merely while an eye is upon them but in simplicity of heart fearing God, that is conscious that God sees how the command affects the heart. They are to give respect and honour to the person of the employer, so that Christ's name and principles shall not be despised, and they are not to take advantage of a kind, generous, brotherly employer, but to do the work more exactly and scrupulously because he is faithful and beloved. They are to work cheerfully in all things pleasing, not murmuring, not contradicting, and this not to the good and gentle employer only, but also to the harsh and froward. A good workman always has his heart in his work, and takes an interest and a pride in it, but beyond the work this mutual feeling of charity will give him an interest and a sympathy for his employer, who will become to him not a mere taskmaster but a brother, not a mere paymaster but a friend, not one to resist and struggle against, but one to have recourse to in trouble and difficulty.

According to the Christian view of wealth and work, the contact of the two should tend to knit men together and give them joint interests. The employer gathers around him a body of men with their heart in their work, cheerful and willing, frequently in their midst, he is in touch with them, he can meet their eye and expect a smile, for he is conscious that by his bearing

towards them, by his sympathy, by his kindness, by his attentions, by his interest in their personal affairs, he possesses their trust and confidence. On the other hand, the workmen are glad to be in his employ, they feel at ease with little anxiety for they are certain of fair treatment, they will do any amount of work for him, not for the pay, but to make some return for kindness and affection; they need no supervision for they brighten up at his presence since they like him; they feel that in him they have a trusty counsellor and a true friend. This aspect of the labour question is impossible on the principles of a harsh political economy, the lowest wage for the most work. It can only be attained by carrying out the principles of Christian morality and the dictates of Christian charity.

## IV.—THE SOURCES OF THE STRIFE.

Christian principles should unite employer and workman together in a bond of sympathy and common interest, yet at the present day they are in constant antagonism. The interests of capital and the interests of labour have become directly opposed—wealth grows at the expense of work, or the demands of work sweep away due return for the use of capital. The extension of commerce and rapid communication bring the whole world into competition, and the capitalist can undersell his rivals only by reducing to the utmost the cost of production. Over the cost of machinery, materials, and transit, he has little control, and his profit is snatched from the wages of labour. The work of man, his exertion and his sweat become a commodity to be bargained for, hunger and distress constitute the capitalist's opportunity, for when men are forced to work for small wage he has hopes of large profit. On the other hand, the men are compelled to combine for their own protection, and to band themselves in a body to refuse the labour unless under certain conditions. Hence there are two camps, the camp of capital and

the camp of labour, with two armies organised against each other, the one watching the manœuvres and the weak points of the other. On the declaration of hostilities the campaign is as disastrous, and often as senseless, as in military warfare. Magnificent machinery rusts and perishes, giant factories are silent and deserted, huge outlay is unremunerative and wasted, tradesmen are ruined, homes are dismantled, masses of men are idle and starving, women pine with hunger, children cry from want. At the end of a campaign few armies have suffered more hardships than the army of workmen at the end of a long strike. Not only is it as disastrous as warfare but it is often as senseless—it is not Right that wins but Might. The victory in a labour war, as in other wars, does not prove the justice of the cause, but better generalship, or strength, or endurance, and the issue determines not which side is right but which is strongest.

The strife is both unreasonable and unChristian. Unreasonable, for surely some means should be contrived for determining justice without having recourse to blows, and unChristian, for surely in a Christian land such disputes should be settled by a Christian and not a barbarous method. For an intelligent treatment of the questions the sources of the evils must be considered. Remedies become mere chance hits unless the operating cause is kept steadily in view, and then the evils, if not abolished, may be effectively mitigated or modified. The real source of the labour troubles is to be found in the passions and weaknesses of human nature. Men cry out about the unequal distribution of wealth, about the robbery of their share in what God has made for all, about class distinctions, about the injustice of private ownership, and other supposed wrongs, which are set down as the evils to be remedied. These are the results, the consequence of other evils. In each man's soul are more or less developed the passions of pride, covetousness, lust, anger, gluttony, and others; he is infirm of will and restricted in intelligence, he is timid or reckless, impetuous or listless, and has many weak-

nesses. Give any one of these passions free scope, and it is bound to bring evil consequences. Unbridled gluttony must engender disease, unrestrained anger will breed quarrels and bloodshed, unlimited pride will produce oppression. In the same way the unequal distribution of wealth necessarily arises from the passions and weaknesses of man. As long as man has greed for possession with capacity for obtaining it, so surely will there be grades of wealth. As long as he has a craving for pleasure and luxury, so surely will he seek the means of securing them. While man is man there will be rich and poor, affluence and misery, luxury and squalor. To attempt to grapple with the evils of wealth and ignore the passions that prompt it, is like emptying a cistern without stopping the supply of water. Hence in all social questions the necessity of Christian principles, which sustain material methods of combating the evils by restraining the passions and appetites that cause them.

One potent factor in the social condition of men is their natural inequality. That all men are equal is one of the most misleading of modern cries. No two men are alike in person or capacity. Consider the infinite variety in the conformation of the body, in the features, in the powers of the five senses, in the structure of the internal organs, in the muscles and the nerves, in the heart and the brain. Amongst the millions that tread the earth it becomes a marvel when two are exactly similar in outward appearance. Then reflect on the infinite variety in disposition, character, and mental gifts; the many gradations in intelligence, in reasoning power, in memory, in strength of will and determination, in perception, in imagination, in imitation, in association of ideas; add the different passions with their varying degrees of intensity; then the emotions and feelings—fear, love, pity, courage, shame, and the rest. The combination of all these qualities in shades and intensities, acting upon and modifying one another, gives a distinct personality to each man, by which he is himself conscious of being different from every one else. Con-

sidering them broadly it is evident that in the absence of any special restraint, the strong have a natural advantage over the weak, the healthy over the sickly, the clever over the foolish, the industrious over the idle.

Strive to picture what happened in the beginnings of society. In a primitive agricultural community, before the rise of manufacture and commerce, each of the population would cultivate a plot of land, build his shelter upon it, and live on the fruits of the earth produced by his own labour. Some by their natural disposition would be thrifty, others improvident, some industrious, other indolent, some active, others listless, some clever, others dull. All may gain a living in favourable seasons, but a calamity occurs, a great storm scatters their houses, a drought destroys their crops, an inundation sweeps away half their produce. The thrifty, the industrious, the active and the clever quickly recover, for they can rely on their present energy or past forethought, but the improvident, the indolent, the listless and the dull are left destitute and helpless. They are compelled to have recourse to their more fortunate neighbours. If these neighbours are prompted by any other motive than pure brotherly charity, their assistance, whether of work or material, will be conditional on repayment in kind. The unfortunate are now taxed with a double burden, the cultivation of their own plot, and the work or material they owe to their neighbours. Their dispositions that marred success in the first instance render repayment improbable, and they become more involved and more dependent. As years roll on the distinction between the two grows greater, the children take their father's position, and two classes are established, rich and poor, wealth and work. They arise as a necessary consequence of the passions and weaknesses of human nature.

If men at the present day could start social life on the paper schemes of socialistic ideas of equality, the same results must inevitably follow. The real source of the evil is in the nature of man himself, in his

passions and weaknesses, in the diversity of his character and attainments. To abolish wealth is visionary, to attempt equality of social condition is utopian, to expect to raise the naturally deficient to the level of the naturally gifted is extravagant, and to propose schemes that ignore the common facts of human nature is unreasonable. The Christian solution of the problem goes to the root of the evil, it deals directly with the passions and weaknesses of human nature. It admits the necessity of rich and poor, of wealth and work, of the inequality of condition, of the inequality of capacity, but it teaches the rich to restrain greed, to consider their wealth as a trust, to distribute it and not to look for earthly return. It warns the workman of the effects of indolence, envy, and improvidence. It prescribes the duties of the employer establishing a bond of sympathy and fraternity that would restrain the workings of passions prompted by position and power, and it prescribes duties to the workman that restrain his promptings of discontent, envy and rebellion. A Christian teacher would accept and approve of any social arrangement that improves the relations between employer and workman, but he insists that its success depends on the Christian spirit that should regulate the natural propensities of both.

The strife then between capital and labour is caused not so much by the structure of the commercial machine as by the motive power that drives it, not so much by wealth and work as by the mind and heart of the employer and employed. Greed, self-interest and luxury on the one hand, and improvidence, discontent, and indolence on the other, have greater influence in fomenting strife than the actual social condition. As in other struggles the fault is not on one side only. The same human nature and passions act on the souls of both employer and workman, and it would be folly to expect either to be faultless. In grappling with the actual strife, or in striving to prevent the evils of the warfare, the Christian view ascertains how far either side deviates from Christian principles. A Christian ideal of

an employer and a Christian ideal of a workman, are presented: they may be far from realised, but it is certainly a gain to have them definitely recognised, to have each party admit what an employer should be and what a workman should be. This would tend to make the dispute depend not so much on any fleshless law of political economy, of supply and demand, of competition and underselling, as on the living and higher law of Christian morality. Once establish Christian principles, however imperfectly carried out, as the basis in the relations between employer and workman, and questions of wage and treatment, of profit and price will be more readily submitted to a tribunal of adjustment. When labour is treated as a commodity and men as machines, what wonder if man's real nature asserts itself? But if men are regarded as having souls as well as bodies, with intelligence and free will, with passions and failings, with duties and responsibilities, with earthly happiness and heavenly future, we may hope that disputes of trade and commerce will not be left for settlement to the barbarous and brutal arbitrament of a stand-up fight for endurance.

The details of industrial life are scarcely within the scope of these discourses, but one grave difficulty in the way of the Christian aspect of wealth and work cannot be entirely passed over. The Christian relations between employer and workman imply a bond of common interest, brotherhood, and sympathy, but modern industry has developed into huge companies, where the real owners of wealth are never in contact with the men who work. The immediate employer of labour is but a wage-earner himself. He bargains for the labour, pays the wage, and supervises the work, whereas he is subordinate to a manager, who is subordinate to a board of directors, and the directors are responsible to the shareholders. So that the workman is not only removed several stages from wealth, but the real providers of capital have no connection or contact with the men who do the work. This undoubtedly is a leading source of the strife between capital and labour: wealth and

work do not know each other; there is no opportunity for fellowship or fellow-feeling; entirely separated they picture distorted images of each other, the one depicts grasping, pleasure-loving, hard-hearted, interest grabbers; the other a rowdy, insolent, brutal, unwashed rabble. If Christian principles impose duties on the employer, on whom do those duties fall in large companies? Who has the responsibility for the well-being and comfort of the workman, for the personal interest and sympathy which the Christian law supposes over above the payment of wage and the exacting of work?

The difficulty is real but not insuperable. In a Christian land, should the owner of the capital be separated from the workman, the Christian duties are not thereby abolished, but their continuance should be provided for in the altered circumstances. If the workman is entitled to consideration and kindness in a small undertaking, on what Christian theory should he be deprived of them on the enlargement of the business? Material interests are not overlooked in the extension into companies. The well-being of machines and horses is placed under the care of a competent foreman. He is entrusted with power, perhaps within limits, to expend care and money at discretion over the machines, to make the necessary repairs, to keep them in good working order, to give them needful rest, and should any mishap occur, he is subject to reprimand or dismissal. So with the horses, he is entrusted with all powers to preserve their health and vigour, and should they be disabled, or their food be insufficient, or their stables unsuitable, or their work excessive, he is responsible. Why then should not the Christian duties of an employer towards his workmen, perhaps within limits, be delegated to a competent manager who is constantly in contact with them? He can devote time and money to the well-being of machines and horses, and surely he can be trusted to exercise the same discretion over the workmen. He could visit them in sickness, take an interest in their affairs, give them sympathy and assistance in distress,

let them feel that they have a friend in him. He can be made equally liable to censure and dismissal for their wrongs, as for the stoppage of a machine or the disablement of a horse. In any case the responsibilities exist, and some means should be adopted for their fulfilment. Some large companies have succeeded in establishing a mutual good understanding and sympathy amongst all they employ in spite of the ultimate appeal to the shareholders, and hence this proves that the difficulty is not insuperable.

In the Christian aspects of the labour question, in the social condition of the masses, in their struggle for life and shelter, there can be little doubt that the sympathies of the Catholic Church will be enlisted in favour of right against might, of oppression against tyranny. Christ honoured with a visit the house of Zachæus, a rich man who thus spoke to the Son of Joseph the carpenter, "Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor, and if I have wronged any man of anything, I restore him fourfold," and our Lord blessed him and said: "This day is salvation come to thy house" (Luke xix. 8). Christ visited and supped with Simon the Pharisee, and then he said of the two debtors: "Whereas they had not wherewith to pay he forgave them both" (Luke vii. 42). Our Divine Lord denounced riches and their dangers in this life and the next, but he did not despise rich men. He was friendly with those who did not abuse riches. But His sympathies and the effusions of His Sacred Heart were poured out on the poor and the workmen. He had sawn, and hammered and planed with them. He had been shoulder to shoulder with them, and His sacred ministry consisted in devotion to every kind of distress. He himself gives this sign of the works of the Christ: "Go and relate to John what you have heard and seen: the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the dead rise again, the poor have the Gospel preached to them" (Matt. xi. 2). The Catholic Church has followed in the footsteps of her Divine Master. Wherever is distress, or poverty, or misery, or weakness, or sickness, there will you find he[1]

ministers. She has a noble record of championship of the wrongs of labour. When workmen were slaves, when they were bought and sold as chattels, when they were tied to the land in serfdom, when they winced under the lash of their owner, their only refuge and consolation was the Church who continually and successfully struggled for their freedom. When artizans banded themselves into guilds and societies they maintained their liberties by the aid of the Church. In every variety of condition in the past, the Church has shielded, and defended, and liberated the workman from the tyranny and oppression of baron and king. So now in modern complications, she is to the front in the labour question. Pope and bishop and priest are raising their voices, as of old, against greed, luxury, and oppression, and are appealing for justice and Christian charity. The Catholic Church is the only body that can rightly deal with the troubles, for she alone has long experience of the past, and she alone attempts to deal with the real sources of the evils in teaching men the restraint of their passions and weaknesses.

# Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

## I.—The First Presence of God on Earth.

WHERE love is, the presence of a father is surely the joy of his children. God is more to His creatures than a father, and, where love is, there the presence of God is the joy of those who are more to Him than children. It is sad for the children when their father is far away; as he draws nearer and nearer the cloud of sorrow breaks. It is gladness when he has entered into their house and dwells with them; but to lie within his arms and rest the head upon the loving breast, that is the child's heaven. Rest and joy for the little loving heart as it lies there so safe, so satisfied, so rich in the shelter of those strong, gentle arms, in the possession of that being whose strength could crush it at a blow, but whose love makes him bow down his head so caressingly, and become child-like with his child—nay! whose love makes him become as one obedient to his child, and gives to that little weak one a sovereign power over the

strong man's will. It is the way in which this great strange earth is bound together—that the strong find the sweetness of love in bowing themselves down to the weak, and that the weak find a joy in their weakness, when they conquer and possess the strong.

And the child nestled in his father's bosom is a picture of the creature nestled in the arms of God. When God is afar off, there is sadness with the children; as He draws nearer, the gloom speeds away; if He dwell with us in the house, there is happiness; but if He hold us in His arms, that is Heaven. Before He became man, He was far away; but nearer and nearer He drew; and at last He dwelt in the house with Mary, and lay caressing in her arms. As a father looks down upon his child and lays aside his strength, and becomes himself a child, and gives in to all his childish ways, and loves to make his child's will his own will, and puts on, though he be a man, the childish airs which fill his child with glee and make him know that his great strong father has a nature like his own, so God looked down upon his children, and in the humility of His love He laid aside His strength, and became a man as they were men, and took the ways of a man and the heart of a man, and, lying in Mary's arms, or pillowed upon Joseph's breast, or smiling up upon the shepherds, He joyed to put Himself beneath His creatures, and to make their will His will; the strong bowed down to the weak, while His strength bore them up; found His joy in doing the will of His own creatures, while he held them all in the hollow of His hand. Strange power of love, when Heaven makes itself part of earth, and the

strong heart of God bows itself down to the weak heart of men.

Now the presence of God upon earth could not be so great a joy to His creatures as it is, unless He made that presence felt in a way which they could understand. If a father "puts away the things of a child," if he talks to his child of deep philosophy or puzzling politics, if he deals with the child not according to his childish nature, but according to his own strong man's nature, he becomes no more his child's happiness and companion; or, if he is ever in some different room, if he never draws specially near to his child and holds him in his arms, then the father, though present indeed in the house, would be to the child a far-off mysterious presence —too far away, too far above the child, to be loved with a free familiar love. And so with the presence of God. If He is only present to us according to His own great nature, in no one place more than another, at no one time more than another, as much out of doors as indoors, as much in our drawing-rooms as in our churches, present indeed, but in no way which human eye can see, nor human mind understand, then His presence is not the special joy to us which His seen, felt, presence was to Mary and Joseph. It is too unlike ourselves, too great, too far above us, not man-like enough, to be such a delight to men as the sight of His human face and the sound of His human lips was to His disciples. He would be to us more like the father who is always in his study, thinking his man's thoughts, and doing his man's work, so high that the child may reverence, but too high for him to love.

But God never has so dealt with us; never—not from the beginning of the world; and if not from the beginning of the world, surely not now; not now, after He has become man; not now, when the Precious Blood has flowed upon the Cross, and the windows of heaven are opened, and the living fountains of that deep, His sacred Heart, have been broken up, and the deluge of His graces has covered the earth. God has always been to us as a Father who loves to make himself a child for the children's sake; who wishes to be known to them, to be understood by them, to mix with them, to be felt and seen by them, and to show Himself of the same nature as they. And if He has always so been to us, much more now when Christ has made us still more truly our Father's children. Blessings have not gone back and become less since the Crucifixion; and if, before Christ died, God was present in a way which man could feel and see, much more is He so present now.

Let us see, then, how God of old time dwelt upon the earth, not simply everywhere, according to His own awful nature, but in a way fit for the weakness of man's nature, in a way which men could see and feel and understand, at some particular time, and in some particular spot, and after some particular manner.

From the very first, then, when Adam was first made, God was not only everywhere unseen as He always is, but showed Himself to Adam and Eve at a special time, in a special spot, in a way in which they could see and hear Him,

so as to make Himself to Adam a joy which his weak human nature could understand. "The Lord God," we are told, "walked in the garden in the cool of the day." At all times of the day, and in all parts of the garden, was God present, but at a particular part of the day, in the evening, at a particular part of the garden—for there were other parts in which Adam fancied he could hide—did God show his presence, and make Adam feel it; and that, too, in a way suited to Adam's nature, for He showed Himself in the form of a man, walking like a man side by side with Adam in the garden, speaking man's language with a man's voice, "Where art thou?" This was the joy of Adam and his wife before they fell; this was their delight, to "walk with God" thus, in God's chosen spot; there to that spot they came at God's chosen time, and knew, while God was all around them, where and at what time they should see His special presence and hear His voice. In the midst of paradise that spot was their special Eden; there grew the choicest flowers, and there hung the sweetest fruits, and there amidst the dark of evening burned the lamp of their Father's presence. In the cool of the evening was Adam and Eve's Benediction service, when they worshipped the presence of God.

Adam fell, and the earth grew dark. God indeed was still everywhere; still the great guilty world rolled on while He held it up, and in His unseen presence His sinful creatures still "lived and moved." But where was the joy of that seen presence in paradise, those evening "walks with God" in the chosen spots of Eden, when man saw his God

with his human eyes, and heard Him with his human ears? That blessing of God, that "Benediction," which He left with them when He went up from teaching them as with human voice and words of heavenly things—where was that?

Not wholly withdrawn; for though man had fallen, yet man was to be redeemed; and by-and-bye, as Adam perchance looked on and saw in the greatness of his prophetic knowledge, when 4,000 years had rolled away, there was to come a presence of God in the streets of Jerusalem, seen, felt, heard, more real, more lasting, more human, than that lost presence of Eden's happy evenings. And so, even now, as a promise of that future presence, God would still be with His erring creatures, not only everywhere and unseen, but, if not Himself yet through His angels representing Him, in some special spot and in some way which they could see and understand.

Thus it is that we read of Cain; that when he and his brother, the virgin-priest, Abel, brought their sacrifices, God, in some way which they could see and feel, accepted or rejected them, and that when Abel added to the crowns of virginity and priesthood the third crown of martyrdom, once more the voice of God was heard by human ears: "Where is thy brother?" and Cain went out from the "Presence of the Lord." Not certainly from that unseen presence which is everywhere—no man can go out from that—but from that special presence, which man, since he had sinned, dared only to approach with sacrifice; a presence which in some way Cain's eye could see, and his ear hear.

To be driven from the presence of the Lord, to be "hidden from His face," was that punishment which was greater than he could bear.

And the others, who were not of the children of Cain, remained yet before the "Presence of the Lord"; and one of them "walked with God" as Adam walked, and won back for himself paradise, and the special presence of God in paradise, for "God took him." And to another God spoke, giving him exact directions how he should build the ark, and when the time came to destroy the offending world, God Himself, with His own hand, made fast the doors within which he should be safe.

All this speaks to us of a presence of God, near and familiar, a presence which man was made to feel more easily than the invisible divine presence which is always around him everywhere; a presence by which God adapted Himself to His poor creatures whom He has made not spirit only, but spirit and flesh, and to whose bodily eyes He humbled Himself that they might see Him, and might hear Him speak in human words to their human fleshy ears.

Still, after the Flood, if only by the angels, yet by the angels bearing God's blessing, God's commands, and God's power, the presence of heaven upon earth was seen and felt among His people. Abraham was the friend of God; to him the Lord was ever appearing; in his ears the voice of the Lord sounded, crying, "Abraham, Abraham"; from him the Lord hid not the things He would do; in his tent the angel who bore God's promise ate; and Abraham stood before the visible presence of God, and pleaded for the

unclean cities of the plain. There is something more in this than that unseen presence of God which surrounds us all.

True, it was but an angel, yet it was an angel in whom, as in a temple, God's power and love made themselves felt: and an angel who spoke in God's name, as if he were one with the great God. "If I," says he, "find in the city fifty righteous, I will spare all the place for their sakes." An angel to whom Abraham speaks with adoring reverence, knowing that God was present in him: "Behold now I have taken upon me to speak unto the Lord, which am but dust and ashes."

And Jacob tells us that he "saw God face to face," and heard Him speak and touched Him, and would not let Him go until He had blessed him. It was Jacob's Benediction service when God "blessed him there."

Moses saw Him and heard Him speak in the burning bush: "I am the God of thy fathers, the God of Abraham, the God of Israel, and the God of Jacob. And Moses hid his face" from the visible presence, "for he was afraid to look upon God."

All around him was the invisible presence of God in which he lay, which bore him up; but there in that burning bush, on one spot of earth, was a special presence of the same God given to his eyes, before which he trembled, to which he was not to "draw nigh," and which made the "place whereon he stood holy ground."

But all this was as little to that which was to come. Not only to His saints, but to all His people, would God show Himself; not only for a time to visit them, but to dwell with them always. When He drew His Church out of Egypt to suffer for Him, when He gave His people difficult laws to keep for Him, when He taught them with the penance of their weary wanderings, He gave them also the joy of His seen presence, ever living with them to comfort them.

"The Lord went before them by day in a pillar of cloud, to lead them the way; and by night in a pillar of fire, to give them light. He took not away the pillar of cloud by day, nor the pillar of fire by night, from before the people." Was it not happiness to them thus to have one spot to which they could turn their eyes, and know that God was there? Would it have been comfort to that wandering people to say, "God is all around you, and within you; He bears you up in His invisible arms. Pray, then, to Him in your own heart; what need to look toward the cloud, what need to worship Him in the fire?" "Nay," they would have answered, "He is all around us, we know; but we should be sad and lonely without that cloud, which is shade to us in the heat; without that fire, which is light and warmth in the dark chill of night." It was true they could not see God Himself; between Him and them lay the shadow of the cloud, the brightness of the fire; but they knew that He was there, and while He dwelt amongst them thus, in that wondrous camp, their feet were not weary to follow Him by day, and they rested in peace beneath His presence at night. Truly the visible presence of God is

the one joy of God's creatures; it is heaven, while yet we are on earth.

And man was to build a dwelling for that visible presence of God. Oh! how poor and little for the great God was that ark of setim wood! How unworthy was that mercy seat, and those beaten images of the Cherubim, though all were of pure gold! But God, who chooses the humbler things, was pleased to live there. When Moses had finished the work, which had been designed for him in heaven, "then a cloud covered the tent of the congregation, and the glory of the Lord filled the Tabernacle, and Moses was not able to enter into the tent of the congregation, because the cloud abode therein, and the glory of the Lord filled the Tabernacle. And the cloud of the Lord was upon the Tabernacle by day, and fire was on it by night, in the sight of all the House of Israel throughout all their journeys." What wonder that Moses cried out, "Happy art thou, O Israel! who is like unto thee, O people saved by the Lord? What nation is there so great, that hath God so nigh unto them?" His invisible presence was for all nations; Israel alone had His visible presence on earth.

Nor only in the wilderness, but when God had conquered for His people the land which from that time was to be holy, He still dwelt upon earth in a special way which men could know, in a special spot to which men could turn. As He had taught Moses from heaven the whole plan of His Tabernacle, so now He raised up one of His creatures and gave him unusual gifts and blessings, that he might build Him a temple. Not for the invisible presence of God, which

was everywhere, but for that presence which could be seen, for the presence "in the thick darkness," in the cloud, did Solomon gather together the workers in brass "filled with wisdom," and the carvers who covered the walls with cherubims and palm trees and flowers, and the gilders who overlaid all things with their shining gold. For His invisible presence He who fills all things needed not earth's gold; for His visible presence, for His little earthly heaven, He was pleased, not only to accept, but to command, all human wealth, and all the cunning of human art. And when at last the wondrous Temple was complete, when the ark had been taken up "into the oracle of the house to the most holy place, even under the wings of the Cherubim," then, "when the priests were come out of the holy place," God would not remain only within the Most Holy, but the cloud filled the whole house of the Lord, "so that the priests could not stand to minister, because of the cloud; for the glory of the Lord had filled the House of the Lord."

And there in the most holy place, behind the veil, did God continue to dwell. Into His presence there none went, save only the High Priest once a year, and then with the blood of the sacrifice in his hands, which might shield him from the majesty of God.

God was everywhere, outside the Temple, as well as in it, in the rest of the Temple as in the Holy of Holies, but there, nevertheless, in one little spot, over one little ark of wood, rested for ever a special glory and special presence of God. And Solomon knew this when he prayed his prayer. He knew that God was everywhere, he knew that every-

where He hears prayers, yet he asks in all his petitions ever the same thing, "that Thine eyes may be open toward this house night and day! and hearken Thou to the supplication of Thy servant, and of Thy people Israel, when they shall pray," not everywhere, but "toward this place"; if an oath "come before Thine altar in this house, then hear Thou in heaven"; "when Israel be smitten down before the enemy, and shall turn again and make supplication unto Thee in this house, then hear Thou in heaven"; "when heaven is shut up, and there is no rain, if they pray toward this place, then hear Thou in heaven"; nay, if they are carried into captivity far away, if even there in the far-off land they turn and "pray unto Thee towards their land, which Thou gavest unto their fathers, the city which Thou hast chosen, and the House which I have built for Thy Name, then hear Thou their prayer and supplication in heaven Thy dwelling place." Why this? why in the far-off land would it not do to pray anywhere? Turn where you will and God is still around you. Why, then, must they pray with heart and body turned towards one little spot of earth? Because that one little spot was God's Eden, God's heaven upon earth; and there He dwelt as He dwelt nowhere else. Nowhere else the cloud behind the veil; nowhere else the seen, felt presence of God's majesty. It was this presence, whether in the Tabernacle or in the Temple, that made their hearts yearn so towards Jerusalem; it was to this that they went up three times a year; it was this that gave their beauty to so many of David's Psalms, when he was exiled from the visible presence, and "like as the hart desireth the

water-brooks," so his soul longed after God—"When shall I come to appear before the presence of God?" Was not God everywhere? Was he not always in the "presence of God?" How, then, can his "soul be athirst?" How can he "come to appear?" Because invisibly God was everywhere, but visibly—only on that one chosen spot, behind the curtain of the Tabernacle.

But a second time the sin of man drove God from His second Eden. He withdrew His visible presence, and let the Temple be destroyed, and God for a time dwelt no more among His creatures. A second Temple was indeed built in place of the first, but therein was no more the ark, no more the cherubim, no more between them the cloud which hid God. And the older Jews, who remembered the old Temple, wept as they built up the new, for the Lord of the Temple was no longer there.

Why not? Because God would have men long for His visible presence. If He hid Himself away for a time, He trusted that they would learn to value His presence and to love it. And He meant to give them that presence back again more fully, more nearly, more tenderly than ever before. When He did come back, when He suddenly appeared in His Temple once again, men would have been looking for Him surely, and would welcome His glad coming.

## II.—The Presence of God in the Flesh.

He came. Five hundred years passed on, and suddenly God was in His Temple again, and the glory of the Lord filled the House of the Lord. God was still everywhere. Everywhere His invisible presence bore up the world; but there at last once more, in a way in which men could see and feel and handle Him, lay God made visible upon the breast of Mary. And one old man was watching for Him, and welcomed His glad coming. Not now the fire or the cloud: now a child in His mother's arms, a brother with a brother's heart. Ask the old man Simeon why he waited and why he praised. Was not God everywhere? Was He not living in God? Every movement and every breath, was it not in God? Yes. Unseen God was everywhere; but seen—only where He lay there fondled to the old man's heart. "I knew God was everywhere, but now mine eyes have seen, and the visible presence has come back, and I may depart in peace." That was Simeon's Benediction service, as he took his God into his arms, and his own heart was heaven, and his own breast the ark on which rested the "glory of the Lord."

And the three kings, travelling wearily across the desert, drawn on by that strange star which beckoned them, shall we speak to them and say, "What need to lay aside your crowns, what need to leave your people and your friends,

for God is everywhere, as much around your eastern thrones as in Jerusalem?" "Nay," they will answer, "Unseen God is everywhere, but seen—only there where the star is leading. We go to look upon our God. We go to kneel in God's new paradise, and worship that presence we can see. For this, if we see Him but one moment, if for one instant He lie upon our hearts, we are well pleased to have flung away our crowns and left home and wealth and friends and all." That was their Benediction service, their one Benediction service, which bore them through the lives of apostles and the death of martyrs, when they poured out their gold and offered up their incense, and the little weak hand of the Almighty was held up by Mary to sign the blessing over their heads. Was not this something more than that invisible presence of God which even the heathen have?

Need we speak of Mary and Joseph? Were they not the very cherubim between whom God dwelt? As He was ever upon the ark, so ever abides He there, veiled away indeed from the heathen in Egypt, veiled away even from the Jews in Nazareth, but dwelling over there in His Holy of Holies, His cottage at Nazareth, between the two happy angels whom He had chosen for Himself? Will you tell Mary and Joseph that God is all around them, that they need not be ever adoring towards the Sacred Heart, ever gazing upon that visible presence? Nay! that visible presence is their joy. To look into the eyes of God, to kiss the hands of God, to be strained to the bosom of God, was it not more than to lie in that invisible presence of God in

which Egypt or Nazareth around them lay as much as they? Their life was a Benediction service, an adoration of the visible presence of their God.

And God thus present, having come back to man after the desolation of 500 years, hid Himself not, as of old times, in the Holy of Holies, but went out among men as a brother, and was seen by them, and heard and felt and handled. Not now in one little Eden, not now only on the ark, nor in the Temple, nor Jerusalem, but over the whole land, in and out among the poor, in the fishing boat on the lake, at the dinner table of the Pharisee, in the crowded street, and in the desert, went the visible presence of God, and went out with a Benediction. As the Children of Israel slept peacefully beneath the column of fire, so slept they more peacefully beneath the ever-burning fire of the Sacred Heart. The Benediction lay upon them, the visible presence of God was ever before them. Will you tell them that God is all around, and that they need not joy so much in that seen presence? They know that God is all around, but though they know it, the light will go out of the world for them if their Master go away.

## III.—The Presence of God amongst us To-Day

The altar bright with candles, beautiful with flowers! but for once no crucifix; high up as on a throne, a vessel of silver or gold, which the priest has just carried there, reverently, as though in it were somewhat precious and most holy; a cloud of white smoke, sweet-scented, curling up

before the throne; with it a chaunt of Latin words breaking forth from people and from choir, as though they knew them and loved them well; towards the end once more the curling cloud; of a sudden a tinkling bell gives signal, and then a hush—silent voices and bowed heads—for the throne is empty, and with that vessel the priest from the top altar-step signs the sign of the Holy Cross over the kneeling quiet crowd. We look again, and the crucifix is back and the candles are being put out, and the priest and choir are leaving the church.

What do Catholics call this?

They call it "Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament," and the meaning of those words is "The Blessing of Jesus." When that crowd bowed down in silence, our dear Lord blessed them.

The blessing of Jesus! It was not hard to the three kings that they toiled over the weary wilderness to win it; in the power of it they travelled many a year after to their martyrdom; it was the daily bread of Mary and of Joseph; crowds struggled for it, when they brought their little children to Jesus, and He "took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them"; it was the joy of His Apostles as they went forth to cast out devils in its might, their comfort and reward as they came back weary from seeking souls to rest beneath the blessing of their Master's love; nay! when He went from them into Heaven, their hearts were still strangely filled with a "great joy," because, before He left, "lifting up His hands He blessed them," and in the very act of blessing He went from them, and

still as He went up His pierced hands signed over them the Cross, which is the sign of His love. Who would not with the kings travel weary miles, with the Apostles bear all sorrows, for the "Blessing of Jesus?"

Can we do what the Apostles did—worship Jesus while He blesses? Can we get His blessing now?

We can. The same blessing of the same Jesus was given to that kneeling crowd in the church but a moment since.

A pleasant and a loving doctrine. To worship Jesus as He blesses is surely the happiest of worship. But how can these blessings be? Was Jesus there to bless?

He was there to bless.. Your Master was close to you, as close as He was of old times to His Apostles, as He is to the angels now.

You mean that, as God, He is everywhere, and of course therefore was in the church?

I mean more than this. This is much, but it is not enough for the Heart of Jesus, it is not enough for our own hearts. It would not content the angels if they lived in God, but no longer had Jesus among them in His man's nature, with His pierced hands and His open heart, to be their delight and their food as they gaze upon Him. It did not content Mary and Joseph of old time when they lost Jesus for three days in Jerusalem—God was still everywhere, but Jesus was away. It did not content the Apostles of old time when their Master lay in the tomb for the three sad days—still God was everywhere, but Jesus was away. So it does not content us that God should be everywhere, but Jesus be away. Being men, we love God's Manhood.

We want not God only, but God made man; and the "Benediction," the Blessing, that we ask for, is the Blessing of the Human Heart of God.

A happy doctrine indeed, if it be true; almost too happy to be true, for it would make earth like to heaven.

Earth, where Jesus is, is like to heaven. You have read the account of the worship of heaven in the Apocalypse or Book of Revelations; the "Benediction" you have just been at is very much like it. Incense and bowing down, and singing and white dresses, and lights burning, and all not to God only, but to God made man, to "the Lamb," Jesus present in His human body. "In the midst of the throne," we are told, "stood a Lamb as it were slain, and the four and twenty ancients fell down before the Lamb, having every one of them harps and golden vials full of odours" (or incense), "which are the prayers of saints." So in the Catholic Church just now was a throne, and on the throne was Jesus "as He were slain," with the five wounds in His Sacred Body, silent and still as one dead, and the priest fell down before Him, singing and waving before Him a vessel full of incense, which is like the prayers of the saints. In heaven, we are told, the elders are "clothed in white raiment"; so were the priests clothed in the church. In heaven, before the throne, are burning "seven lamps of fire," and one like unto the Son of Man is "in the midst of the seven candlesticks"; in the Catholic church there you saw the lamp of fire and the candlesticks, and in the midst the Son of Man. So in the Catholic church there is a shadow of heaven's worship. You have stood, perhaps, sometimes

on a still summer evening by the side of a lake; you have looked up and seen above you the blue sky and the little clouds—cool and snow-like, lying asleep upon its bosom, motionless, as if they were tired with the summer heat—and the tops of the tall trees; and you have looked down upon the waters, and there, in the bosom of the lake, was the same blue sky, and the same sleepy white clouds, and every leaf of the same still trees. Just so, you look up to heaven, and there is the burning lamp, and the lighted candle, and the white cloud of smoke, and the bowing, white-clad elder; you look down to earth, and there, in the Catholic Church, is the burning lamp, and the lighted candle and white cloud, and the bowing, white-clad priest. Listen again, and hear what is done in heaven: "An angel came and stood at the altar, having a golden censer; and there was given unto him much incense, that he should offer it with the prayers of all saints upon the golden altar which was before the throne. And the smoke of the incense, which came with the prayers of the saints, ascended up before God out of the angel's hand." Is not this exactly what you saw just now on earth? Be sure, where Jesus is, earth will be like to heaven. If anywhere it be not like, it is because Jesus is not there.

The doctrine is beautiful. All good men would wish it true. But how can it be? Is not Jesus in heaven? Is it possible, is it likely, that He is on earth also?

Is it likely that He is not on earth still? Is it likely that He gave to the Jews before His death blessings that He will not give to Christians after His death? Is it likely that

His Human Heart desired to be with them, but does not desire to be with us? Now just think. If Jesus, God made man, is no longer on earth in His man's nature, but in heaven only, then a blessing has gone away from earth—the blessing of the visible presence of God, a presence which man can see and feel. We expect blessings to grow more and greater after Christ's death than before it; instead of this, if Christ is no more on earth, they will have grown less. Satan wanted, by putting our Lord to death, to drive Him away from earth; if our Lord is no longer on earth, Satan has got what he wanted, and the Crucifixion is the Devil's triumph instead of our Lord's.

For, up to the moment of Christ's death, God from the beginning had lived upon earth, not only everywhere, but in some special spot and in some way in which men could see Him. In paradise He was not only everywhere, but He walked with Adam and Eve in the cool of the evening; with Abraham, He was not only everywhere, but He ate and drank in his tent; He wrestled with Jacob; He was in the burning bush before Moses; He went with the Children of Israel in the fire or cloud through all the forty years of wandering; He lived on the mercy seat of the ark between the cherubim; He dwelt behind the veil in the Temple; then He was not only everywhere, but in Mary's womb and on Mary's breast, and in the Egyptian cottage, and treading the pleasant hills about Nazareth, and then in the synagogue and in Peter's boat, and praying on the hill top, and eating with the publican and sinner, and then on Calvary, dying on the Cross; and then you say that the presence

which had begun in paradise ceased, and God was no more on earth in a way that man could see, and Jesus is not "with us always even unto the end of the world." So blessings have gone back, and, since the precious blood has flowed, God is not so near to us as of old. Is this likely?

But is it possible, you ask, is it possible that Jesus, Body and Soul, the great King of heaven full of heaven's glory, is it possible that He was there in that little vessel amongst those poor flowers and wasting candles, hidden behind the colour and the shape of a wafer of unleavened bread? With us, but behind a veil! Nor there alone, but on countless altars at the same time, behind the same veil!

As possible as that God is everywhere, unseen, hiding Himself behind blue sky and solid earth and rushing water; as possible as that His Human Body walked upon the wave, was hidden when He passed through the midst of His enemies, rose through the rock of the unopened tomb, made unseen entrance into the fastened chamber, vanished from His gazing disciples, went up through the liquid air; as possible as that dust was changed into the body of Adam, and the water of the Nile into blood, and a rod into a serpent, and water into wine; as possible as that 5,000 fed at the same time upon the same five loaves, and that the same seven loaves and the same few fishes were in the mouths of 4,000 men at once. With God nothing is impossible.

But would God allow Himself to be so handled? Would the great God bow Himself down to dwell in a little vessel of silver or gold, to be carried about as a priest wills?

Most wondrous, indeed. But did God feed at Mary's breast and lie in Joseph's lap? Was He handled by the wondering shepherds, and embraced by the adoring kings? Was He pressed upon by rude crowds at the sea-shore, and did little children lie caressing in His arms? Were His feet washed by the tears of sinners? Was He kissed by Judas, and bound by soldiers, and scourged by drunkards, and dragged out to be the mockery of a mob, and flung down upon a cross, and spat upon and blind-folded, and made the toy of hating hearts? The same God who was content to lie in the cradle, to be flung upon the cross, is content now to be carried in the priest's hands, to bless us from the humble throne.

You understand now why the altar was bright with candles, beautiful with flowers. It was for Jesus; for His Human Body and Human Soul present there upon the throne, as He is present in heaven, where angels burn instead of earthly lights, and saints and virgins are the flowers in which He joys. Do you say He will not accept our wasting candles and our fading flowers? Nay! it is the same God who took from Abraham's hand the "butter and milk and the calf which he had dressed"; the same God who smiled upon the kings flinging at His feet gold, frankincense, and myrrh; the same God who pleaded for the sinner bringing the alabaster box of precious ointment; and who despised not the spices which the rich men brought for His burial; for He looks not at the worthlessness of

earthly gifts, but at the love of the simple hearts which bring the gifts.

"Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament" is earth's approach to heaven's worship. It is the honour paid by creatures to God made man; it is the Blessing given back by God to His fellow-men.

Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament is the special worship of Jesus, of God made man. It is the joyous honour, the worshipping gladness, by which men show love for their fellow-Man Who is also God. The Manhood of God is the worship of the Church. In the Mass that Manhood is offered to God as It was offered on the Cross. In Benediction it is the same Manhood, "the Lamb that was slain," before Whom men fall down on earth as the elders fall in heaven. The same Lamb; but in the Mass He shows Himself as a Victim, in Benediction as a King. In the Mass He is still, as it were, on the Cross; in Benediction on the Throne. In the Mass it is the joy of His Human Heart to give special honour to His Father; in Benediction He receives part of that honour with which His Father has glorified His Manhood. "The Lamb that was slain is worthy to receive power, and divinity, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and Benediction."

# The Five Dominican Martyrs in China

## (1747-1748)

BEATIFIED MAY 14th, 1893.

### Introduction.

On the 14th of May, 1893, in the Great Hall of the Loggia in the Vatican, our Holy Father Leo XIII. decreed the honours of Beatification to five illustrious Dominican Martyrs, who gave their lives for the Faith in Fo-Kien, in China.

Their names were, Peter Martyr Sanz, Francis Serrano, Joachim Royo, John Alcober, and Francis Diaz, all five from the Province of Spain. The first-named, Peter Martyr Sanz, Bishop of Mauricastro, suffered in 1747, and his four companions in 1748.

After all the technical solemnities of the Beatification were concluded, the Pope came in the afternoon into the Loggia, and kneeling, before the picture which represented the apotheosis of the Martyrs, said the Rosary, the crowd responding to his voice, and pressing round him like children about their father. The simple prayer which had been the daily bread of the captives in their long imprisonment, was chosen by the "Pope of the Rosary" to celebrate their coronation.

The Master General of the Order of St. Dominic then came forward and presented the Pope with a rich reliquary, enclosing the relics of the five Martyrs, which His Holiness received most graciously, and turning to the Fathers of the Province of the Philippines, and that of Spain, he said in a tone of sympathy, "Ah! the Martyrs were Spaniards!"

Then he asked "Where are those who have come from France?" and the French Fathers were presented and all the others from distant provinces. It was a family feast of the children of St. Dominic, in which heaven and earth united, and all the vast crowd rejoiced with them in the glory of the newly crowned.

This little sketch has been written that no English heart may be debarred from sharing in that joy and profiting by the intercession of the Martyrs. The authorities from which it is drawn are 1st, chiefly *Les Martyrs Dominicains de la Chine au xviii siécle*, par R.P. Savignol, O.P. 2. *L'Année Dominicaine*. 3. Lessons appointed for the Office in the Breviary May 27th.

It may be well to remind our readers, that since the year 1587, the Dominican Convent of the Holy Rosary at Manilla (the capital of the largest of the Philippine islands) has been the centre of the zeal and science of the devoted missionaries in China.

The Province of the Holy Rosary officially erected in 1592 became the Province of Martyrs, for the Chinese mission was then placed under the jurisdiction of the Philippine Fathers. To volunteer for the Philippines meant one or more years spent in mastering the difficulties of the Chinese idiom at Manilla: then a mission attended with daily perils and obstacles, with the probable issue of a cruel death.

A very brief sketch of the separate life of each of the five Martyrs is given here, up to the time when, not only in close fraternal charity, but in suffering, captivity, and glory, they were united, never to be separated more.

## Blessed Peter Martyr Sanz,

*born at Tortoso in Catalonia, Sept* 3, 1680

His education was confided to one of his uncles, a venerable ecclesiastic of the Cathedral of Lerida; and no one was surprised when this young soul, so open to the highest call, so capable of sublime heroism, asked admission into the Dominican Convent of Lerida, and made his profession there at the age of 18. He applied himself with such ardour to his studies that he was considered a master in the sacred science of theology. He was ordained priest in 1704, and the siege of Lerida, which took place two or three years after, gave him ample scope for his apostolic zeal. He constituted himself (with his superior's permission) the chaplain of the wounded, the number of which was very considerable. He went up and down the streets of the city, searching for those who needed his help. He brought them the last sacraments, watched by them and consoled them to the end, and that with such ardour that he quite forgot the precautions necessary to preserve his own health, and would barely grant his body the rest and food which were of absolute necessity.

In this practice of love for souls, his zeal kindled more and more, and he soon felt strong inspirations to consecrate himself to the Chinese mission. After earnest prayer and consultation, he asked and obtained permission to sail for the Philippine Islands. The journey was accomplished under great difficulties. He fell sick on the way to Cadiz, and the doctors dissuaded him from undertaking the sea voyage. But nothing could keep him back. He reached Manilla after thirteen months' painful navigation, during which he had laboured with all his might to instruct the ignorant sailors in Christian doctrine. Kneeling in fervent prayer on his arrival before Our Lady of the Rosary in the convent church, he felt his whole being penetrated with new strength, which enabled him to look forward without fear to all

the sufferings and difficulties which awaited him; and made him ready to give his life unhesitatingly for the defence of the faith and the conversion of the infidel.

The first obstacle the missionary encounters is the extreme difficulty of mastering the Chinese idiom, which all learned men agree is almost insurmountable. Peter Sanz, however, seemed to play with difficulty, and after twenty-two months' study he could speak and understand the language perfectly. He and his companion reached Fo-Kien on the 29th of June, 1715, and he immediately set himself to work with an ardour which never cooled during the thirty-one years of his laborious apostolate. He was during his whole life the perfect model of a religious, and one who wholly spent himself for the salvation of souls. Nothing chilled his joyous and energetic spirit, and because he possessed his soul in patience, he was able to act on all occasions with firmness and prudence. His great powers were recognized both by his Order and the Holy See—he was made first Prefect, then Vicar Apostolic, of the whole Province of Fo-Kien, and finally consecrated Bishop of Mauricastro. He was in exile at Canton, during the furious persecution which broke out in 1729, when the pontifical bulls were delivered to him, and Father Miralta had to use force to induce him to accept an honour, from which his humility shrank. Even after his consecration he wrote: "I think I have committed a great error, and that I ought to have died rather than accept the episcopate." The persecution having somewhat subsided, he returned to his Province of Fo-Kien after six years' exile, and there reaped immense fruit from his labours for souls, till he was arrested by captivity and death.

## Blessed Francis Serrano,

*born at Guenesca*, 1695.

Father Francis Serrano claims the next place amongst the martyrs, on account of his having been raised to the

episcopate: though he was younger in age than some of his brethren, and counted fewer years of apostolic labour than Fr. Joachim Royo.

After a holy youth, he presented himself as a postulant at the Convent of Grenada, and made his profession there at the age of nineteen.

The young religious distinguished himself both by virtue and intellectual superiority. He was very early made lector in arts, and won the admiration of all who had the good fortune to be his disciples. But the zeal of the apostolate consumed him, and with the leave of his superiors he gave up everything and sailed for the Philippines, where he landed in 1727. He pushed on to China that same year, and there passed the last twenty years of his life in a most fruitful apostolate. He was marvellously gifted for his work: the ardour of his zeal made him proof against all fatigue, and he spent his days, and a part of his nights in hearing confessions and instructing in Christian doctrine. He sanctified the places through which he passed by the good odour of his virtue. Christians and Pagans acknowledged him to be a true servant of God. His self-devotion had no limit: when any appeal was made to him for help, he was fertile in expedients for overcoming obstacles. On several occasions he had himself carried in a sack on men's shoulders, who gave out they were taking meat to the butcher. "Father Serrano is nothing but skin and bone," wrote Father Alcober in 1743; "he is all the lighter for scaling walls."

Nothing quenched the joyous energy of his character, the sweet gaiety of his relations with his brethren. Once he had to hide from his persecutors in a cavern in the rock, used as a burial-place; on another occasion in a pit half full of water. Through perpetual danger and bodily suffering he was always alert to seize every opportunity for preaching the faith, and always possessed his soul in perfect patience, and thus daily prepared himself for the fiery trial through which he had to pass to win his glorious crown.

## Blessed John Alcober,

*born at Granada, Dec.* 21, 1694.

He was clothed as a child in the colour of St. Dominic by his pious mother who died when he was only five years old. All his delight was in hearing of holy things and assisting at church services; while he was still a tiny child he would mount on a window seat, or a chair, and repeat to his father the sermons and catechetical instructions he had heard, in a way which foretokened the vehement eloquence which brought so many souls to God in his apostolic career.

His young heart was won to the Dominican Order by the virtues and indefatigable zeal of the Fathers of the Convent of Holy Cross at Granada. He presented himself as a postulant at fourteen years of age, but could not be admitted to the habit till he was fifteen. After a noviciate of joy and peace in obedience he made his profession when he was sixteen. He passed eight years in study, for which he showed great aptitude and formed at that time a holy friendship with Father Serrano, who was to be his future companion in labour, captivity and martyrdom. The Chinese mission seems early to have occupied the mind of the fervent young religious, and a few days after his ordination, with the permission of his superiors, he set out secretly for Cadiz, where some other missionaries of his Order were waiting to sail for Manilla. The commander of the fleet, however, received an order from the King of Spain, forbidding him to take any religious on board, and Father John Alcober had to return to Granada with his hopes disappointed. There all his relations and friends surrounded him, eagerly pleading with him to give up his design. He let them talk and bided his time, perfectly fulfilling meanwhile every duty of a good religious in his convent. The importunity of his relations however became so wearisome, that he begged to be sent away from his native

place, and was accordingly assigned to the Convent at Lorca, where his wonderful eloquence in the pulpit effected a complete change in the moral condition of the city. The excitement of this public and successful ministry seems to have cooled his fervour a little, and he forgot the souls crying out to him from China, in the interests of those around him. One evening in Lent, in the midst of an ardent appeal to the hearts of sinners, he seized the large crucifix, and holding it up to the people, identifying himself with Jesus Christ, he exclaimed: "How long, O sons of men, will you be heavy of heart! How long, ye sinners, will you remain hardened!" All at once his voice died in his throat; he began to weep plentifully, and as though struck by some sudden blow, he came down from the pulpit unable to speak another word. The scene caused a great sensation, and when his brother religious questioned him about it, he owned with great humility that when he was saying 'How long!' to the people, the crucifix had spoken to him in a clear distinct voice the words *And thou, John—how long?*

The missionary could not resist an appeal like this; the finger of God was there. Father Serrano and forty-three Dominican religious sailed from Cadiz and reached Manilla, June 20, 1726. The following November he was sent to China, where persecution was raging, and his martyrdom might be said to date from that moment. He had to use all sorts of stratagems to get access to the Christian flock. Once summoned to a dying man, he had himself placed in a coffin and carried by four men to the place. This contrivance nearly cost him his life, for before he was free, he was almost suffocated. He would get through the guards sometimes in the disguise of a captain, sometimes in the rags of a water-seller. If he found the gates of a city locked, he would climb over them. Once he had to remain hidden forty-nine days in a recess so narrow he could not move at all, and when at last the mandarins and soldiers left the house, he had

to be taken out by the hands of others, and tended through a violent fever. He had hardly recovered from this illness when he was obliged to fly to the mountains of Fo-Kien, hoping in their dreary solitude to be safe from his persecutors. But in his feeble state, with no other food than wild herbs, life seemed impossible, and he asked God to take him. Climbing a tree, to be out of reach of wild beasts, he settled himself among its branches for his last sleep, for he felt in extremity, he thought his hour had come, and wishing to prepare religiously for death, he intoned the *Miserere*. What was his amazement to hear another voice alternating with his own! He listened, and to his unspeakable joy recognized the voice of Father Serrano, of whom he had had no news for a long time. The two religious brothers called to each other in the darkness, but they were obliged to wait till dawn to throw themselves into each other's arms. In gratitude for the signal favour granted them, they spent the rest of the night in singing the mercies of the Lord.

This providential meeting was the balm destined to refresh the spirit of Fr. Alcober, restore his health, and re-invigorate the fervour of his apostolic work. Though the intensity of the persecution prevented him from getting into the chief towns, he succeeded in entering detached houses in the disguise of a water-carrier. He baptized a poor sick woman to whom Our Lady of the Rosary appeared in vision, and who after her death appeared surrounded by such extraordinary splendour that all the neighbours crowded to behold it. "The persecution does not relax," he wrote to his family in 1745. "Two of our companions have already been made prisoners and condemned to exile. It will be our turn soon; but it will be quite another thing for us—when the mandarins get hold of us they will cut off our heads. Meantime the work of the Lord is being accomplished, and this, amidst all our trials, is our great consolation."

## Blessed Joachim Royo,

*born* 1691.

About the time that Father Peter Sanz entered China, another Dominican missionary brought him the help of his zeal to second his apostolate. Fr. Joachim Royo gave himself to God in his earliest youth in the Dominican Convent of Valencia, and shewed throughout his noviciate such generous virtue, that the Father Prior, when admitting him to make his vows, could not resist congratulating the brethren on the precious pearl the Order had acquired. Charity and love of the poor shone brightly among his many virtues. He would collect the remains of the meals in the refectory, take great pains to make them palatable, and then carry them himself to the poor who came to the convent for food.

He volunteered for the Chinese Mission, but his superiors hesitated on account of his extreme youth. He overcame their reluctance by dint of persevering entreaties, and entered China at the age of twenty-three. He was ordained priest on the soil which, after thirty years of fruitful apostolate, he was to water with his blood. He was always the same, joyous and serene, in the midst of trials and privations, unflinching in duty, in the midst of infirmities brought on while hunted like a wild beast; he had to hide in holes and dens almost without air to breathe, or food to eat.

## Blessed Francis Diaz.

*Born* 1713.

There is the same exquisite perfume of youthful innocence and simplicity about the life of the last of the five Martyrs, Fr. Francis Diaz.

He was sent to school at the Dominican Convent of

Ecija, where he seems at first to have been rather idle. He was playing truant one day, when he was met by a Religious of marvellous dignity, who earnestly invited him to follow him. Francis had never seen him among the Fathers of the Community, and with boy-like curiosity set himself to find out who was his mysterious visitor. He never succeeded, but from that moment, a voice sounded in his heart, urging him to give up pleasure and faithfully to accomplish duty. Just as he had made up his mind to devote himself entirely to God, he was carried off by his father from his studies and his beloved Dominicans, to a place where a family benefice had fallen vacant, of which he was intended to take immediate possession. His future was thus honourably provided for, and in spite of the son's refusal, the father insisted on his submission. At last Francis said decidedly: "Urge me no more, my father—the riches and comforts of life are nothing to me. I shall consecrate myself to God in the Order of St. Dominic as soon as I am old enough: I shall associate myself with the fathers who volunteer for the Philippines, and I shall shed my blood for Jesus Christ in China." When the news of his martyrdom was brought to his father, the venerable old man, in the midst of his tears and thanksgivings, related this incident. Point by point, Francis had fulfilled his programme. Had the young ardent spirit the least prevision of all that his sacrifice involved?

He entered China in 1738, and laboured for eight years for the evangelization of the province of Fo-Kien. Like his brethren, he never allowed any obstacle to keep him from the souls who needed him, and many times the protection of God was manifestly displayed. Once when called to a dying man, a rushing torrent impeded his progress. The bystanders assured him he could not cross without great danger. He raised his eyes to Heaven in prayer, seated himself in a little punt, and taking up a plank to serve as an oar, he said to his companion: "My friend, have faith in God: with the help

of the Lord we shall get across." And to the astonishment of all, his words were verified.

He was always serene and joyful in the midst of difficulties which beset him at every moment and infirmities which would have crushed a less heroic spirit. He used to assure his companions that all these sufferings were nothing in comparison with those God had in store for him. And thus he prepared himself for the glory of his triumph.

## Their Persecution and Captivity.

The threads of these five lives, shining with the purest gold from childhood upwards will henceforth be united in that cord of perfect charity, a fraternal support which neither earth nor hell can break. In 1746 a persecution broke out fiercer than any that had gone before. It was instigated by a pagan called Yin-Kun, an evil man whom all abhorred, who brought the vilest slanders and accusations against the Christians to the ears of one of their bitterest enemies, the Viceroy of the province of Fo-Kien. He laid his plans to seize all the missionaries at once, and strike terror into the hearts of the native Christians. Warned in time, the Fathers succeeded in concealing themselves; but the captain of the band, furious at his disappointment, turned upon the Tertiaries and native Christians, in whose houses they had lodged, and tortured them cruelly, in order to get the clue to their hiding-places. In spite of their sufferings, these heroic women, among whom was a young girl of nineteen, all stood firm, exclaiming at each fresh torture: "We fear God; we do not fear torments."

The three Fathers—Serrano, Alcober and Diaz—were soon discovered in their places of concealment, and carried in chains to Fo-Kien. The tears and farewells of their children in the faith were heart-rending as they saw their Fathers carried off, never to return

to them. The barbarous persecutors were enraged at not having got hold of the Bishop, Mgr. Sanz, and Father Royo, and the three Confessors were put to a cruel torture to make them reveal where they were. This consisted of heavy blows given on the cheek by a wooden instrument like the sole of a shoe, which knocked out the teeth and tore the flesh. Father Diaz lost consciousness under it, and for a few moments his brethren thought his soul had already escaped. They were also tortured on the feet, but nothing could extract the slightest indication of the Bishop's whereabouts. It was to put an end to scenes like these, that Mgr. Sanz and Father Royo voluntarily surrendered themselves, hoping thereby to spare their brethren and neophytes further torture. At the first stage of his captivity, Peter Martyr Sanz, a venerable old man, broken by long labours and grievous infirmities, was left sitting alone in the hall of the mandarin's palace, looking out into a court. Raising his eyes to a tree which grew there, he beheld the summit blazing with the most brilliant constellation, while rising above it, were two episcopal crosses clearly defined in stars, and shining with incomparable splendour. In the distance appeared a tomb. Startled at the sight, he rose to approach it, but as he looked again the beautiful vision vanished. When the holy man communicated this favour to his companions, they all rejoiced together, and thanked God for this token of their destiny.

The triumph of the persecutors was great when they had seized all five missionaries, and they were brought in chains a journey of nearly six days to Fou-Cheou, the scene of the final struggle and victory. There they were brought day after day to the tribunal of the viceroy, where they were kept kneeling on the stones for long hours, subjected to interrogations which were outrages to their spotless integrity as religious. Their feet crushed in a press, and their faces struck whenever their judges took offence at anything they said; they were tortured in heart by seeing their faithful neophytes

tormented before their eyes, and worst of all, by seeing some few give way under the pain, and apostatize. These few, only eight in number, were compelled to trample on a crucifix taken from one of the Fathers, but only one really did so, the others strode over it.

These terrible scenes were often prolonged by the most trivial and ridiculous enquiries, and at last Mgr. Sanz felt that a stop must be put to them.

"Do not ask us any more questions," he said in a firm clear voice: "we have always answered according to truth; we have endured without a word the torments you chose to inflict on us. It is enough: we are none of us guilty of the smallest crime." Then prostrating on the ground, he continued: "Order me to be killed at once in this place if you like, but leave off tormenting these poor Christians and true servants of God."

There was dead silence in the court after these brave words: the judges seemed stupified at their audacity, but they had their effect. The prisoners were all sent out, and never again brought before that tribunal. The mandarins concerned seemed to think the case closed in favour of the captives. But the Viceroy was bent on their destruction, and carried it on more privately with a governor as cruel as himself. The venerable Bishop had again for two hours to answer the capricious questions of his persecutors. "I did not come to this Empire by order of the King of Spain or of the Pope," he said, "or with expectation of any remuneration for my labours; charity alone urged me to employ myself in the conversion of unbelievers. I only aspire after eternal happiness; I only long for God." At a word which displeased the Viceroy, a brutal soldier gave him a kick which brought him to the ground: on another occasion he had to receive twenty-five blows on the cheek, given with such cruelty that the features of the face were indistinguishable and he completely lost his hearing. The final sentence was given on the 18th of December. It was death by beheading for the five missionaries—

Father Peter Sanz was to be executed at once: the others later. Ambrose Kou was to be strangled for having acted as his secretary. The other prisoners were condemned to penalties which might be commuted by fines in most instances.

The sentence however required the confirmation of the Emperor before it could be executed. This was not so easily obtained as the Viceroy had flattered himself. When he took the account of the trial to Pekin, the Emperor wished to change it to banishment, saying he saw no ground for capital punishment. This evil counsellor however overbore his judgment, and he at last gave way and empowered the Viceroy Coc, who had succeeded the former one in the Province of Fo-Kien, to act as he thought best; and as he was even more cruel than his predecessor, the doom of the Fathers was absolutely certain.

Meantime the prisoners of hope, during this long period of suspense, kept their souls in perfect peace. Nor were consolations wholly wanting in their dreary prison. Father Thomas Sanchez, Apostolic Missionary, effected his entrance, bringing clothes and money for their more pressing necessities. Obliged himself to return to his mission, he sent a young ardent native Father, Mathias Fu, who was, by his devotion, his skill and prudence, like an angel of God to them. He gave them the consoling news that the natives who had been imprisoned with them had all, by means of large sums of money, been liberated. He brought the tidings of the final confirmation of the sentence to Mgr. Sanz, as soon as it reached Fou-Cheou; and cheerfully risked life and liberty in order to attend him to the last, and recover his relics for his brethren.

When Mgr. Sanz received the information which reached Fou-Cheou on the 24th of May, 1747, he took the letter to Father Serrano, his eyes beaming with joy, saying: "My Father, I shall soon be beheaded." and kneeling down he recited the *Te Deum*. He

then prepared for his general confession, which he made with the most profound humility and abundance of tears. He ardently desired to receive the Holy Communion, but in spite of all his efforts, Father Mathias could not obtain this for him. The holy Bishop did not lose heart, but spent the three days which intervened in communing with God, and imploring Him to prepare him for the full enjoyment of His presence in Heaven. The Chinese have such a horror of being put to death, that they commit suicide when they can in order to avoid it. The guards, suspecting that Mgr. Sanz was aware of his approaching execution, feared he would do the same, and under pretext that the Viceroy was coming to visit the prison, put the prisoner's feet and hands in chains during the interval, and never left the holy Bishop a moment's respite. It was in the midst of these torments that Peter Martyr Sanz made the willing offering of his life to God.

## Martyrdom of B. Peter Martyr Sanz.

On the 25th of May, the Imperial decree commanding Peter Sanz to be beheaded immediately arrived at Fou-Cheou. The prison was invaded by a troop of ruffians shouting, "Where is Pe-te-to?" The holy Bishop, who was sitting saying his rosary, instantly rose saying, "Here I am." They took off his handcuffs, and shaved the back of his head. "What does this mean?" asked the Bishop of Father Serrano. "They are shaving your head that the edge of the sword may meet with no obstacle," he answered. "It is well," replied the Bishop. "I beseech you, give me absolution." He made his confession in few words—and just as he departed, Father Serrano, with full heart, gave him the last sacramental absolution. His weeping companions kissed his hands, and he renewed the promise he had given them of remembering them when he should be with God. He

had been their consolation in their long captivity, and his departure plunged them into the deepest sadness. As he left the prison, the gaoler offered him food and wine that he might keep up his courage. The holy Bishop thanked him graciously for this act of humanity, but he would not touch the food. When he reached the prefect's tribunal, he asked which amongst the soldiers was going to be his executioner, for he had put aside a small sum with which to reward him. But he was only answered by a kick, and the order "Kneel down and be silent."

His hands were bound behind his back, and the cords dragged so violently round his arms and shoulders that the bones cracked as though dislocated. A tablet had been prepared bearing the words, "Pe-te-to has been condemned to death, as a warning and example to all, because by his lies and hypocrisy he has seduced the souls of men." This tablet was fastened between his arms, and rose above his head, so that all men could read it.

They took a gag to close his mouth. "I beseech you leave my mouth free that I may praise and bless God," he meekly said; but the request was refused with a blow. He was then led through the streets to the place of execution. Never had such a concourse of people from all ranks been seen. It was indeed the day of triumph for the holy Martyr, who walked erect and radiant to his death, while his weeping children, who mingled with the crowd, saw his face "as it were the face of an angel." A young man who had been converted by him in prison, showed his affection by keeping close to him to the last. The gag did not hinder him from speaking, and preaching to all who would listen, obedience to the law of God, in order to attain to life eternal. The procession stopped outside the city by a large stone in the middle of the road, and the valiant soldier of Christ knew that his Calvary was reached. "Wait a moment," he said to the executioner, "give me time to recommend

my soul to God." Having finished his prayer he turned to him with a look of unspeakable joy, saying, "My friend! I am going to Heaven!" "Ah, how I wish I were going there with you;" replied the man. "Well," exclaimed the Bishop, fulfilling with his last breath the obligation of his Dominican profession, "if you want to save your soul, you must obey the law of God." Then laying his head upon the stone, he encouraged the executioner by word and look to perform his office with force and courage; and, with a single blow, the soul of the blessed Martyr was set free. He was nearly sixty-seven years old.

At the moment of execution the native priest, Father Matthias, tried to place a cloth on the stone on which the Bishop was kneeling, to receive the Martyr's blood, but he was not allowed to do it. A Chinese pagan, Chin-hu-Yuen, scattered some ashes all about the place, which, when soaked with the blood of the victim, he carefully collected in a bag, and gave the precious relic into the hands of the Father. When he returned to his home, he would not wash off the blood which still adhered to his hands, but laying them on the heads of his children, he said: "Ah! my sons, may the blood of Pe bring you life and salvation." The following night, as though drawn by an irresistible attraction, he went to the spot where the body lay, and collected, with the utmost care, the drops still trickling from the neck and head. As soon as it was light he again returned, took up the stone on which the Bishop had knelt, replaced it by another, and set it in a place of honour in his own house. He engraved on it in Chinese characters: "From this stone the Venerable Master Pe ascended to Heaven." These acts of piety to the Martyr, whose courage he had so admired, did not go unrewarded. The gift of Faith came to him and his whole family, and the blood of the Martyr became literally the seed of the Church.

By dint of rewards and stratagem the Christians got possession of the sacred remains, and buried them in the

midst of their own cemetery. But the Viceroy, hearing of the honours paid to them, ordered that they should be destroyed by fire, and two mandarins were appointed to superintend the operation. When the coffin was opened by their orders, the body was found in perfect preservation though nine months had elapsed since death. The mandarins could not repress their admiration and exclaimed: "Truly this was a just man; nevertheless, we must obey the orders of our chief." The body was laid on a pile, and fire applied for three hours, but some of the bones resisted the flames, and were thrown into a dry cistern close by, whence they were gathered up with pious eagerness by Paul Fu, Apostolic Notary. Thus were saved for Christian veneration some precious relics of the Blessed Peter Martyr Sanz.

## Prolonged Captivity and Death of the other Martyrs.

The tidings of the glorious death of the venerable Bishop raised the faith and courage of his four companions, who had to endure long months of suffering before the crown. which seemed just within their grasp, was won.

A few days after the execution, a solemn tribunal was held, consisting of two Viceroys and other high authorities before which all those condemned to death were summoned to appear. The poor missionaries were brought, wearing the cangue, and having their hands bound, and thrust through holes in a small board. During this tribunal the two Chinese characters, Chan-Fan—signifying *condemned to be beheaded*—were burnt into their cheeks with a red-hot iron. The catechist, Ambrose Kou, was condemned to be strangled. The sentence of condemnation bore: "These criminals are condemned to be beheaded because they have perverted the minds of men by their deceits."

Indescribable was the triumphant joy which filled the

hearts of these apostolic men, when they felt themselves definitively marked as victims to die for the love of Christ. "Never in our lives," writes Father Serrano, "did we pass such a joyful day. At the moment, when with a red-hot brand, they imprinted the sentence of our condemnation on our cheeks, our hearts overflowed with gladness at feeling ourselves marked to be the slaves of Jesus Christ. Now that our Lord has granted us the grace to accept us for Himself, our heads are His, and He can take them when He wills. . . . O may Heaven grant we may have something worth offering to His Divine Majesty! I do not say this out of false humility, but our Lord is so rich and so generous, that whatever His slaves may offer Him, it is always *they* who gain by the gift."

Unmindful of the pain the blood-stained imprints gave them, the four missionaries spent that whole day in praising and thanking God. From that moment, they had only one thought, that of preparing themselves to defend victoriously by their death, the cause of Jesus Christ, which they had so fruitfully pleaded by their lives.

Another precious document from the prison of Fou-Cheou is a letter written by Father Alcober to his brother, a Discalced Carmelite. He begins by begging him to forgive any disedification he had ever given him, and sending the same message to his two sisters. After giving a succinct account of all that had happened, he writes: "Our execution has been put off to our great sorrow, for we had hoped to suffer death in company with our venerable Martyr. But we have reason to think that next month, a few days before Christmas, we shall be fully satisfied, and enabled to keep that feast in glory. Meantime help us to give praise and thanks to God for the special favour and honour He has granted us. May He be praised for His infinite mercy, for He raiseth up the needy from the dust, and lifteth up the poor from the dunghill. . . . So you see the state in which

your brother is at present! What can he add except that the hour is come when he must render an account to God of his whole life. Permit him to entreat your Reverence to love and serve such a Master by faithfully keeping the rules of your order. Thanks to this fidelity you will be able to exclaim: 'To serve God is to reign.' If you do thus, we shall enjoy together that of which it is written, 'Eye hath not seen, or ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive what God hath prepared for them that love Him.' So may it be with us, brother of my heart."

The familiar words and sayings ring like the sound of a trumpet when uttered by the lips of one who was standing "as it were slain:" and on that height of self-sacrifice, counting himself worth nothing. Truly "Love does great things and counts them small; it labours long, and counts it but a moment, it sorrows only that it cannot love enough." The letter ends with affectionate remembrances to all whom he had known, especially his brethren of the Convent of Holy Cross, not forgetting the last of the lay-brothers. "Adieu! Adieu! May God preserve you long years in His holy love and grace. Yours always, from my heart, and for ever, John de Alcober."

But many months of suffering, physical and moral, were to be endured before the end. The rebellion excited by a detestable sect called the "Fasters of the Devil" was laid to their account, and the accusation of their complicity in the crimes committed fastened to the door of their prison. This calumny gained so much credence amongst the population that Father Serrano was compelled to formulate a solemn protestation that it was absolutely false. Yet in spite of all the efforts of their enemies to tarnish their reputation, their peace remained unshaken, and their countenances were always serene. The Bishop of Pekin said, referring to a letter he had received from Father Serrano, "I was struck with admiration at the perfectly self-possessed and joyous

tone of the illustrious Father, in the midst of his prison, his torments, and all his moral sufferings. These few lines are enough to prove that no human penalty can take away liberty, consolation, and gladness from an apostolic man, truly united to God, as he was."

There were not wanting tokens of Divine watchfulness. The Sovereign Pontiff, Benedict XIV., on hearing of the death of Peter Martyr Sanz, cast his eyes on Francis Serrano as his most worthy successor; and it was in his dark prison, and into his chained hands that the pontifical bulls naming him Bishop of Tipasa and Vicar Apostolic of the province of Fo-Kien were delivered. This testimony from the Head of the Church was a ray of light in the darkness. He was never destined to wear the mitre thus decreed to his merits on earth, for a far more glorious crown eternal in the heavens was on the point of being set upon his head.

The Fathers Diaz and Alcober, shut up in the prison for crime, had also their drops of consolation. They laboured together for the conversion of the mandarin in whose charge the prison was placed. Won by admiration of their patience and constancy, he became their friend, allowed some Christians to come and visit them, and became ardently desirous of being instructed in the faith. He was childless, a thing which amongst the Chinese is reckoned a dishonour, and the missionaries set themselves to pray that he might have a child, in reward for all the kindness he had shewn them. In due time the mandarin's wife became a mother, and he openly declared his belief that the favour was granted to him in answer to the prayers of the captives. He went himself to the prison to tell them the joyful news.

Father Joachim Royo, who was in his prison separated from his companions, was also consoled by some opportunities of exercising his apostolate; especially in the conversion of a pagan condemned to death. His gaoler and his whole family were converted by his zeal.

In the beginning of the year 1748 the cause was again

brought before the Supreme Court of Pekin, and though the condemnation was endorsed, it was decreed by the Emperor's orders that the execution was not to take place till the following year. At these tidings, the Viceroy was furious; he felt his victims escaping from his grasp. He assembled an extraordinary tribunal of mandarins in his own palace, men whom he thought he could win over to be the accomplices of his crime. He informed them of the Emperor's decision, and then went on to say, "What are we to do with these men? Their lives are certainly irreproachable, but even in prison they convert men to their opinions, and their doctrines so seize upon the heart, that their adepts fear neither torments nor captivity. They themselves are joyous in their chains. The gaolers themselves and their families become their disciples, and those condemned to death embrace their religion. To prolong this state is only giving them the opportunity of increasing the number of Christians, who, believe me, will soon get the upper hand and despise us. It would be far better to strangle them in secret, and burn the bodies, telling the Emperor that they died of disease in prison."

Not one of those iniquitous judges dared contradict the proposition of the Viceroy. Secret orders were given that the ministers of justice should all be ready with cords, coffins, and a sufficient quantity of wood, at eight o'clock in the evening, at the governor's prison. Father Serrano was seized first, and dragged out of the prison into a narrow room close by. He knew in a moment his hour was come. Overflowing with joy, he resolved to fulfil his apostolic mission to the very last breath, and exhorted his murderers with the greatest fervour to embrace the law of Jesus Christ. "It is the one only way to get to Heaven" he exclaimed; "if I had a thousand lives I would give them all and suffer all possible torments to maintain this truth." He threatened them with eternal damnation if they refused to obey. While he was still speaking, they

threw him on the ground, and suffocated him. The blessed preacher and apostle held the martyr's palm at last.

About nine o'clock the executioners reached the prison of the Judge of Crime, where Father John Alcober and Father Francis Diaz were confined. "Give us a few moments to thank God," they exclaimed, when they understood that the long desired moment had come, "and then do with us what you will." The few minutes were granted, in which the two religious encouraged each other to give their lives generously for the truths they had preached. Then Father Alcober was thrown on the ground, the cord put round his neck, and two executioners, kneeling on his shoulders, pulled the two ends with such violence that the Martyr instantly gave up his beautiful soul to God. Father Diaz, who witnessed this barbarous cruelty, never ceased exhorting the judges and executioners to abandon their errors, and to embrace the Faith of Christ, till his voice too was silenced by death.

A more horrible death was reserved for Father Royo, who was alone in the prison of Ming-Hien. As soon as he heard he was to be put to death, he began fearlessly to exhort his executioners, as his generous companions had done. "I only came into this empire," he said, "to preach the truth of Christ, and for to enlighten those who are blind, and refuse to see the light, with no other end than to gain souls to God, for whom I give my life most willingly." They took no heed to his words, but flung him on the ground, bound his hands and feet, and stuffed his mouth, nostrils, and ears with thick paper steeped in brandy. Then they drew over his head a bag of lime and left him in that state till he was suffocated. Marvellous to relate, the countenances of the Martyrs after death, instead of shewing the livid swelling produced by strangulation, were radiant and beautiful; so much so, that when the executioners returned at early dawn to carry out the last clause of the sentence by burning the bodies, they covered them up

entirely, lest suspicion should be roused by their wonderful beauty. The Christians of Fou-Cheou fasted and prayed ardently from the 21st of November that they might gain possession of all the precious relics, which the fire had respected, and in spite of all difficulties, by dint of persevering efforts, and bribes to the guardians of the prison, their desires were fully realized.

Thus closed the sixteen consecutive months of sufferings, borne with heroic patience, sweetness and joy. While the world lasts, their names will be held in veneration, and the reward bestowed upon them by the Faithful Judge of all men, is ever increasing in the boundless ocean of Everlasting Life.

Their hands are full of gifts: their hearts fuller of burning love, than when they walked straight into eternity, pleading with those who put them to death, to save their own souls. The gracious smile, which even in death left its impress of heavenly beauty on the tortured body, will greet us as we approach them. Their example will encourage the many workers, who in these days of feeble health and manifold infirmities, hold on in the drudgery of daily duty with a constancy which is heroic, when lit up by supernatural motives. O Blessed Martyrs, ask for us the grace which was so pre-eminently yours, of being cheerful givers: help us too, in our little measure, to love God and souls to the utmost limits of our power, and to the last moment of our lives!

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